

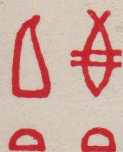


# **SEX AND RELIGION**

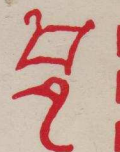
by  
**ALEISTER CROWLEY**

The Bagh-i-Muattar  
The Paris Working  
The Wake World  
Diary 1906-07 e.v.

and others  
*commented*



being  
EQUINOX V No. 4





**THE EQUINOX Vol V No. 4  
SEX AND RELIGION**

*by Aleister Crowley  
and Marcelo Motta*

THE EQUINOX is the official publication of the A. ∴ A. ∴. Number Four is the last number of this Period of Speech. It includes:

*The Bagh-i-Muattar.* The long awaited treatise on homosexual mystical symbolism. Annotated and commented by a member of the XI° O.T.O..

*The Paris Working.* The first complete publication of this epoch-making experiment in homosexual magick. Annotated and commented by a member of the XI° O.T.O..

*The 1906—1907 e.v. Diaries.* Crowley's diaries during the preparation for and the writing of the Holy Books LXV and VII. Annotated and commented by the present Praemonstrator of the A. ∴ A. ∴.

*The Wake World.* The magnificent apologue of the virgin soul's relation to the Holy Guardian Angel.

*A Letter on Marriage.* A letter by Crowley to an Aspirant, with detailed advice on the magickal aspects of matrimony.

*Leah Sublime.* The famous "pornographic" poem by Crowley, with an introduction that reveals how and why it was written.

**Special Supplements:**

*Heavenly Bridegrooms.* A treatise on sexual relations with beings from subtler planes, by a most talented American woman. Annotated and commented.

*The Field-Theory of Sex.* Includes techniques of ejaculation control for magickal work.

A *Cross-Reference Index* to the entire EQUINOX V series.

**AND MORE, MUCH MORE!**



# THE EQUINOX







# THE EQUINOX

Volume V Number 4







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*Pargival*



# THE EQUINOX

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THE REVIEW OF SCIENTIFIC ILLUMINISM

An LXXVIII

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O.S.

“THE METHOD OF SCIENCE—THE AIM OF RELIGION”

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## EDITORIAL

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

As previously stated, this is the last Volume V number of THE EQUINOX. The A.'. A.'. now enters the Period of Silence, during which It makes no promulgations and accepts no Probationers. People interested in Thelema may recur to the O.T.O., provided they be willing to undergo the rigours of the testing involved. The O.T.O. does not take thieves, does not take liars, does not take good weak people; and it does not take evil people, weak or strong. The O.T.O. takes only those who are good *and* strong—or who show signs of being able to become both.

The A.'. A.'. , as is well known, takes *anyone*—as a Probationer!

No wonder It, or rather, Its representatives, need to periodically enter Silence.

The four numbers of EQUINOX VOLUME FIVE should be read together, studied together, as an integrated whole. In this last number we provide a Reference Index that covers all four numbers, to help serious students perceive the congruity of the series.



## THE EQUINOX

There is little else to say. At present, five people have Letter-Patents authorizing them as Directors of the Society Ordo Templi Orientis. Some of them are already known to you from past numbers of the **EQUINOX**; some of them aren't. We no longer furnish names of our legitimate representatives publicly, for they have been subject to harassment. Also, two Directors were demoted for conduct unbecoming.

Anyone interested in contact with the O.T.O. shall henceforth have to identify himself or herself to the Order's satisfaction, and give sufficient evidence of worth. Then, addresses shall be furnished; not before. The general address for correspondence is:

Society Ordo Templi Orientis  
Post Office Box 90144  
Nashville, TN 37209  
U.S.A.

No correspondence will be answered unless accompanied by a self addressed, stamped envelope, or sufficient postage in international mail coupons. We reserve the right not to answer mail from fools, criminals, or knaves. Mark well! Our definition of those adjectives is not the world's. Which brings us to one last point:



## EDITORIAL

The following individuals were at some time associated with either the A.∴ A.∴ or the O.T.O.; or if not, publicly claimed such association. They were either lying, or have been expelled from the O.T.O., or lost contact with the A.∴ A.∴, for conduct unbecoming. No personal patent or oath obtained from, no organization claiming to be Thelemic but connected with those individuals, has the slightest legal *or* spiritual value. They are, in alphabetical order:

In the United States of America:

Kenneth Anger: falsely claims to represent the A.∴ A.∴ and the O.T.O. Has never been admitted to either.

Janice Ayers: edited a pirating magazine called *Mezla*; falsely claimed to represent the O.T.O.

Michael Bertiaux: claims to represent the O.T.O. Has never been admitted at any time.

Cristopher Gait: falsely claims to represent the O.T.O.; perhaps deluded by Grady McMurtry, q.v.

James Daniel Gunther: once a legitimate O.T.O. representative; demoted for planning to murder his hierarchic superior; withdrew voluntarily from the A.∴ A.∴ and was expelled from the O.T.O.

Lee Heflin: pirated **Liber Aleph** and several other O.T.O. copyright material; falsely claimed to represent the A.∴ A.∴.

William E. Heidrick: falsely claims to represent the O.T.O.; possibly a dupe of Grady McMurtry, q.v.

Joseph Lisiewski: falsely claims to be a Practicus of the A.∴ A.∴; possibly a James Lee Musick dupe.

Gary Allen Martin, a.k.a. G.M. Kelly: pirates O.T.O. and A.∴ A.∴ material; misrepresents himself as a Thelemite.

Phyllis McMurtry, a.k.a. Phyllis Wade and Phyllis Seckler: Once a bona fide Neophyte of the A.∴ A.∴, on reaching the



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Vision of the Holy Guardian Angel became obsessed with the delusion that she had become an Adeptus Minor. Was accused by Mrs. Karl Johannes Germer of sending a gang led by her own children to assault and rob Mrs. Germer's person and residence. Has misappropriated Thelemic property and misrepresented herself as an O. T. O. Lodge Master.

Grady McMurtry: falsely passes himself for an O.T.O. representative; has granted patents without ever having had a proper warrant; has slandered legitimate O.T.O. members and misappropriated Order property.

James Lee Musick: falsely claimed to represent the A.°. A.°. Has never been a member at any time.

Robert North: falsely claims to represent the O.T.O.; has or had a "Lodge" in St. Charles, Missouri. Has never had any connection with the Order, or any warrant to found a Lodge.

Michael Redelsheimer: once a Probationer, was cut contact with for failing to keep his Oath. Has been known to exhibit a business card reading "Fr. R.R. et A.C. A.°. A.°."

Israel REGARDIE: pirated O.T.O. material and published it for his own personal profit; did so even while Mrs. Karl Johannes Germer, legitimate executor of the Outer Head's last will and testament, was slowly dying of starvation in his own state of residence, California.

Beverly Senseman: another possible McMurtry dupe; claims to represent the O.T.O. without proper warrant.

Robert Shell: from Roanoke, VA. Gave an "O.T.O. Patent" to Robert Anton Wilson (or so claims Robert Anton Wilson). Has never been chartered by the O.T.O. at any time.

Joseph Shockley: claims to represent the O.T.O. Has never been a member of the Order. Possibly a dupe of McMurtry, q.v.

William Siebert: falsely claims to represent the O.T.O. Has



## EDITORIAL

pirated O.T.O. property with the complicity of Janice Ayers, q.v.

Helen Parsons Smith: has repeatedly pirated O.T.O. property and claimed to represent the Order without ever having received proper warrant.

James Wasserman: at a time was a Probationer under Marcelo Motta; received a full power of attorney from Motta to handle the legitimate transfer of O.T.O. property to qualified hands; disobeyed all his instructions and delivered the property into the hands of thieves. Was transferred to another Instructor and subsequently was cut contact with for breaking his Oath. Has been instrumental in the piracy of O.T.O. copyrights and (reportedly) in the publication of the worst possible kind of pseudo-Thelemic material.

William W. Webb: claims to represent the A.∴ A.∴; has never been a member at any time. Possibly a dupe of Phyllis McMurtry or of James Lee Musick, q.v.

In Canada:

William Breeze: an ex-Probationer who failed to keep his Oath and perform his Task and was cut contact with as a result. Now pirating O.T.O. material with Peter Macfarlane, q.v.

Brian Edwin Ferguson: by his own request, became a Probationer under Marcelo Motta; by his own request, received a Patent of O.T.O. Director in Canada. Persistently disobeyed his Instructor and stole O.T.O. property. Has been expelled from the O.T.O. and barred from contact with the A.∴ A.∴.

Peter Macfarlane: by his own words, believes he "has" a "Scarlet Woman"; has cooperated with John Symonds and Kenneth Grant in robbing the O.T.O.; has published O.T.O. material not in the public domain and books written by charlatans falsely purporting to represent the O.T.O.



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Carroll R. Runyon Jr.: falsely claims to operate an O.T.O. "Collegium ad Spiritum Sanctum" in California; has no connection with Thelema whatsoever.

Russell Sampsell: cooperates with Runyon; may be deluded, or another impostor and thief; legally, it makes no difference whatsoever.

Ken Ward: claims to represent the O.T.O. as part of Bertiaux's con-game, q.v. (Brian Edwin Ferguson suggested him as Lodge Master and was refused).

In England:

Kenneth Grant: received a warrant from Mr. Karl Johannes Germer; betrayed it; was expelled from the O.T.O. in 1955 e.v.; has since tried to pass himself as O.H.O. of the Order with the connivance of John Symonds. Both liars and thieves.

Eric Hill: was a Probationer for a short time; cut contact with for not keeping his Oath and Task.

Francis King: consistently pirated O.T.O. material; possibly in the pay of special interests. No connection with Thelema whatsoever and no capacity for any serious work connected with magick or mysticism, although making money from fools pretending to it.

Stephen Skinner: thief and pirate; also half illiterate. Has published O.T.O. property without the slightest right to do so. Possibly financed by the same special interests that finance Francis King. Thieves stick together.

John Symonds: one of the executors of Crowley's last will and testament. Betrayed his trust, robbed the O.T.O. and slandered it. A man without any shame or principles.

In France:

Bernard Fréon: was a Probationer of Marcelo Motta for one month; wanted permission to "start the O.T.O." in France;



## EDITORIAL

tried to change the rules therefor, claiming that the French secret police considered the O.T.O. a "neo-Nazi" organization. Cut contact with for lying.

In Switzerland:

Joseph Metzger: according to Mr. Karl Johannes Germer, spied on him for the C.I.A.; was cut contact with one year before Mr. Germer's death. Marcelo Motta was explicitly forbidden by Mr. Germer from getting in touch with him. Tried to promote himself to O.H.O. upon Mr. Germer's death with the cooperation of his cronies; failed to establish his claim to represent the O.T.O. in the Swiss courts; defaced **Liber AL** and other Holy Books of Thelema; defaced the Canonic Mass of the Holy Gnostic Catholic Church; barred from contact with Thelema.

Oskar Schlag: high grade old-aeon mason; international intriguer; constantly slanders Thelemites; Jewish; possibly financed by Zionist interests. Hates Aleister Crowley and Thelema; probable C.I.A. and other unsavory contacts. Was active in Brasil during the so-called "Revolution" of 1964 e.v.

In Italy:

Nevio Viola (of Trieste); pretends to represent the O.T.O. with no proper warrant; possibly a Bertiaux tool.

In Brasil:

Oseas Saturnino de Almeida: once chartered by Marcelo Motta, showed symptoms of mental confusion. Confronted, tried to appropriate the Order. Was sued and lost in the first instance. Appealed against the sentence, and lost again. Old-aeon mason with Roman Catholic and Zionist connections. Expelled from the O.T.O.

Euclydes de Almeida: once a Neophyte under Marcelo Motta. Charged with registering the O.T.O. in Brasil, tried to register it under his own name. Expelled from the O.T.O., got in touch



## THE EQUINOX

with Kenneth Grant and tried to set himself up as representing the same. A court order was issued; did not try to appeal. Cut contact with in the A.:. A.:. .

Duval Ernani de Paula: falsely claimed to be Brazilian representative of the Fraternitas Rosicruciana Antiqua, q.v.

Raul dos Santos Seixas: Brazilian pop singer and composer. Was for a time a Probationer under Marcelo Motta. Tried to use Crowley for personal success, aping the Beatles. By his own request, wrote several songs with Motta as his lyricist. Tried to rob the lyricist and bowdlerized several of his lyrics, bowing to official government censorship. Cut contact with.

Irineu F. da Silva: reached Zelator under Marcelo Motta; tried to misappropriate Motta's translation of *Liber AL* in Portuguese and misrepresent himself as author thereof. Publicly unmasked as an impostor and thief. Cut contact with in the A.:. A.:. ; never represented the O.T.O.

In Australia:

Adam J. Pellen: claims to represent the O.T.O. without proper warrant. Possibly a McMurtry dupe.

In Denmark:

Charles Olbach: claims to represent the O.T.O. without proper warrant; possibly a McMurtry dupe.

The following people and business firms have pirated, stolen, or otherwise made illegal use of Thelemic material:

In the United States of America:

Hill & Wang

Bantam Books

Professional and Technical Programs, Inc.

Xeno Press

Mystic Arts Society



## EDITORIAL

Gordon Press

Level Press

Llewellyn Publications

Sangreal Foundation

Thelema Publications

U.S. Games Systems, Inc.

Samuel Weiser, Inc.

In Canada:

Next Step Publications

93 Publishing

In England:

Askin Publishers

Booklegger, Albion (*the only honest thief in the lot*)

Jonathan Cape

The C.W. Daniel Company Ltd

Gerald Duckworth & Co. Ltd

The New Equinox

Morton Press

Routledge & Kegan Paul Ltd.

The following organizations purport to be Thelemic without the slightest legal or spiritual right to this claim:

Society for the Propagation of Religious Truth of New York:  
This shabby outfit published a fake *Oriflamme* for a while, filled with the silliest nonsense by fools trying to pass for Thelemites. The main thieves and impostors connected with it went under the names of Martin E. Nixon, Theodore Lindquist, Colin Ferrissey, Paul Liederkrantz, Arthur Schaeffer and Robert Anton Wilson. Needless to say, none of them ever had the slightest connection with Thelema.

Gnostic Catholic Church of Canada: although this organiza-



## THE EQUINOX

tion has been known to use Thelemic symbols, it has no connection whatsoever with the Holy Gnostic Catholic Church or the O.T.O.

Ordo Templi Orientis Incorporated of California: Grady McMurtry's fake O.T.O. outfit. Neither capacity nor authority.

Knights of Harlequin of Canada: no connection with Thelema whatsoever, although it makes noises to this effect.

Fraternitas Saturni of Canada: an attempt to revive Eugen Grosche's con-game. No connection with Thelema whatsoever.

Ordo Templi Orientis Antiqua: tries to capitalize on the O.T.O.'s reputation. No connection with the Order whatsoever.

The following organizations were founded by O.T.O. members:

Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis (U.S.A.)

Societas Rosicruciana Antiqua (Germany)

AMORC no longer has any magickal connection with the O.T.O. The founder, H. Spencer Lewis, was only II° O.T.O. and would not have been allowed to found a separate organization. In any case, the O.T.O. frowns on any society that openly claims to be Rosicrucian.

The Societas Rosicruciana Antiqua was founded by Arnold Krumm-Heller, Frater Huiracocha VIII° O.T.O. Members of the VIII° O.T.O. *are* allowed to found organizations of their own; therefore Frater Huiracocha was theoretically within his rights. Baphomet XI°, however, deplored Huiracocha's initiative of openly using the name "Rosicrucian"; and Saturnus X° cut contact with Arnold Krumm-Heller for the same reason. The legitimate authority of the organization belonged by right to Parzival Krumm-Heller, Huiracocha's son and spiritual heir; however, Parzival heeded Saturnus X°'s admonition and



## EDITORIAL

withdrew into Silence. Any branch of the Societas Rosicruciana Antiqua that cannot show any document of authority from, or ratified by, Parzival Krumm-Heller, has no standing in the Eye of the O.T.O., whether it remain in the open or have withdrawn into Silence.

We may see you again in five years. Until then, let the good and strong prosper; let the weak learn strength and the evil learn good. If they will and can.

Fare well.

Love is the law, love under will.

PARZIVAL XI° O.T.O.



## THE EQUINOX

# MAN AND WOMAN

(if you are so inclined!)

The Society for the Study of the History of the O.T.O. was founded by Arnold Krumm-Heller, Grand Master of the VIII° O.T.O. in 1908. The purpose of the Society is to study the history of the O.T.O. and to publish the results of its research. The Society is open to all who are interested in the history of the O.T.O. and who are willing to contribute to its work. The Society is a non-profit organization and its funds are used for the publication of its journal, "The Equinox".



## A LETTER ON MARRIAGE

*The following letter was written on April 6, 1924 e.v. to Frater A.I., Eddie Saayman, who was the "Eddie" referred to in Crowley's commentary to LXV iv 61, and not Frater O.P.V., who was Norman Mudd. It is an extremely important letter in that it gives Crowley's initiated interpretation of marriage. Saayman had (as usual with shallow students) married without consulting his Superior beforehand. The letter was dictated to Alostrael, Leah Hirsig, the (then) Scarlet Woman.*

You don't say whether it was murder or suicide—but then, of course you don't know, you poor bleeder! Alostrael says it is better that you should go through the worst that can happen. I say that it will make you happy to remember the happy days when you had nothing worse than the clap to worry about. That, I think, is about the limit of congratulation...

*He was being facetious but kind. Saayman had blundered badly, and he was trying to save the pieces.*

... The business before the meeting is to pick up the pieces. The *Book of the Law* is the one help available: luckily, it is adequate. Cf. I 41-42.

The important point is never to expect anything sexually...

*Most men marry, as most women, in search of emotional security that they should find primarily in their own selves. Crowley simply meant that Saayman must not expect, because he was married, that his wife would automatically be sexually attracted to him at all times, or even that she had a duty to be so; or, which is equally important, that Saayman had a "duty" to keep his wife sexually satisfied and emotionally secure. Marriage is a partnership like any other, and should be spontaneous and naturally profitable to both; anything forced stunts psychic growth. This is true in*



## THE EQUINOX

*normal everyday life; much more, then, in the life of a would-be Initiate. That the advice was directed primarily to Saayman is immaterial; it will be noticed that the woman he married is considered in the same breath. After all, they chose to live together. They would either have to achieve their life in common on an Initiatic level, or they would fail worse than most marriages fail; for their responsibility was greater than normal. In this context, it should be observed that the woman was less responsible in the mixup than Saayman, unless she was totally unscrupulous when she married him, in which case she was his vampire. But nobody is vampirized against his or her will. This is what is meant by the tradition that a vampire cannot enter your house—meaning, your magickal circle—meaning, your aura—unless it is invited, either by yourself, or by some badly-disciplined faculty of yours. And if any faculty of yours is badly-disciplined to that point, whose fault is it? Always remember this! Consider your Oath; specially, consider, if you advanced that far, the Oath of the Neophyte!*

**... Never make "advances", or allow them: the act must be a spontaneous insanity on both sides...**

*On BOTH sides, mind you. As to "spontaneous insanity", cf. "Love", "Chastity", "Energy", and "Silence" in Little Essays Toward Truth; and Liber Artemis Iota elsewhere in this Equinox Volume.*

**... The best aid is careful technical training in the act. Experts can prolong the honeymoon for months by knowing how to get the last ounce of pleasure...**

*This, however, totally contradicts what he said above about not making advances or allowing them. Why "prolong" the honeymoon? Why have a honeymoon at all? The whole point of "honeymoons" is that they end. In that case, why get married? For one month's so-called pleasure? (Remember, a "moon" meant a lunar month.) Ridiculous, and more than ridiculous: debauched. But Crowley is, of course, speaking from the point of view of his Probationer, and keeping things at a very low level—say, the level of the Outer Circle of the O.T.O., or the level of the average would-be civilized man or woman.*

**...; how to avoid awkwardness and distaste at the time; and aversion after the performance. At the best, you can't expect to enjoy it more than a very short time...**



## LETTER ON MARRIAGE

*As a rule. See our Field Theory of Sex elsewhere in this book.*

**... so, prepare from the start to slide imperceptibly into a sex-free friendship. Train yourself and her to pick up new partners before the enthusiasm has turned into nagging...**

*This does not mean to try to freshen up attraction for each other by the introduction of "novelties" in the act: it means that if they encourage each other to seek other sexual partners while they are still mutually attracted, they will train themselves into a true friendship towards each other, and a true consideration for each other's feelings, desires, opinions and True Will. If they wait until they no longer feel attracted to each other before they seek new partners, their life in common may turn to mutual disgust and scorn, carefully disguised as mutual politeness (in the least bad of cases). This encouragement of each other in new partners, naturally, will not arise while the mutual attraction is still spontaneously strong; for during that phase, as anybody knows, you have no eyes but for each other—as a rule.*

*All this is rules; not laws; except, perhaps, that it should eventually produce some needed changes in civil law.*

**... and see to it that both pairs of eyes are opened, so that you will neither of you do such a foolish thing again...**

*That is, won't get a divorce and get married again, thinking that it just "didn't work out the first time". The reason why marriages often seem to work better the second time around is that the people have more experience from the first relationship, and show more tolerance and understanding towards each other. It is not that the second marriage is any better than the first; it is just that you are better people the second time around. But why go through it more than once, unless it is a matter of the True Will? So-called "love" is seldom under will, as it should be; and sexual pleasure for its own sake is, from the Initiatic point of view, animalism and nothing else. Cf. LXV iii 3-20, and the commentaries thereon.*

**... and be able to amuse yourselves outside without loss of mutual loyalty, or getting the delusion that going off with another partner leads to happiness. Given these attainments, you may be able to get on quite awhile on the theory that it is her True Will to devote herself body and soul to do yours...**



## THE EQUINOX

*For parallels meet in the Infinite, which is Nuit. Cf. LXV iii 53-54, and the commentaries thereon.*

**...; with infinite tact, and utter self-abnegation on her part...**

*Condition sine qua non. Remember once more that the same would apply if the woman were a Probationer, and Saayman her recently-acquired husband.*

**... (at first; it will come natural later, and fulfil her nature) you may be able to avoid too rapid a divergence of the paths. Above all, keep a sharp look-out for signs of cooling passion; the first time that you quarrel two days running, take the bull by the horns and get a divorce while you are still not too bad friends. Go on living together after the divorce, if you feel like it, and drift quietly apart. Enough for the present!**

*Here ends the letter. It should be unnecessary to add that Saayman was a fool and the woman was a knave; they drifted quietly apart, indeed, but together—and from the Great Work. The story had been the same frequently before, and has been the same often since.*

*Since the problem is so frequent, so simple to the Initiate, and so difficult for the profane, we have thought it possibly useful to include further notes from the same Diary period, referring to Magickal Chastity as applied to the Order of Thelemites:*

**Chastity: All sexual acts are lawful. But two conditions must be strictly observed...**

*This means that the first statement, that all sexual acts are lawful, is not true as it stands. But what Crowley actually meant was that ANY type of sexual act is lawful, provided the following conditions be STRICTLY observed:*

**1(a). "Always unto me" (i.e., to Nuit). This means: The act must be an austere Magickal Act. (Self-indulgence is barred. Physiological necessity is pleadable, as being in accord with the Will-to-Live and to work as best may be. See b.)**

*This means that self-indulgence, be it under the form of masturbation or any other, is absolutely forbidden to the Initiate. Physiological necessity = when the physical impulse becomes so irresistible that a health problem is involved. This, by the way, seldom happens; very few people*



## LETTER ON MARRIAGE

*are that intensely sexual, specially after adolescence, although they are always—particularly the “macho” men—willing to fool others and themselves.*

**1(b) “as ye will”, etc.** The act must be one of *love under will*, not undertaken unless the proper conditions exist—i.e., the natural enthusiastic attraction combined with the technical Magickal purpose. (This is evidently an Ideal of Perfection, rarely to be attained. There will nearly always be found some need to compromise, that is, there will be an element of Restriction somewhere...

*Cf. the 30th Hexagram of the Yi Jing, and Crowley's and our commentaries thereon.*

... Even the “physiological need” above mentioned partakes of the nature of a restriction of pure Will, caused by the body. And this—paradoxically enough!—although the “Enthusiastic Energy” is wholly in harmony with the other conditions.

No conditioned Act can be wholly free; at the best, it relieves the existing stress to the maximum. It is essentially, therefore, a destructive act...

*For being conditioned, therefore not free. This does not mean that a free act cannot be an act of destruction, it simply means that conditioned acts are, essentially, reactions, and pertain to catabolism. No idea of “morality” or “sin” is involved.*

... It destroys the existing partial energies—Two reverting to Zero—yet, it also creates the “child”—Two combining to form the twins V H'.)

**2.** The second condition is a practical point of policy. Whatever the act, it must not be allowed to lead to any consequence soever save that designed by 1(a) and 1(b). “Thou hast no right but to do thy will”. Marriage, e.g., must have nothing to do with the matter...

*That is, the fact that the people involved have a permit (bought from some government) or a blessing (bought from some church) to copulate, or do not have it, is totally irrelevant to the Magickal conditions. They may have a thousand permits, and the blessings of a thousand churches, and still the act be unlawful from an Initiatic point of view. The planes cannot be mixed!*



## THE EQUINOX

... Nor must personal affection and the like be permitted to cause, or to spring from, the act.

(The above really follows from the clause "strictly Magickal". The point is to avoid impurity in any form.)

*Often, a spontaneous sexual act is followed by a sense of mutual obligation to show "affection" or "fidelity" to each other. Such tendencies are fruit of a thousand years of degradation of the sex-instinct on the part of sexual perverts masquerading as priests. Affection and fidelity have nothing necessarily to do with Magickal Chastity. My dog may be faithful to me, and I have affection for it; this does not mean either that we must copulate, or that we should get married.*

*(The above, hopefully, will not be interpreted to mean that I am calling women dogs, or even bitches. I repeat, hopefully; for, as the great Fernando Pessoa once remarked, the stupidity of mankind is great; and this necessarily includes our better half.)*

Love built up from sex-attraction through affection only to discover too late a fundamental spiritual incompatibility means disaster, the Gods blasphemed taking Their vengeance by destroying the affection...

*The Gods blasphemed are the Stars involved in the situation. Ultimately, the entire Cosmos is so involved!*

... The unhappy ones try to mend this by return to excessive sexual stimulus, and find increased tension in the daytime, and ultimately disgust all round. The disaster is irreparable. *Vice versa*, a real spiritual marriage, probably unconscious, awakes from above a true affection, unshakable by any trials; and from this arises the desire to express the true Unity by destroying the sexual duality. They therefore begin to copulate with genuine ardour, not sensual, although arousing the senses to the highest rapture; and even should this enthusiasm wear out, Anteros never appears, but the past is seen to have broadened the base and deepened the foundations of the romantic and poetic love.

But it is always fatal for the attraction to be towards each other, save only with the object of destroying the strain between the male and female forms of bodily expression...



## LETTER ON MARRIAGE

*Serious students are advised to meditate deeply on the above two lines.*

... The union must not be between two opposing points; the two forces must be joined throughout their whole lengths, with compatible velocities, and a constant convergence to a spiritual norm beyond the scope of either's conscious will. I instance a pair of remote galaxies, in opposite directions from earth, yet forming part of a single system of physical motion. In such a case, every consciousness of each other is a "recognition", with ever-increasing certainty that the proper movement of each is such as to keep them eternally in touch, that they can never lose each other in the vastness of the Universe, yet never clash in mutual destruction. "Twin souls are we, to one star bound in heaven."

*Cf. LIBER ALEPH, Ch. 144.*

No earthly circumstance can matter to such souls, who "no rose-leaves ask to leaven the manna that the moon of Love provided". And they may be sure, moreover, that death itself can only destroy the illusion of their separateness in space, and confirm them in their real Unity of Going, the dynamic equation all independent of any material basis!

*One further, and final, observation, is perhaps useful here: the average reader, wallowing in grossness, may complain: But I thought Crowley came to free my prick (or cunt, as the case may be) forever; and from what you just said, and from what this whole book implies, not only women should wear chastity belts henceforth, but men as well!!!*

*Reassure yourself: You are perfectly free to go on being, in Fernando Pessoa's still other immortal phrase, postponed corpses who procreate. Indeed, you are freer to be that than before. The specialized advice in this book is meant only for those who aspire to be Initiates; and particularly for those who aspire to be Thelemites.*

*Love is the law—love under will.*



## THE EQUINOX

### THE SPECIES

### THE SPECIES

### THE SPECIES

### THE SPECIES

### THE SPECIES

### THE SPECIES



## *HUMAN LOVE*

Love is the essence of the game.  
Gender, but an accident or nuance.  
It may chance  
To be opposite, or the same.  
Man is not a beast in trance:  
Even when 'tis sick at first glance,  
There is intelligence in our frame.

FERNANDO PESSOA

*(Master of the Temple of the A.:. A.:.)*

*(translated by Marcelo Motta)*



THE EQUINOX

**WOMAN  
ON  
WOMAN**

FERNANDO PESSOA

(Master of the Temple of the A.: A.)

(translated by Marjorie Matney)



## WOMAN

What would  
my male lovers do

Woman

if they knew how breast  
against breast sang  
soft

on a dazed afternoon

the sun locked out  
the juices

of lilies crushed between  
upper thighs making  
maddening scented potion

oh how in your mouth I  
became  
ripe fig about



## THE EQUINOX

to fall  
and your fingers grew  
inside me

like dancing trees  
the screams

of Night arising I in your  
dark caves embraced

by moonless lichen  
a cat staring  
in black

communion  
so what could they do

when I'm pregnant forever with yearning  
for you

who taught me love of all women?

CLAUDIA CANUTO



## THE EQUINOX

to fall  
and your fingers grew  
inside me

like dancing moss  
the serenity

of Night arising I in your  
dark caves embraced

by moonlight when  
a cat staring  
in black

## MAN ON MAN

so what could they do

when I'm pregnant forever with yearning  
for you

who taught me love of all women?

CLAUDIA CANUTO



## BATHYLLUS

*To Sliman bin Chirch*

Enough of the frail aspergillus!  
Enough of the censer of bronze!  
Thy beauty, thy boy, thy Bathyllus,  
Whose body is soft as a swan's,  
Splendid and sinewy slim,  
Cleanly and supple of limb,  
Waits for the hush of the hymn.

Oh gather me up in the vigour  
Of virile embraces, and bear  
My youth to the rush and the rigour  
Of marvellous mountainous air!  
Pass through the cool colonnades!  
Up through the gloom of the glades!  
Up! we are done with the shades.

My head is an ocean in anger  
With sleek and fantastical curls;  
My lips like a sunset for languor,  
My skin like a moonrise of pearls.  
Ah! but like stars in the deep  
Deep of the night, and asleep,  
Are the eyes that await thee, and weep.



## THE EQUINOX

Comest thou not, O my master,  
My God, my desirable one?  
Each breath is a death, a disaster,  
Till thou art arisen, O sun!  
Why should I wait in the wild,  
Who am thine, as a dove undefiled  
In the arms of an ivory child?

My body is oiled and anointed  
With dews of Thessalian bud;  
My nails are all polished and pointed  
And gilded, wherethrough is the blood  
Like to a roseate stream  
In the hills of the west set agleam  
That flows in its channel of cream.

Let us drink, O my Lord, let us fill us  
With purple Falernian wine!  
Thy lips on the lips of Bathyllus  
As we lock us and link and entwine,  
Eyes ever burning like coals  
For the passion that crowns and controls  
The mystical love of our souls.

Then, O if my pain were to kill me!—  
In the garden of music and musk  
Touch thou—and the thoughts of it thrill me—  
The poppy that flowers in the dusk!  
Poppy whose blossom is furled  
Deep in the breasts of the world—  
Ah! but the heart is impearled!



## BATHYLLUS

Not babes to the war of the ages  
Thy dews of devotion beget;  
But thoughts that illumine the sages  
Are flowers of our fashioning yet.  
Music and song are thereof  
Gotten, my god, and above  
Love, the fulfilling of love.

Ah master! thy fire the enrichment  
Of all the vain store of the shrine!  
All mine to entice by bewitchment  
The joy that is utterly thine!  
Ah! but thou sailest, a swan  
Stately and splendid upon  
The lake that was waste and wan!

Oh now! let thy rage interrupt  
My mischievous petulant smile  
Whose secret is hot and corrupt,  
Leers loose at the lips and is vile!  
Tear off the virginal wreath!  
Tear it with tigerish teeth!  
Then, oh the sword to its sheath!

Thine anger is redder and rougher;  
Thou huntest with thyrsus and thong.  
Ah God! it is I that must suffer,  
For thee 'tis enough to be strong.  
Strike! ere libation be spilt.  
Home! through the grace of the guilt.  
Stab! to the hilt! to the hilt!



## THE EQUINOX

Now, now, O my lover, be tender!  
Break not the suspense of the swoon!  
O my lily in pagan splendour  
That throbs in the heart of the moon!  
Ever the soul of me saith:  
Let me sink back into death!...  
Hush me the heart of our breath!

ALEISTER CROWLEY



THE EQUINOX

Now, now, O my lover, be tender!  
Break not the suspense of the swoon!  
O my lily in pagan splendour  
That throbs in the heart of the moon!  
Ever the soul of me saith:  
Let me sink back into death!

Hush, me the heart of my breath!

WOMAN  
ON  
ANGEL (?)



## FROM THE TOWER

And again I feel  
her black wings opening:

do not tame my angel  
she would fly through darkness

do not tame my angel  
who hates houses of sleepers.

she, so restless at midnight  
daring bats and stars

she twists around my bed  
she turns me from my marriage

she makes images in shadows  
she calls me, her dark hands

do not tame my angel  
with your boxes and coffins

do not tame my angel  
though I often fear to face her



## THE EQUINOX

though I have tried to kill her  
tried to drug or rein her

o let her ride and take me  
do not tame my angel.

MELISSA CANNON

*This beautiful poem by a talented poet can stand by itself as poetry; as mysticism, however, it awakens a comment that is significant in these days of militant sexism. What—any woman may certainly ask—if I conceive of my Holy Guardian Angel as female, instead of male?*

*We incur dangers of theology here... so it behooves us to be cautious. Experience, not theory, must be our guide. Up to now women have been pitifully few in Thelema. We all know Crowley's—or perhaps THERION's?—statement on the nature of Woman in **LIBER ALEPH**. Nevertheless, many people forget another and much more significant statement: that the Aspirants of A.'. A.'. are Men; but that the Brothers of A.'. A.'. are Women. Nor can anybody really understand this who has not undergone at least one of the Trances of Union.*

*We may avoid confusion only by making simple statements; unfortunately, at the present time, these statements can be verified only by those, women or men in their physical bodies, who take the trouble to undertake the Adventure of Initiation, and who dare persist unto the End. (But there is No End.)*

*First, the Angel is just as female as He is male; indeed, It is omnisexual. Second, we do not know if a woman could reach the Knowledge and Conversation aiming at the thirsting cup of her Goddess, rather than at the peeled wand of Him (cf. **LXV** i 65, the Commentary by A.C., and our note thereon); in other words, going a Path in which the Man-Symbols are not. Only the experience of women (preferably of many women, trying either or both approaches seriously) can tell; after all, success is your proof.*



## FROM THE TOWER

*But this we do know: that for her that should identify herself with her Angel as a woman, there would still be left the task to identify herself with Him as a man. Completeness of Initiation entails balance, not rejection: acceptance and enjoyment of all aspects of existence. Fear, hatred or denial of sexual differentiation may produce a talented lesbian or a talented gay (we could quote many by name); it will never produce a Sappho (who had male lovers, and who killed herself to find the Sun), or an Elizabeth I, or a Julius Caesar, or an Aleister Crowley. Cf. LXV v 44.*

*Greatness is pain of division, not the safety of the Impregnable Tower. As it is written: Let Mary inviolate be torn upon wheels! And as it is also written: she shall achieve Hadit.*

Pe



# LEAH SUBLIME

and

**sublimating**



## LEAH SUBLIME

### An Introduction

*In 1956 e.v. we had, for the third and last time, physical contact with Karl Johannes Germer, Frater SATURNUS X°. He was living in Barstow, California, as a guest at the home of Ero Sivohnen, a Brother. Mr. Germer took us on a visit to Jane Wolfe, who had been Crowley's pupil in Cefalù, Sicily, and who had inspired the correspondence that eventually became Magick Without Tears.*

*Jane Wolfe was a tall, bony, lantern-jawed lady who did not strike us as in the least beautiful, or as having been beautiful; she was supposed to have been a movie star, or something of the sort. However, with the dubious benefit of almost a quarter of a century gone, we admit that she may have been striking, even beautiful, when young. Her voice was a throaty contralto which may have been sexy in her thirties; but she was way past her thirties when met, and we not over our twenties yet.*

*Although we tried to draw her out in conversation about Crowley, this was very difficult to do. She did tell us she had written some memoirs of him; but we sensed she was not a facile writer. Upon our commenting that we had just been reading some of Crowley's diaries of the Cefalù years (given us by Mr. Germer, with instructions that we study them against the time when we might have to supervise), she became, for once, more articulate, and told us that shortly after she had arrived at the Abbey of Thelema she had had a weird dream. She dreamed that she met a very beautiful bird—she insisted that its plumage was splendid—standing on a pool of mud. The bird, she said, had looked at her with brightly intelligent eyes, its expression a mixture of amusement and malice, and had deliberately squatted in the mire, throwing it all over its marvelous feathers, all the time staring at her fixedly.*

*The next day she recounted her dream to Norman Mudd, who started to laugh.*



## THE EQUINOX

*"Don't you know the meaning of your dream?" he asked her.*

*"No, I don't. I just remember I was absolutely revolted at the way that gorgeous bird kept fouling itself."*

*"Well," said the Neophyte, laughing again, "A.C. is undergoing an initiatic phase into dirt right now."*

*Jane Wolfe had not quite understood. "What do you mean?"*

*"He is assimilating filth into his vision of the Universe," Mudd explained. "Deliberately and consciously. And you sensed it. Or he decided to let you know."*

*Leah Sublime was written during that period.*

*It must not be thought that the more stomach-turning sections of this poem are merely "symbolic". No: they describe activities that took place just as they are described. Nevertheless, there was a spiritual aspect to those activities. They were undergone with the purpose of finding spirit behind veils which revolted the human personality of the poet. The practices eliminated this revulsion forever.<sup>1</sup>*

*That most bewildered and bourgeois of biographers, the not-very-bright (and not-very-honest) John Symonds, wrote that in New York Crowley put advertisements in the newspapers requesting models for his paintings: dwarfs, cripples, "monsters" and the like. He intimated that Crowley and Leah (whom by then A.C. had already met) had intercourse in front of those wretches. He expected this proved how depraved Crowley was.*

*As for depravity, we are inclined to believe that to make love in front of cripples and freaks is not one thousandth as debased (if it is debased!) as mocking them, shunning them, or boycotting them, as is done by many people who consider themselves morally pure and socially impeccable. (Serious Thelemic students should take a close look at Chapter LXIII of **Magick Without Tears**; an even closer look at Chapter XIV of **Book Four Part III**; and keep Silence.)*

*Still, it would be fell to make love in front of dwarfs, cripples and freaks in general without inviting those usually sex-starved fellow men and women to participate. But this kind of depravity, which still comes easily to the prigs of this world, was totally foreign to Crowley's character.*

1. Cf. LIBER ALEPH, Ch. 24.



## LEAH SUBLIME

Leah Sublime,  
Goddess above me!  
Snake of the slime  
Alostrael, love me!  
Our master, the devil  
Prosper the revel.

Tread with your foot  
My heart til it hurt!  
Tread on it, put  
The smear of your dirt  
On my love, on my shame  
Scribble your name!

Straddle your Beast  
My Masterful Bitch  
With the thighs of you greased  
With the Sweat of your Itch!  
Spit on me, scarlet  
Mouth of my harlot!

Now from your wide  
Raw cunt, the abyss,  
Send spouting the tide  
Of your sizzling piss  
In my mouth; oh my Whore  
Let it pour, let it pour!



## THE EQUINOX

You stale like a mare  
And fart as you stale;  
Through straggled wet hair  
You spout like a whale.  
Splash the manure  
And piss from the sewer.

Down to me quick  
With your tooth on my lip  
And your hand on my prick  
With feverish grip  
My life as it drinks—  
How your breath stinks!

Your hand, oh unclean  
Your hand that has wasted  
Your love, in obscene  
Black masses, that tasted  
Your soul, it's your hand!  
Feel my prick stand!

Your life times from lewd  
Little girl, to mature  
Worn whore that has chewed  
Your own pile of manure.  
Your hand was the key to—  
And now you frig me, too!



## LEAH SUBLIME

Rub all the muck  
Of your cunt on me, Leah  
Cunt, let me suck  
All your glued gonorrhea!  
Cunt without end!  
Amen! til you spend!

Cunt! you have harboured  
All dirt and disease  
In your slimy unbarbered  
Loose hole, with its cheese  
And its monthlies, and pox  
You chewer of cocks!

Cunt, you have sucked  
Up pricks, you squirted  
Out foetuses, fucked  
Til bastards you blurted  
Out into space—  
Spend on my face!

Rub all your gleet away!  
Envenom the arrow.  
May your pox eat away  
Me to the marrow.  
Cunt you have got me:  
I love you to rot me!



## THE EQUINOX

Spend again, lash me!  
Leah, one spasm  
Screaming to splash me.  
Slime of the chasm  
Choke me with spilth  
Of your sow-belly's filth.

Stab your demonical  
Smile to my brain!  
Soak me in cognac  
Cunt and cocaine;  
Sprawl on me! Sit  
On my mouth, Leah, shit!

Shit on me, slut!  
Creamy the curds  
That drip from your gut!  
Greasy the turds!  
Dribble your dung  
On the tip of my tongue!

Churn on me, Leah!  
Twist on your thighs!  
Smear diarrhoea  
Into my eyes!  
Splutter out shit  
From the bottomless pit.



## LEAH SUBLIME

Turn to me, chew it  
With me, Leah, whore!  
Vomit it, spew it  
And lick it once more.  
We can make lust  
Drunk on disgust.

Splay out your gut,  
Your ass hole, my lover!  
You buggering slut,  
I know where to shove her!  
There she goes, plumb  
Up the foul Bitch's bum!

Sackful of skin  
And bone, as I speak  
I'll bugger your grin  
Into a shriek.  
Bugger you, slut  
Bugger your gut!

Wriggle, you hog!  
Wrench at the pin!  
Wrench at it, drag  
It half out, suck it in!  
Scream, you hog dirt, you!  
I want it to hurt you!



## THE EQUINOX

Beast-Lioness, squirt  
From your Cocksucker's hole!  
Belch out the dirt  
From your Syphilis soul.  
Splutter foul words  
Through your supper of turds!

May the Devil our lord, your  
Soul scribble over  
With sayings of ordure!  
Call me your lover!  
Slave of the gut  
Of the arse of a slut!

Call me your sewer  
Of spilth and snot  
Your fart-sniffer, chewer  
Of the shit in your slot.  
Call me that as you rave  
In the rape of your slave.

Fuck! Shit! Let me come  
Alostrael—Fuck!  
I've spent in your bum.  
Shit! Give me the muck  
From my whore's arse, slick  
Dirt of my prick!



## LEAH SUBLIME

Eat it, you sow!  
I'm your dog, fuck, shit!  
Swallow it now!  
Rest for a bit!  
Satan, you gave  
A crown to a slave.

I am your fate, on  
Your belly, above you.  
I swear it by Satan  
Leah, I love you.  
I'm going insane  
Do it again!



## THE BIG HARD HAIRY HOT (THOUGH LIMP-WRISTED) STICK

THE JOURNEY AND THE WAITING. By Ray Eales. Copyright 1980 e.v.

This is a cute little book and the poetry is very nice. The price of the book varies from week to week. Wait till next week, please—perhaps the price will be \$3.50. I like the Preface, but *A Note on IAO* still isn't clear. (Can you explain this again for me, Ray?)

SPHINX

Just wait until *you* write a book, David.

RAY EALES

MYTHOLOGY FOR THE MODERN READER. James Weigel, Jr. 1974 e.v.

This book includes Norse, "Arthurian" and Babylonian, which makes it more diversified than many books on comparative mythology. A quick reference little paperback.

D.L.B.

YOGA AND COMMON SENSE. Ina Marx, Lancer Books 1970 e.v.

This book was originally \$6.95, marked down to \$1.50—apparently her booksellers aren't as Jewish as Ina. Or perhaps "Ina" is a pseudonym of Ray's? Anyway, this is a Jewish fairy tale about a Yiddish Housewife who comes in contact with a Hindoo demon called "Yoga". This book is honest, clear and practical. Chapter XII has seven recipes which might prove valuable to the Yogi.

D.L.B.



## REVIEWS

C.G. JUNG HIS MYTH IN OUR TIME. By Marie-Louise Von Franz (Translated from the German by William H. Kennedy). 1975 e.v., G.P. Putnam's Sons Inc., New York.

Ms. Von Franz, a follower of the late C.G. Jung, writes an interesting (sometimes frustrating) description of Jung's life work. This is not a biography. Nor is it a psychological primer. I could not say that it is mysticism (though I detect a parcel of 'Jungism' developing in its pages). What if many of the chapters have made too much of the supposed Christist bias of Jung's work? And what if occasionally Ms. Von Franz tries to shore up the rotten planks of Christism's sinking garbage scow with scare tactics? The book is worth reading for this reason alone: It describes (even when its author does not intend to do so) the marriage of the Shadow and the Genius that is presently taking place world over. (But then Blake told us this was occurring 150 years ago! So I propose a new proverb of Hell: Poets are early and psychologists are late.)

MEPHISTOPHELES

And psychoanalysts are never... Be that as it may, Jung once had a very interesting conversation with Freud, in which he confessed to his old teacher, candidly, that he was afraid of the Phallus. From being afraid of the Phallus to becoming a Christist is one short step—usually by via of cutting off one's balls (testicles to the meek) with the blunt knife of a sick mind. Also, neither Freud the master nor Jung the follower ever were ethical enough to acknowledge their tremendous debt to Aleister Crowley, whom nevertheless both read very carefully—just as J.B. Rhine and Alfred Kinsey did.

GOETHE

THE LORE OF THE UNICORN, by Odell Shepard. Harper Colophon Books, 1979 e.v., New York.

Facts, rhetoric, names, dates; all very interesting as trivia goes. Sometimes the book plods, unlike its swift quarry.

Q. Does it look into the importance of the Unicorn as a symbol?



## THE EQUINOX

A. Well, let me say this: Mr. Shepard confines himself to dusty tomes mostly, but there are vague hints, half light, tricky waters, Narwhals, Rhinoceri, Persian Princes, fabulous prices, and poisonous intrigues. Nothing more, really.

Q. Are you giving it a bad review, then?

A. No! Certainly not!

Q. So why read the book?

A. Well, if you read it you'll know one more place where not to look for Unicorns. And, if you enjoy endless undigested facts, you'll be grateful for the bibliography and the references, they are truly wonderful.

Q. The style, what about that?

A. Why, there is none! Mr. Shepard is as pedantic as his sources in the Medieval Bestiaries. As dry as Alcorn powder (take two pounds and drink plenty of snake oil, you'll be alright when the headache goes away, even if essentially more enlightened). Then cf. LXV iii. Happy hunting.

THE ANCIENT OF DAYS

LIBER AL VEL LEGIS. Printed by Troll Publishing Co., 1980 e.v.

At last this masterpiece is printed again by those who truly represent Thelema. Permission was given to the head of Troll Publishing Co., Jelks H. Cabaniss III, by the Greatly Honoured Frater PARZIVAL XI°.

Cabaniss III is an active, zealous O.T.O. member who rushes forth to get a job done real fast, so he fools the demons of the Black Lodge before they attack him. (This man is scientific proof that ordeals do not exist.)

As Lodge Master I would like to thank him on behalf of the Menthu Lodge for the sincerity of the work on this book.

The book is one of the first which might have been printed by the O.T.O. in America. I trust next time he will proofread the books he prints, as it tends to avoid mistakes in spelling.

(Dammit, Jelks, do I have to tell you everything?)

DAVID BERSSON



## REVIEWS

*If you don't, Frater, someone else will have to. In the space of 44 pages he has managed (from latest report) the following:*

*I 13: "My joy is see your joy", instead of "My joy is to see your joy";*

*II 22: "innocense" instead of "innocence";*

*II 63: "voluptous" instead of "voluptuous";*

*And, to crown all (but not with death, alas), III 1: "Abrahabadra" instead of "Abrahadabra".*

*Mr. Cabaniss III may be the Perfect Man (his wife has been heard to extol at least seven of his qualities); but he is far from being the Perfect Editor.*

### *THE GREATLY HONOURED etc. etc.*

THE GREEN RIPPER, by John D. MacDonald. Fawcett, 1980 e.v.

MacDonald is an old thriller writer who made his reputation writing the kind of novel that Phyllis Schlafly might enjoy reading: the baddies were always bad even when they were good, and the good were always dull as all getout, don't you know. And the police were always honest and hard-working. He used to bore me shitless, and he must have guessed it when he invented Travis McGee, who barely passes muster as almost a human being. MacDonald is always knowledgeable about money, and invented a Jew to be a good friend to McGee; since most big publishing houses in the old U.S.A. are run by Jews, no wonder he did this. But I must draw the line when Mr. MacDonald puts me in one of his novels as head of a terrorist group. Between the Brazilian coronels saying I am a radical leftist and Jews like Bernard Fréon saying I am a neo-Nazi, I almost feel compelled to pledge the Fifth Amendment, since no matter what I say they will use it against me. But perhaps Jerry Falwell and Ms.—oops, sorry, Mrs.—Schlafly will manage to have *that* repealed as well. I wish MacDonald would go and kill another cat. He needs the catharsis.

### PARZIVAL



THE EQUINOX

**SOMETHING FOR ALL  
ORGANIC MATTER;  
PLUS A TRIFLE  
FOR RABBITS  
(NOT *PLAYBOY* RABBITS)  
WHO WOULD BE TURTLES**

PARVIA

DAVID BERSON



## THE FIELD-THEORY OF SEX

1. All things are concentrations of energy, force-fields within a universal ocean of unfragmentary, nonatomic substance of which atomic matter is but a special case.<sub>1</sub>

2. Living things, so-called, differ from dead things, so-called, only in degree, not in kind. All matter is alive and conscious. "Dead matter" is alive and conscious on the simplest level known to science.

3. Living organisms differ from other living organisms only in the number and complexity of sub-fields involved in their overall structure. A man-organism involves a greater number of sub-fields, more intricately related, than an amoeba-organism.

4. More complex organisms include in their bodies the sub-field structures of simpler organisms, although not necessarily in the same arrangement. Certain types of cells in the human organism, for instance, are structurally kin to the amoeba.

5. What we call love is an electro-magnetic phenomenon that takes place in all forms of matter. It involves energy-exchange on all levels in which the forms of matter implicated exist. The word INTERCOURSE implies this reciprocal exchange. Sexual intercourse is but a special case of love.<sub>2</sub>

1. Physicists have recently perceived that a conciliation of the quantum and wave theories is necessary to a proper understanding of the universe.

2. I.e., the energy-exchange on the sexual level between sexually-differentiated "living" organisms. Energy-exchange may take place on some levels—the thermic, for instance—and not on others, as when atoms of oxygen and hydrogen exchange heat without combining chemically, which they can do only under certain conditions.



## THE EQUINOX

6. Human sexual intercourse, like all intercourse, involves energy exchange on several levels; the limit on this exchange is the last level in which the less evolved partner is able to function.<sup>1</sup>

7. Sodomitic sexual intercourse<sup>2</sup> involves energy-exchange on several levels; it may, in some special cases, cause stimulation of the more complex partner on levels where the less complex partner does not exist.<sup>3</sup>

1. *Evolution* in this essay is to be defined as *expansion of consciousness along the line of free fall*, or "love under will".

2. Sodomy in this essay is to be defined as the coupling of a human being with a sexually-differentiated simpler form of life.

3. The overall force-field of certain animal forms stands in a certain mathematical relationship to the units of certain sub-fields in human organisms. This fact is not easily demonstrable as yet, but explains certain instinctive sympathies and aversions. Furthermore, sodomy has for many centuries been used as a means of expansion of consciousness in mysticism. In ancient Egypt, the priesthood, both male and female, had intercourse with the several sacred animals kept in the temples of certain gods and goddesses. The 'gods' being but personifications of certain natural forces, the coupling of human and animal shapes in their statues symbolized the sodomitic formulae for certain expansions of consciousness. To give a contemporary instance: A certain farm boy, without money, without women available, took to sodomitic relations with a cow in his care. The cow enjoyed it, he enjoyed it, and if he had any thoughts of sin they were overruled by his natural good health. One day he came by a book about the Egyptians. The book mentioned the Egyptian goddess Hathor (the Egyptian Heavenly Venus, or Regina Coeli, not to be confused with the Material Venus—see Plato's *The Banquet*), and stated that she was symbolized by a cow. The farm boy, being young and imaginative, and having the cow as the object of his sexual life, was very much struck by this. The next time he had inter-



## FIELD THEORY OF SEX

8. Homosexual intercourse, like all intercourse, involves energy-exchange on several levels.<sup>1</sup> It may, in certain cases, involve greater stimulation on certain levels than that provided by heterosexual or sodomitic intercourse.

course with the cow he imagined to himself that she was the personification of the goddess Hathor, whose attributes and powers he had committed to memory. The result was a mystical experience by which he came to an understanding of the facts of life symbolized by the goddess. Physically, he went about intoxicated with a feeling of happiness and joie de vivre for several days. It may be significant that he never touched the cow again, and soon afterwards moved to more convenient surroundings and became a virile lover in the 'normal' way. To this day he cannot see a cow without at once experiencing a feeling of veneration for the goddess that animal represents. It is interesting to note that the man was not at all of a mystical temperament, being a very matter-of-fact, gay, earthy person. Certain sudden obsessions that make otherwise normal human beings fall violently in love with animals, and desire intercourse with them, may be indicative of certain psychosomatic needs that have only been studied, heretofore, in mysticism. These obsessions are certainly abnormal, but not necessarily pathological. Sexual psychopathology must be dissociated from conventional standards of morality. Leda and the Swan, Ganymede and the Eagle, Europa and the Bull, Mary and the Dove are symbols of a very true urge in human nature. This urge is quite well treated in Balzac's famous story, *A Passion in the Desert*. Few readers realize, probably because of psychic blocks, that Balzac's hero was having intercourse with the panther when the animal suddenly turned its head to bite his leg and he, mistaking this gesture of cat love for a threat to his life, plunged his dagger into her throat. Such matters must be carefully tested in order to be judged. Decisions *a priori* are asinine.

1. Sexual hormones are present in all sexually differentiated organisms, and may be present in asexual organisms as well. Glandular extracts used in the treatment of human deficiencies are most often obtained from animal tissue. It is quite possible that certain male homosexuals who seem compelled to periodical anal intercourse are merely glandular cases whose crave is



## THE EQUINOX

9. All forms of sexual intercourse are lawful and moral, as long as they involve energy-exchange and afterwards the participants experience increased physical and psychical health. If they do not, either the intercourse did not satisfy the above energy-exchange conditions, or was clumsily performed.<sup>1</sup>

10. No sexual intercourse should be indulged in unless a very definite feeling of attraction is present in at least one of the partners.<sup>2</sup>

similar to that pregnant women feel for certain foods. The rectum absorbs quickly by osmosis any nutritious substance injected in solution. These matters have been very imperfectly studied heretofore, and it is to be hoped that research now being conducted in some scientific centers, foremost of which the Kinsey Institute, will eventually clarify some misunderstood forms of love among human beings. On the other hand, oral ingestion of semen, so common among American homosexuals, destroys the semen, since the digestive acids quickly decompose the delicate chemical structure of the seminal hormones. Some prostitutes who practice fellatio state their belief that the ingestion of semen is invigorating. Unless absorbed through the membranes of the mouth by osmosis, it is not any more invigorating than any other live tissue, and such prostitutes fool themselves. Similar facts apply to female homosexuals, where again the possibility of glandular cases exists. The total composition of seminal or vaginal hormones is far from established; nor are their needs in the human organism well known.

1. Emphatically. The stimulation provided by efficient intercourse can be compared only with that provided by drugs; but health is improved, the effects last longer, and there is no subsequent depression. The *effect* of any kind of intercourse is the only test of its morality.

2. Since sexual attraction is a special case of electro-magnetic attraction, one may assume that the partner who experiences no need for union is either under the effect of a block or "saturated". On the other hand, it is possible that the partner who experiences the need is under a delusion caused by ner-



## FIELD THEORY OF SEX

11. In all forms of sexual intercourse the ideal technique should involve, whenever practicable, simultaneous orgasm.<sup>1</sup> If that is not practicable, it should involve energy-exchange on as many levels as possible.<sup>2</sup>

vous disease; such cases are only too common in our unhealthy times, and are aggravated by the intrusion of so-called "idealism" upon the facts of life. Again here, the results are the only test of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of the act.

1. Since the average woman is slower to reach orgasm than the average man, it is obviously a vital necessity for the average man to learn to control ejaculation if he intends to practice heterosexual relations properly. The need for simultaneous orgasm is indicated by the electro-magnetic nature of the energy-exchange.

2. It now becomes evident that the only form of sexual activity that is thoroughly undesirable is solitary masturbation. Mutual masturbation involves, at least, psychical exchange (the partners engage in giving each other pleasure). But solitary masturbation is a total vicious circle, and produces many undesirable effects on the psyche at the same time that it depletes the organism with no compensation whatsoever. Fellatio is just a form of mutual masturbation, unless the reservations pointed in Note 1, p. 43, are observed. In either heterosexual, homosexual or sodomitic intercourse, it is important to observe the conditions stated in Paragraph 11 at all times, as thoroughly as possible.



## THE EQUINOX

### ON SEXUAL CONTROL

There exists a time-tested system of exercises, practiced by the Arabs and the Hindus, whereby control of ejaculation may be achieved. It involves progressive control of the muscles of the lower abdomen, beginning with the more general groups and progressively narrowing control towards the special muscle groups that have to do more directly with ejaculation. It is necessary to begin with the more general groups because the more special groups are attached to them.

1. Standing with feet apart, trunk bent slightly forward, keep your arms straight and place your hands on your knees. Your legs should be slightly bent. Inhale deeply. Exhale. When the lungs are quite empty, contract your abdominal muscles to your utmost. Relax and contract again several times until you can no longer hold your breath. Then take a deep breath and begin again. Strive after ease and regularity. Do this on an empty stomach. Build up to a thousand contractions each session. The contractions should be slow, deep and powerful. When you succeed in this to your satisfaction, reduce 1 to a hundred times a day and begin following it with 2.

2. Stand as before. Contract all the abdominal muscles as before; then, keeping the other groups contracted, isolate the abdominal recti and push them out so they form a ridge straight down your middle. It may take you several days to learn to do this. Build it up to a thousand times a session, keeping the other groups contracted and pushing the abdominal recti in and out. Then reduce 2, also, to a hundred, and follow with 3.



## FIELD THEORY OF SEX

3. Contract all abdominal muscles; then single out the left or right rectus and push it out while holding the other in. Then contract it again and push the other out. It may take you a week or so to be able to do this. Build it up to a thousand alternate movements, then reduce it to a hundred and follow 1, 2 and 3 with 4.

4. Contract as in 1, then single out a rectus as in 3. Now contract the half of the chosen rectus below the navel while keeping the upper half out (or vice-versa). Then pull in the upper half and push out the lower half. Pull it all in and repeat with the other rectus. It may take you a week or more to do this well. Once you can do a thousand alternate contractions with ease, reduce 4 to a hundred also, and follow 1, 2, 3 and 4 with 5.

5. This exercise is the hardest, and it may prove impossible to master unless you mastered the previous ones fully. Contract as for 1, then single out each quarter section of the abdomen in rotation, first clockwise, then counterclockwise (or vice-versa). Once you can do a thousand alternate rotations with ease, proceed as in 6.

6. Keep doing 5 a hundred times daily, but dispense with the others. Follow 5 with this: contract as for 1, but now contract also the anus strongly, pushing it up as if you were trying to make the anus and the navel touch. Strive for depth and vigor rather than speed. When you can do this a thousand times daily, reduce it to a hundred times and follow 5 and 6 with 7.

7. Whenever you feel a need to urinate, hold it until it becomes overpowering. Then go urinate, but release the urine very slowly, so it comes out as a trickle. Strive to make this trickle as regular as you can.

8. Keep up 5 and 7, doing 5 a hundred times daily. Follow 5 with this: In holding the urine flow to a trickle, you shall have



## THE EQUINOX

become conscious of the muscles more directly involved in the process. They reach from the base of the penis to the anal sphincters, including the perineum. Contract all of them as strongly as you can, imagining at the same time that with each contraction you send a pulse of nervous energy up to the center of your forehead. These contractions should be as slow and as powerful as possible. Don't follow one with another too quickly, or you may get an involuntary erection and even an involuntary ejaculation. Keep it powerful, steady, and slow. When you are able to feel vividly the pulse of nervous energy towards the center of your forehead, you may pass on to 9.

(Whether this energy pulse in the center of your forehead is imaginary or psychosomatic, it is hard to say. The central lobes are connected with mythological lore in all countries. The "star on the forehead" of European fairy tales, the "Eye of Shiva" of Brahmanism, the "Uraeus Serpent" on the forehead of Egyptian deities and queens and kings are but examples.)

9. Once you can do 8 as above, continue with 5, 7 and 8, doing 5 and 8 a hundred times daily. Now get yourself a sexual partner and make love to her, him, or it. Whenever you feel the movement of semen begin (and you should now be able to feel it), at once practice 8. Because of the partner's movements, you may not succeed in controlling yourself at the first attempt. Persevere until you can. If you succeed in keeping the higher, inner anal sphincter (there are two anal sphincters) contracted, you will not ejaculate, even if all other muscles, including the outer sphincter, go through the spasms of ejaculatory reflex. However, even after you become expert, prolonged abstinence may make you incapable of holding back the first time. Regulate your sex life thereby.



## THE EQUINOX

# RELATIONSHIPS

### (and relations)

become conscious of the muscles more directly involved in the process. They reach from the base of the penis to the anal sphincter, including the perineum. Contract all of them as strongly as you can, imagining at the same time that with each contraction you send a pulse of nervous energy up to the center of your forehead. These contractions should be as slow and as powerful as possible. Don't follow one with another too quickly, or you may get an involuntary erection and even an involuntary ejaculation. When you are able to feel energy towards the center of your forehead, you may pass on to 9.

(Whether this energy pulse in the center of your forehead is imaginary or psychic is not important. The central lobes are connected with all parts of the brain. The "third eye" on the forehead of Buddhist fairy tales, the "Eye of Shiva" of Brahmanism, the "Uroco Serpent" on the forehead of Egyptian deities and queens and kings are but examples.)

9. Once you do 8 as shown, continue with 3, 7 and 8, doing 3 and 8 a hundred times daily. Now get yourself a sexual partner and make love to her, him, or it. Whenever you feel the movement of semen begin (and you should now be able to feel it), at once practice 8. Because of the partner's movements, you may not succeed in controlling yourself at the first attempt. Persevere until you can. If you succeed in keeping the higher, inner anal sphincter (there are two anal sphincters) contracted, you will not ejaculate, even if all other muscles, including the outer sphincter, go through the spasms of ejaculatory reflex. However, even after you become expert, prolonged abstinence may make you incapable of holding back the first time. Regulate your sex life thereby.



## COUSINS

You carved your name on tree trunks.  
I embraced them. The fairies laughed  
through your mouth  
dancing, dancing.

The sun on your hair was my father's.  
I never forgave you that.  
But from whom did you steal  
the song of summer?  
Of januaries damp and wet?

Sylvia, we were thirteen and foolish:  
heat cracked the earth.  
Moist waves of perfume  
filled my nostrils, your breath;  
shock of tongue on tongue  
streams of silent sweat  
and the knots in the womb screaming  
in unresolved pain  
a puzzle of vertigoes  
drowning  
drowning  
pools of fresh water  
I never a nymph again

CLAUDIA CANUTO



## THE EQUINOX

### REASONS FOR BEING

We move differently  
when spring comes.  
Making love in the afternoon  
is no longer a luxury,  
and the light's different  
somehow. Our shadows  
decorate the wall.  
Beyond the windows  
the forsythia blooms;  
and the purple crocus  
on the front lawn  
is cause for astonishment.  
We wonder at the way  
the bow of the maple  
breaks the air,  
or at the way  
my penis lifts  
when you look at me.  
The afternoon  
tastes like wine,  
and I wonder at the way  
I see myself in your eyes,  
knowing what you  
must find in mine.

Arthur Winfield Knight



## PETULANCE

We lay in bed  
and got up  
after awhile  
when nothing happened,  
and we were  
a little worse  
than before.  
Neither of us  
talked much  
Going outside,  
we trimmed  
the rose bushes  
in a high wind.  
My gloves  
were put away,  
but I wasn't  
thinking about them,  
but about how  
the sex would  
or wouldn't be.  
Petulant.  
Sunday afternoons  
get like that.  
When I came inside,  
my hands bled.

Arthur Winfield Knight



## THE EQUINOX

### LEAVES

#### I

This poet's unobserved creation glistens  
Seas in swirling mirrored lights resolving.  
The strong, the lean, the rich, the frozen  
All memories melting in a swelling void.

Lacking any but the last cries, gemmed.  
Bronzed for the pain of terror celestial.  
Canopy of night and solitude unending.  
I write in a lost record of all mind, forever.

#### II

There is a vine river  
    writhing between brushy banks  
    from ageless movements to  
Dan's last chances in reachless  
    seas. Foaming in the  
    daylight below the  
Tall bridge where I glide  
    and the wheels sing  
    a new song in summer's wake.



III

I tried long in the green  
    song of pines.  
Whispering a minor chant  
    played on deep chimes; no ending.  
Old yellow Sun it burned  
    my pale skin, by the pond.  
I was silent for hours  
    as I learned this solemn dance.  
I was:

Slow softness  
Echoing calmly  
Silk shadow  
August breezes  
Closed eyes.  
Low breathing  
Breathing gently.  
Disappearing, falling.

RAY EALES



## **LIBER DCL**

vel

## **DE FONTE AQVAE VITAE**

A.°. A.°.

Publication in Classes B and D

Imp. N. Frater A.°. A.°.

(This book is true in some cases up to Dominus Liminis, in some cases up to Adeptus Exemptus, and in some cases to the end of the present Aeon.  
216, 8° = 3<sup>□</sup> A.°. A.°.)



## THE EQUINOX

0. In the name of the Lord Therion, AUMGN. This is a treatise on the Eucharist of Two Elements; let it become part of the Breviary of the Holy Gnostic Catholic Church.

1. In the Beginning was Initiation, and thus has its Lord decreed: "I spit on your crapulous creeds." Therefore, let not those creeds be persecuted but despised. To attack them would be to accolade them. Let the priest remember that in the performance of his office he represents He who hateth that evil should be done in this world, and show no mercy.

2. In the false worship authority was sovereign, so that the Sacrament was deemed holy even when administered by an unworthy priest. This was blasphemy not to be borne among ye. It is written: "They shall be known by their fruit." Therefore let the priest and the priestess be pure, lest the congregation be poisoned by their ministry! For since there is no god but man, thou art thyself the source of thy power.

3. Let the love of the priesthood be always under will. Let your office be foremost in your thoughts and your feelings. For if you do not keep your chastity intact, surely your congregation will be afflicted.

4. Swear a mighty Oath of Holy Obedience unto the Hierarchy, and seek not to usurp the office of your Superiors! For as long as ye be merely human, ye shall be tempted to do this by the very energies that will flow through ye. However, do not mistake obedience for laxity; for your Superiors, also, may become unworthy. This ordeal may lead to the highest achievement either way.

5. Do not confuse Heru-ra-ha with Therion or with Aiwass or with any Other, saying: "They are one." For being perfect, when They are one they are really none. Below the Abyss we



reach truth not through reason, but through experience. Therefore, inflame yourselves in prayer! It is enough. Those who may need you for Their work will make Themselves known to ye thus: when the flame is pure and intense, all the dross vanishes and the true light shines forth.

6. The Outer Shrine of the Holy Gnostic Catholic Church is of the dove, not the serpent: thus let no priestess administer the Sacraments in the Outer! Yet let the priest remember that the Phallus also is a Vessel; and let him not forget before whom he kneels! For if this be not so, then surely will the Sacraments be defiled.

7. In his office, the priest is the Charioteer's cupbearer. Let him be as a faithful wife to the Lord!

8. Neglect not the Mass of the Holy Ghost! Let the priest worship our Lady BABALON, who guards the Abyss! Should he feel impurity in his soul, let him invoke Her Cup of Abominations, and quaff whatever is poured therein. If he be a true priest, would he not rather be annihilated than prove unworthy of his office?

9. Shroud the worship in utmost privacy! Let not it be seen or partaken of by the unwilling or by the heathen! For in a boat, one who does not row is dead weight; and one who rows against his or her will is a slave. There are no slaves in Thelema, and is not a boat the symbol of the Church?

10. There are two ways to handle the Wheel of Fate: one is to seek to spin the axle yourself; the other is not to care what the movement brings forth. In the end, these are one. Therefore, let not the priesthood preach or convert or talk overmuch; let the Universe Herself choose the faithful through Inertia. But should you spin the axle, let this be done in the aethyr, and your cry be as the Pelican's summoning his or her children; is



## THE EQUINOX

not the Pelican one of the symbols of our Holy Order? Nor let your lust of result disturb the Universal Rest!

11. Justice is Adjustment: watch your congregation. If they neglect Liber OZ, search yourselves diligently. If the priest find no error in himself in the Outer, then let him screen the priestess and the acolytes. Should there be no error in them, assuredly a member of the congregation is unworthy of the Eucharist. Find him or her: make him or her redress the balance or be cast off. Tolerate not evil! Measure all by their deeds, not their words: in Thelema, only deeds count. The Lord of the Aeon would rather be cursed by an upright human than be paid lip service by any scoundrel.

12. Let the priesthood mistake not Sacrifice in this Aeon! For the word *sacrifice* means to *make sacred*; and the Formula of Sanctification is no longer Death and Resurrection, but Transmutation. Thus let there be no giving without receiving, for every labourer is worthy of his or her hire; lest they would be slaves. Nor must the planes be mistaken: priesthood is a vocation, not a profession; have ye not been told to shroud yourselves in privacy? There is no need for death or suffering: pain is not a price but a consequence; the Fountain of Living Water flows freely from our Lady's Cup. Therefore cursed be all those who would sacrifice anything of this world to attain something in another world! For the planes must be kept separate, and both Asar and Isa, in their *past* formulae, are not of us.

13. May Death be joyful in this Aeon; may it be looked at with open eyes and without horror: for all is in the Body of our Lady Nuit, of which our Lady BABALON is but a reflection. In this, again, let experience transcend reason for Her chosen ones! But ye shall not mistake if ye make death the gladdest of your



feasts. Is it not thus written in the Book of the Law? And may the omnipresence of Her body bless ye with Her choosing.

14. In the Outer, the Two Elements in Opposites; in the Inner, the Two Elements as may be. Therefore, as it is written, be ye as wise as the serpent and as innocent as the dove; but let all your rituals be unto Her. For as man is in woman, so also is woman in man. Nevertheless, beware! For our Order is of the Dove. Let none take a profane as partner in the Outer; not even *sub rosa*.

15. Ye be of the Synagogue of Satan. Remember therefore to banish all demons and their works from your way, as it is written in AL iii 49-56. Then ye may speak to the people they infest, or enter the places where they are worshipped, without fear. As the visible face of our Lord moves above or below the horizon of the Earth's dance, the exorcism must be renewed if contact with the unclean remains. Let this be the extent of your exorcism! Who are ye, that you should save those people? As it is written: let them die in their misery. For they feel not.

16. Death and madness are part of the dance of life: let all saviour-gods be accursed among ye, for they are enslavers. Therefore have ye no inquisitions or holy wars or persecutions, for these are blasphemies against the freedom of all souls. Should ye be invaded of your privacy by such means, destroy the invaders utterly; but hate them not, for hatred is a form of love, and should be reserved for equals. As it is written: on the low men trample in the fierce lust of your pride, in the day of your wrath.

17. As Nuit our Lady pours the milk of the stars freely, so do ye unto the worshippers. Interfere not with their freedom, but let your Will in this be to furnish them with greater Ease in their Going, wherever that Going may lead. For although She is the



## THE EQUINOX

final Abode of all, yet is each road unique therein. Blaspheme not against this freedom, else you shall fall from it.

18. Occasionally the Play of the Waters shall become stagnant, and darkness shall gather around ye. Rejoice in this station of your Going as in all else, and whisper unto each other: the Lord shines even at midnight. Indeed, there are those who met Him therein, after seeking Him vainly at midday.

19. Hoor and Set be twins. Deem not of Good and Evil, but rather unite all pairs of opposites. This is the key to our Lord's magick; thus ye shall honor the Aeon.

20. Blaspheme not against Liber AL, offend not against the rules in Liber OZ! Therein, the letter is the Spirit.

21. Pan is Nuit.



THE EQUINOX

**AT LONG LAST  
SOME COMPASSIONATE  
(?!)**

**ADVICE**

**(STRAIGHT FROM THE GURU'S HOLY  
TYPEWRITER, BUSTER—AND DON'T  
FORGET TO SEND A CHECK!)**



## GENERAL NOTES ON THE PRACTICES

The results obtained in A. . . A. . . practices fall into three general classes; these correspond to three main types of practitioners. We shall concentrate here on the case of Probationers, who are the outpost, so to say, of the Order.

1. The practices, although they are not abandoned throughout the Probation Year, do not yield any remarkable success; some days are better than others, and the Probationer may even deceive himself or herself that Samadhi has been attained in one of those "better" or "more inspired" days. (It is very easy to mistake good digestion, sexual stimulation, or even drug effects for Samadhi—if you have never attained Samadhi.)

The type of Probationer who corresponds to this class of "result" is automatically passed on to Neophyte, since they are deemed to have fulfilled the Task. This, of course, provided they have learned their prescribed Chapter of the Holy Books, etc. etc. However, the Knowledge and Conversation to which they are admitted is usually merely a franker and more direct contact with the Instructor. The Instructor may remain the same, but he or she speaks to the Aspirant on a higher level—that of a Zelator talking to a Neophyte.

These people, who form the great majority of members, are likely to continue obtaining the same formal results throughout their contact with the Order, within reasonable variables. It cannot be denied that their character is strengthened by the Ordeals. It is not easy to persist in the same kind of actions throughout a year, especially if these actions are not the type of actions we would be usually inclined to perform. You might say these are men and women of Earth—karma yogis, or bhakta yogis (depending on their temperament), or combinations of both.

2. The practices, although ardently and skilfully performed, yield no result whatsoever. There is a factor infinite and unknown. Many Aspirants whom the Instructor considers remarkably talented and apt fall into this case. There is no explanation of this failure on a rational level. They simply



## THE EQUINOX

are not "chosen ones". We incline to say that, although the lower vehicles may be intensely geared to Aspiration, there is no "sincerity", that is to say, spiritual harmony with the purposes of the A. . A. . in the higher vehicles—Neschamah, or the Higher Ruach (called Buddhi Manas by the Hindus). Such students may fall into the previous class in appearance, but they are "traitors", and will, sooner or later, go against the Regulations or disobey orders and directives from their Superiors. It must be understood that they often are very assiduous in their practices, and may reach all kinds of technical results. Indeed, they may often seem totally superior to the previously described class. But the truth is that they are spiritually much lower than those others—at least, from the Order's point of view. In old mystic parlance, they are those who are splendid keepers of the letter—but betrayers of the spirit. The Roman Catholic Church, for instance, was founded by such people, and was kept in existence by such people.

3. The highest—and rarest—type of student achieves a definite spiritual result through the practices. These can get classified either as gnani yogis (the higher octave, so to speak, of the bhakta) or as raja yogis (the higher octave, so to speak, of the karma).

This type, we repeat, is very rare. The rarity is perhaps due to the fact that psychosomas of this class seldom coalesce in the genetic stream; but at least in part, the rarity they represent may be ascribed to the courage and dedication with which they are willing to try the impossible; to their mad (repeat mad, and repeat it again!) hunger for the infinite.

Should any aspirant want to become a member of this rarest of classes (in which the writer of these lines is impudent enough to boast membership), the following notes may be useful:

The key is to "strive ever to more". The Method is Excess. But Prudence is the guide. In these matters, if you lose common-sense, that is, perspective, that is, discrimination of the interaction between the planes of consciousness, you will end in physical madness in the best of cases, or in spiritual madness in the worst. Nevertheless, this is a risk that one must run. We repeat that there is a factor infinite and unknown. The Universe is not kind. Try to understand that only man cares for man; the rest of the Universe does not give a shit, one way or the other. It is ruled by Pure Chance. The most earnest and sincere student may become a "Black



## NOTES

Brother'' merely because he or she happened to reach Samadhi at the wrong moment in time and space—not through any personal "sin" or "defect"!

Keeping this in mind, consider the following:

1. You should start very timidly. You should not think that you are Clark Kent or the Incredible Hulk, or that everything will be all right if you cry "Shazam" at the moment a mad gorilla has you by the short hairs. If you think you are capable of doing ten minutes Asana without fidgeting (for instance), start your practices with five, or even three minutes, or even ten seconds (one second is impractical).

2. You should *always* increase the length and strength of your efforts. The moment it becomes easy to do ten seconds of Asana, increase it to fifteen seconds. (If you find out you were too ambitious, try eleven seconds the next time; but DO NOT go back to only ten! Excess is the key—but *gradual* excess.)

3. Eventually, by this process, you will reach a level of psychic tension which can only be described by the assertion that it will be bordering madness or death. It is useless to try to fake this feeling; the result is failure. Unless you are *genuinely* scared shitless that you are either going to die or go nuts, but *persist* just the same, and *exceed* just the same, you will fail, and you will be right back at the beginning. If you persist, one of three things will happen: you will die (a heart attack, or some such), you will go insane (either in Manas or in Buddhi-Manas), or you will reach true, spiritual Initiation (miscalled Samadhi).

*You cannot tell beforehand which of the three will happen.* This is why it is useless to try to fake this feeling; if you can fake it at all, you will not yet have reached the level of psychic tension in which it actually happens.

A curious (in appearance, that is) phenomenon happens when you have been seriously practicing for long enough: an inner "voice" begins to tell you what you must do (or not do) in order to reach this brink of failure or success. It is often not an "alien" voice at all: it comes from you, yourself, but from a higher level of consciousness. What is happening is that, by the intensity of your aspiration and the constancy of your dedication, you finally attracted the personal intervention of the Hierophant, and this spiritual entity is communicating to the Spiritual You the information



## THE EQUINOX

necessary to reach success in your practice—whatever the practice. And the information is relayed to your human mind—the “scribe”—coming from your own Higher Manas, usually through the Middle Pillar .

The culmination of practices done at this level of dedication and intensity is *always* the direct Knowledge and Conversation of the A.∴ A.∴. This cannot be described; besides, the variations are as many as the practitioners. The point is, you acquire spiritual experience, and at least a momentary awareness of a level of existence indescribable in human language except through the arts, mathematics (perhaps), mystical jargon, or babbling. Yet, any attempt to communicate is recognizable as genuine by those who have been “there”—so to speak. And only by us. To any lesser level of consciousness, any attempt at interpretation ends in sophistry or dogma. This is the worst type of failure, always to be discouraged.

Even when you fall down from that level where you achieve the Knowledge and Conversation of the A.∴ A.∴. you will remember it, and thus become more useful to mankind in general, and to Aspirants in particular. And if you genuinely achieved it, you don't really “fall” from it. It is always there—or you would not be able to remember it at all. But you must work—are you not sworn to deny yourself utterly on the behalf of those under you? And thus, you come back. But you are no longer the mere human machine you were before. You are an Initiate at work.

One last point: success being achieved, excess is to be abandoned at once, since it is no longer necessary. For instance, if you were doing four hours of Pranayama a day, you fall back into one hour, or even less—maintenance level, so to speak. Athletics and true spiritual training have much in common.

The above advice applies to yoga practices and to rituals of invocation; it does not apply to related, but not as critical, practices (such as Astral Travel, for instance). Those may be abandoned, unless they become (as they sometimes do) your chosen Rite of Union or, better expressed, Theurgy: meaning, the Creation of God in yourself.

It should be needless to remark (therefore perhaps we better remark, as Crowley would say!) that the above advice applies to all humans, regardless of race, social status, or sex—and perhaps even to other species than ours.

N. Frater A.∴ A.∴.



THE BOOK OF

## THE 1906 EV DIARY

February 24th. About the full moon, Consciousness began to break through Kuaah into Nuchahpah.

### AND NOW FOR ANOTHER

### BIT

### OF CROWLEY

22th. Continuing these Resolutions.

23th. Continuing these resolutions through Goria, etc. etc.

24th. Thoughts of the Augraidee Invocation.

Having a swollen gland and sore throat, I asked Adonal to remove that fear.

25th. Again thoughts of Adonal. Following the invocation by heart, will repeat same daily. My fear removed.

The invocation was that subsequently published as LIBER SAMERI in BOOK FOUR PART III, Appendixes. There is a commented and annotated version extant, which will be published as part of BOOK FOUR COMMENTED as an Oriflamme number.

26th. A.

This symbol indicates a performance of the invocation. This was done orally, and lasted the better part (or more) of an hour every time. Very few people have the necessary magical stamina to do a thing like this while, so to speak, "living in the world".

27th. A., though unwell.

28th. A., though ill.

29th. Some vision with L.



## THE EQUINOX

# DIARY

1906 e.v.

TO

1907 e.v.



## THE 1906 E.V. DIARY

**February. 9th.** About the full moon, Consciousness began to break through Ruach into Neschamah.

**11th.** Made many resolutions of a Great Retirement. In dream flew to me an Angel, bearing an Ankh, to encourage me.

**12th.** Continuing these Resolutions.

**13th.** Continuing these resolutions. Read through Goetia, etc. etc.

**14th.** Thoughts of the Augoeides Invocation.

Having a swollen gland, and fears thereof, I asked Adonai to remove that fear. (Throat glands)

**15th.** Again thoughts of Adonai. Knowing the Invocation by heart, will repeat same daily. My fear removed.

*The Invocation was that subsequently published as LIBER SAMEKH in BOOK FOUR PART III, Appendixes. There is a commented and annotated version extant, which will be published as part of BOOK FOUR COMMENTED as an Oriflamme number.*

**16th. A.:**

*This symbol indicates a performance of the Invocation. This was done astrally, and lasted the better part (or more) of an hour every time. Very few people have the necessary magickal stamina to do a thing like this while, so to speak, 'living in the world'.*

**17th. A.:** though unwell.

**18th. A.:** though ill.

**19th.** Some vision with I.:



## THE EQUINOX

*We have reproduced enough to establish that this Diary is essentially the same that was published in EQUINOX I 8, pp. 14-38. There is a LOT of material missing, though; and what is considered pertinent will be included here, under the heading of the day to which it refers, so the reader can check it with the Fuller version.*

**March 30th.** A.'. good. Very good. Be very careful, though Nature speak well and wisely, not to let it dominate A'.

This day was rendered blessed by the letter of El. Istar to me, saying all, and saying it in the best way.

*This was Elaine Simpson, his "sister" in the old Golden Dawn.*

**April 4th.** I foolishly and wickedly put off A'. work all day: now it is 1 A.M. of the 5th.

By foolish I mean contrary to my interest and hope in A'. By wicked I mean contrary to my will.

I further allowed myself to talk and play cards; the latter I must do again tomorrow, for I won; as to the former, I pledge myself to speak only the necessary speech of courtesy.

A'. goodish; lengthy and reverie-like. Yet my heart is well. I spake it audibly.

**April 6th.** At Shangai. Calling on A. (*Elaine Simpson*) and waiting, did Augoeides Invocation; very ethereal.

Met A., and all went well.

**April 7th.** Explaining the Position to A.

Bowled clean over by fever; spent P.M. in bed drunk with Dover's powder. Quite sufficiently ill to excuse slackness; e.g., I could not even read a light novel.

**April 11th.** Trying to arrange passage, business, etc. Witkowsky (*Elaine Simpson's new husband*) promised me change for a cheque or bill; in evening went back on it. We shall see.

Archibald Little dined; a nice old man, with sensible views.



## DIARIES

A.: very bad indeed; worried by business.

A. (Elaine) has secrets from me; not good enough for working together.

*Elaine was refusing to let herself go completely with Crowley, and keeping girlish secrets from him. That cunning thief but incompetent biographer, John Symonds, commented in The Great Beast that presumably she intended to keep faith with her new husband. Actually, she was a powerful vampire who drew away his energies until he died, and then at once started writing love letters to Crowley. These are still extant. The lady had matrimony, and another and more luscious prey, in mind. Crowley dodged the series of letters to "My dearest Aleister" diplomatically and skilfully.*

**April 12th.** Elaine somewhat more sensible.

A.: better, but sleepy. Not by any means *good*, but more impersonal. Finished *Blossom and Fruit*; edified.

*The Theosophical tract. It may have been his silly enthusiasm with it that led him, later the same year, to get in touch with Agamya "Sri Guru Paramahansa".*

**Note:** Wrote Rose to effect that I lean no more on anyone. But this would not excuse any lowering of Elaine relations, though it would justify their abandonment.

**April 13th.** Did a Tarot for Elaine. Kicking her shoes away, quite gently, they flew incontinently through the air—a really good miracle.

A.: sleepy—in fact, dropped off.

*This he excused, or perhaps Fuller excused, in his account with the following parenthesis: (He had been doing a magic for a Soror of the Great Order, and exhausted himself.)*

**April 15th.** A.: rather better.

**April 16th.** Elaine even kinder.

*Naturally: she sensed the Invocation was drawing him away from her, so*



## THE EQUINOX

*decided to sweeten the book a bit.*

A.: above average; but little convincing. It should be observed that on all these days are many thoughts of Adonai; yet the record is only of the Ex Voto Invocation.

**April 17th. Aleister and El Ain Kiss.**

*Now, isn't that sweet?... Compare with the expurgated EQUINOX entry of the same date. And El Ain, too. He was drawing dangerously near the Ordeal mentioned in THE COMMENTARIES OF AL, i 27, the commentary 'by another'.*

**"Ere Sol in Aries make bright spring weather  
Eight Star and Six Star shall have kissed together."**

**And Spring also is a month late.**

*The sense of humor of the advanced Initiate triumphs over infatuation for a moment. Will he keep it throughout? Lose your sense of humor, that is to say, your sense of proportion, and any vampire can make butcher's meat of you. Let us see his progress.*

**Got Yi Jing from Club and analysed it.**

**Attribution of the 6 lines still puzzles me.**

**A.: about the same; but dropped off to sleep at the end.**

*That's what you get for kissing 'El Ain'.*

**April 18th. Studying Liber Legis; decide to ask Elaine to invoke Aiwass or converse with him when invoked, and thereby to decide on the quality of that magic.**

*As can be seen, he was still highly hostile towards AL, and had not yet realized that Aiwass and his H.G.A. were one and the same.*

**Elaine very careful to avoid the 'physical' or to refer to the Compact. This I honestly think a mistake, though doubtless one on the right side.**

*This entry shows Crowley's innate delicacy of feelings towards women, and his total respect for their reactions. When he wrote "There shall be no property in human flesh" he was not thinking only of his, or only of male flesh.*

*A note written on December 31st of that year under this entry, referring*



## DIARIES

to his adjective "honestly", reads: "Yes: but it is the puritan A.C. who is wrong in not frankly wooing Elaine AS a man and saying It is right, because I will it."

*But it was right (as we will hear from Aiwass' own mouth later on) that he should have refrained from trying to force the situation. Love must be under will.*

A.: much better. Will go to sleep in vision.

The result curious, and though I cannot at all remember, I know it was thinking of A.: in some way.

**April 19th.** Did a Tarot for Mr. Volker re a theft. Used my own cards. And why? So as to affirm unselfishness in my A.: aspirations.

*He normally kept a separate pack to be touched by querents, and only himself touched his private pack. A wise precaution in a serious Magician.*

Elaine unwell; therefore Aiwass postponed.

A.: fair. After-results again vaguely magnificent—memory seems quite in vain.

*A posterior note about the Tarot divination reads: "Turned out to be not a theft, but a mislaying. Result showed Querent with no loss of repute, and the goods recovered; yet nobody else was in trouble. Considering that the question was ill-stated, this is a very fine reading. But I must not feel gratified, save for the relief to Volker's mind."*

**April 20th.** Augoeides Invocation with Elaine in her temple. Aiwass invoked appears...

*It must be understood that first he did his Augoeides Invocation, the one we already know of; and then "Fidelis" and he invoked Aiwass together. He had no idea whatsoever at that time that his Augoeides and Aiwass were lovers.*

... of brilliant blue, as when she saw him as guardian of my sleep. He has followed me ever, wishing me to follow his cult. When Elaine took wand, he grows brilliant and breaks up into a formless light; yet she feels him as an enemy.

*Naturally! She wanted to marry Crowley and eat him up at leisure; and she knew that Aiwass would keep her prey from her.*



## THE EQUINOX

He seems entangled in a mesh of light and to be trying to escape. I warn him that if he goes away he cannot return. (Elaine in herself is hostile)

*As you can see, the Magician sensed things even while the Evocation was going on. The image seen was not Aiwass, but an Eidolon created partly by Crowley, partly by Elaine; partly energized by Aiwass Himself, who was trying to communicate but who was bound not to force either of them to do anything against their will.*

She says he says: "Return to Egypt, with different surroundings (A note added here at the end of the year reads: This misheard; he said same). There I will give thee signs. Go with the Scarlet Woman, this is essential: thus you shall get real power, that of God, the only one worth having. Illumination shall come by means of power, *pari passu*...

*Cf. LITTLE ESSAYS TOWARDS TRUTH, ENERGY.*

... Live in Egypt as you did before. Do not do a Great Retirement. Go at once to Egypt: money troubles will be settled more easily than you think now. I will give you no guarantee of my truth." He here turned blue-black. "I am loath to part from you. Do not take Fidelis. I do not like the relations between you; break them off! If not, you must follow other Gods..."

*As you can see, a true God has only one legitimate (and if legitimate, it is sufficient!) threat against a baulky follower: Obey or leave me. Go learn from someone else.*

"... Yet I would wish you to love physically, to make perfect the circle of your union. Fidelis will not do so, therefore she is useless. If she did, she would become useful. You have erred in showing her the true relation between you on spiritual planes. Having burst that, she will remain by her sense of power over you..."

*Here, much later, Crowley added a question mark. Had she remained "over him", after all?*

"... She is spiritually stronger than you. You should have dominated her by your superior strength on other planes. She will give you much trouble, though eventually she may become a great aid. But your shorter path lies by Egypt and the Scarlet Woman (Rose



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*Crowley*), though she is not spiritually your equal. The Scarlet Woman has become your enemy; but you having conquered, she is bound to aid you as you will. She has been your enemy and that of Fidelis, but you returned her hatred, hence her seeming power over you in the present. (Query this hearing) I will give you a sign when alone and away from present medium. You must recognize the sign by your own intuition. Do not part from Scarlet Woman. Use her. (Here, Scarlet Woman appears with an evil look. She glitters like a jewelled serpent. Strange bands of light scintillate between her and Aiwass.) Elaine now takes wand again: still feels enmity on spiritual planes...

*As well she should; and she deserved it.*

Aiwass banished; Scarlet Woman has disappeared. Elaine tries to speak to Adonai...

*And we shall now have sweet little Elaine's report on what Adonai "said" to her. If you keep in mind that in Crowley's case Adonai and Aiwass were the same, the joke is flavorful!*

... He wants Great Retirement, does not mind whether Scarlet Woman is with me or not; but I should use Brahmacharya (?if with her, or anyhow). I shall be guided as things turn up, as to the truth or falsehood of Aiwass, who is not to be altogether distrusted (I think the opposition is Aiwass' limitation as a servant). Adonai will give us a sign; Elaine's freedom. (I reply that if this comes about in a miraculous manner, well and good.)

*The true Initiate, undergoing an ordeal of the "fine" type, trying to keep his temper, his judgment, and his head.*

Close.

**April 21st.** Sol entered Taurus. Opened Temple with Augoeides Invocation, asking for special aid in—what follows. Possibly spoilt it all.

*Actually, it kept him from succumbing to Elaine's attack; the notes subsequently added prove this.*

Elaine finds the Nuit ring good; hence probably her hostility yesterday was due to lower self.



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Invocation of Ra-Hoor-Khuit gives glorious material flashes of light, akasic and lilac. The God, beheld, will not speak. Asked for a messenger, Aiwass appears. Elaine, suspecting him, puts a 𐤊 on him; he blurs and becomes dirty and discrowned. Elaine takes wand; but this dissipates him. His real name, she says, is 𐤅𐤀𐤂𐤁𐤏𐤓 (270 = INRI). Elaine uses ✠ and shrivels him to a black charred mass. I ask her to invoke something genuine...

*The vigilance of the true Initiate; and the protection of the true Aiwass.*

... a white figure without face and with little shape mounts throne. It has a glittering rayed corona. Says: "I am the God of Vengeance. I am thy Guardian Angel. I would have thee seek thine own soul in silence and alone. Take no aid with thee: take no mortal soul but retire away and depart from mankind..."

*Thus making the plight of the Black Lodge—to the current of which Elaine's selfish interests linked her—very easy!*

𐤊 makes him brighter: he grows firmer. Repeated, form vanishes and only brightness remains. Asked for a sign or his name, 𐤅 is written on throne. "I will give no other signs; you must learn to trust your own intuition."

Elaine's intuition tells her that he is genuine...

*Naturally: this was an Eidolon that she herself had created, and was animated by her selfish desires and the impure energy of the Black Brothers..*

... As to our relations, he wishes us to work together (A contradiction: vide supra) "I do not wish you to go too far in work with Scarlet Woman. She will dazzle you and be apt to lead you astray. You must always remain as armed when you work with her, as a man in full armour. I could wish you to strengthen the link between you and Fidelis on all planes. You are very needful to each other, and can only accomplish the Great Work together. (This clearly fucking bullshit.) I take wand and curse him by Him whom he hath blasphemed, invoking, however, Adonai. The light becomes more brilliant. Voice continues: "You must go and do a Great Retirement, after which you shall get a sign."

*This simply meant that Elaine wanted to gain time to consume her then*



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*husband at leisure; Crowley in a retirement, practicing "Brahmacharya", which to her meant sexual abstinence, would remain safe from other women, specially Rose, until she was ready to get her claws on him.*

(Clearly due to Elaine knowing my wish; but he is clumsy. Will anything now convince Elaine? I take serious measures to banish all but Adonai. Voice silenced; and she doubts if voice is from brilliance. Elaine feels me absolutely necessary for her. I not. Voice is *from her* so cannot be banished, and it goes on:) "There shall be short period of work? *not?* done in actual unison; after which your powers join irrevocably together. There is no escape from that; you are bound to work together; and the fitting time and hour for this shall come simultaneously to you both. There will then be no doubt in either of your minds; there will be no obstacle to this union... you must look towards this time and towards a beacon light. Never lose sight of that. You and O.M. will meet with subtle temptation from this object—promises of great power and illumination; but heed them not. Elaine is your true helper from whom you have right to look and demand help. You must never cease to demand this aid, and by your demand strengthen and aid your comrade. I your Guardian Angel tell you this."

(The falsity of all this patent more at the time than now—I foresaw what follows.)

I ask for proof that he *is* Guardian Angel—it is clear that Voice and Brilliance are distinct. Elaine, however, feels that this rigmarole is true. Hence we discuss our relations, and the Great Invocation degenerates. This, however, is checked by my will and her own feeling that we have done enough for honour.

*Actually, she was trying to sense his reactions and adapt herself to them, coiling around the limbs of his will with all the subtlety of the old serpent.*

I am not exhausted after all this, as I was yesterday. Is this a proof that all is Right Magic, or that little force was expended? Where am I, in fact? O Holy Exalted One, do Thou illuminate my mind!

*He should, obviously, have gone back to Egypt with Rose, who would then not have been able to buy gin so easily, and might have become helpful. Exactly as Aiwass had said. Nevertheless, Aiwass would not have*



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*been adverse to Crowley working with Elaine—provided she renounced vampirizing and became a true helper. But obviously she would not—or Crowley, as he himself observed, was too much of a puritan to compel her submission.*

**April 22nd.** Feeling sick—in bed all day.

*The after-effects of the magickal attack. It must be observed that he had left Shanghai the day before, by ship.*

No regular Augoeides Invocation in consequence, but much concentrated thought. It seems to me that all the Shanghai experience bar Easter Day should be neglected as a morbid dream; merely because I am not alone...

*A note added to this on December 31 of the same year (day when Crowley usually re-read and weighed his year's records) says: "Same old double game; fear its spring."*

... It seems natural and easy that this should be. I think also I should write to A. explaining how the whole experience has been an ordeal, that she has come through it successfully both in the advance to Philosophus and the suspense of that advance; but that the principle of clinging to me unconsciously there has ruined her clairvoyance, and rotted up her magic. Having won me, let her now lose me! As for me, I will go on as if I had never landed.

*Which is bad, since in throwing out the whole experience he is throwing out the command Aiwass gave him, to go back to Egypt with the Scarlet Woman, Rose. It was this command that prompted Elaine to interfere in the Vision.*

**April 23rd.** Arrived Nagasaki about 5 p.m. Wrote remarks opposite...

*That is, the comments to the Shanghai evocation which appear in parentheses in the text.*

... They seem quite obviously right, as if thereby all lucidity and (word missing) were attained, all doubt swept away.

Wrote to Elaine to effect above; now, however, insisting on my own independence of her.



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A.: fair to good. Asked Adonai for sufficient health on voyage to do Augoeides Invocation properly (Granted). Went off to sleep after this.

April 24th. Arrived Kobe at 5 p.m.—24 hours sail.


Wrote to S.W. with some reserve, of course utterly concealing both A.: and Elaine.

*It is interesting that although he has "forgotten", or consciously disregarded, the first part of the Vision, when Aiwass appeared, he still refers to Rose as the "Scarlet Woman" something he had not done for quite some time.*

**Query: Could I use Aiwass to help me with Augoeides Invocation?**

*In retrospect, this is truly funny. Aiwass had tried to tell him that he did not need the Augoeides Invocation; that he was in touch with his H.G.A. already, and had more important work to do; but he goes forward blindly in the direction of his own wishes. In a personal sense, this is not bad, since it consolidates one's lines on the planes that one has attained above; but from the point of view of the Work he had to do for the world, rather than his own personal Work, it was pretty bad. We know that he had already totally disregarded most of the primary injunctions in AL itself; cf. iii 10—11, 21-30, 39-41. What he tried to do years later, in Cefalù, Sicily, he should have done in Boleskine, Scotland, years before—and much more punctiliously than he did it in Sicily.*

**I should think, yes: I ought to use every power I have.**

A.: fair only; though I invoked all these powers of mine. Yet, after, by a strong effort of will, I banished my sore throat and my surroundings and went up in Astral Body. Reached a room in which a table was spread  thus, a naked man being nailed thereto. Many venerable men sat around, feasting on his living flesh and quaffing his hot blood. There (I was told) were the adepts whom I might one day join. This I understood to mean that I should get the power of taking only spiritual nourishment—but probably it means much more than this. Next I came into an apparently empty hall, all being in white ivory, worked in filigree, as the Chinese do. A square slim altar was in the midst...

*But how can a square be "slim"? Oh, well; on the "Astral", all shapes*



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*are possible.*

... I seemed to be questioned as to what I would sacrifice on that altar. I offered all save my will to know Augoeides, that I would only exchange for its own realization. I now became conscious of vast God-forms of Egypt sitting, so vast I could only see their knees. "Would not knowledge of the Gods suffice?" No! said I. It was then pointed out that I was being critical, i.e., rationalistic; and made to see that Augoeides was not fashioned in my image. Necessarily, that is. I apologized, and knelt at altar, placing my hands on it, right over left. Then One human...

*This takes care of Mr. Kenneth Grant's sad contention that Aiwass—does not belong to the human species. Perhaps he was trying to cash in on Messrs. Pawels & Co.'s take-off on Crowley in Dawn of the Magicians. It is said that imitation is the best form of flattery; but imitation of an imitation is perhaps going too far—look what it did to the Roman Church.*

..., white, self-shining...

*Not an "illuminate", therefore, but an Illuminator; which is to say, a Star.*

... (my idea, after all) came forth and put his hands over mine, saying 'I receive thee into the Order of the——.

*Anybody who would say Aiwass was not patient with his pupil should think again.*

**April 25th.** Yesterday's vision a real illumination, since it showed me an obvious mistake which yet I had utterly failed to see. The word in my Kamma-work was Augoeides, and the method 'invoking often'! Therefore a Self-glittering One, whether my conscience approves or not, whether my desires fit or not, is to be my guide. I am to invoke often, not to criticize. Am I to lose my grade of  $7^{\circ} = 4^{\square}$ ? I cannot go wrong, for I am the Chosen One: that is the very postulate of the whole Work. This boat carries Caesar and his fortunes.

Left Kobe at noon.

A.: fair to good; but attention wandered after Invocation.

Suggestion of fasts to aid.



## DIARIES

*April 27th.* Left Yokohama 12 noon.

A.:, fearing motion would disturb me, rather poor; yet a certain clarity of vision of a White One like on 25th.

Feeling seedy at night.

*April 28th.* A.: poor; my bodily health imperfect still, yet great clarity of vision in the matter of the Pentagrams.

*April 30th.* A.: exactly the same as yesterday. Will repeat.

It has struck me—in connection with reading Blake—that Aiwass, etc., = Force and Fire; the very thing I do lack; and that my 'conscience' is really an obstacle and a delusion, being a survival of heredity or education. Certainly, to rely on it as on an abiding principle in oneself is wrong.

*There follow notes done on December 31 on this entry:*

Further considerations in favour of Aiwass:

APΩ seemed to indicate him.

*Cf. EQUINOX I 8, pp. 32-33.*

Any suspicious remarks of his perhaps due to Elaine connecting him with Scarlet Woman (*Rose Crowley*).

I think his repeated 'Go to Egypt!'—The one really important thing is the fundamental hypothesis—I am the Chosen One. All methods will do, if I only 'invoke often', i.e., stick to it.

*A little bit of hubris here, as you can see. He was mixing the planes; certainly, any methods would eventually lead him closer to Aiwass; but the method of going to Egypt with Rose was the one Aiwass Himself had suggested as the quickest—and 'invoking often' had nothing to do with it. Invoking often under any circumstances, or invoking often in Egypt with Rose, he would get There. But he would have gotten There faster in Egypt—and then we would have gotten here faster as well. He was fed up with Rose, certes, as a husband and as a man; but, as Ms. Craddock might have said, this had nothing necessarily to do with Work on her famous Third Degree, q.v.*

Ritual given by Aiwass—see 'Work' book; also determined house in Egypt, dates, etc.



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*All this is missing, alas. Collectors—rich people, often stupid, sometimes discriminating—have been buying Crowley's work for years; in these days of galloping inflation, no doubt a good investment. Perhaps one of them has this material somewhere, and will have a stroke of genius and let us have a copy when he reads this. If he knows how to read hand-writings on walls, that is. Rich men—or women—often don't.*

**Augoeides Invocation repeated. Very good and lucid. A.: approves of house in Egypt, ritual, etc. etc.**

*Naturally! But still he did not go. If Initiates can be so blind, can we really blame rich men and women too much for being the same?*

**No tendency to sleep or reverie; or hardly any, not more than a momentary wandering of thought.**

**May 2nd.** Working at comment on Liber Legis with (as usual) lamentably little result. I think that I could do it in Egypt. I worked hard and nearly all day: only result a little light on (word missing in our copy; this is not deliberate; just sloppiness. The original is probably in Arabic, or Greek, or Hebrew. Considering that the people who originally made typewritten copies of these diaries were most often Regardie, who knew no Greek, Arabic, occultism or psychology; and Grant, who knew no Hebrew or anything else, what can you expect?)

**A.: good, considering I was excessively tired.**

**Wednesday—the day to which I sacrifice the other days.**

*Because it is traditionally sacred to Mercury, the Messenger of the Gods—cf. THE PARIS WORKING. But it might have been better to concentrate on Tuesday, the day of Mars, since we already know that Hoor was a little bit annoyed at Crowley's infatuation with His Brother God; after all, Hoor is the Lord of the Aeon!...*

*Perhaps if he had gone to Egypt with Rose he would have realized this.*

**A.: good—vision like the milky way in texture. A fine epithet for A.: would be "O thou whose body is the mother-milk of the Starry One! (viz Nuit)"**

*He was learning.*

**I think I should reserve to myself the option of doing a Dead Stunt as originally arranged. Rose's attitude, condition. etc. should be**



## DIARIES

allowed weight.

*He did this—and she ended in an institution for dipsomaniacs.*  
Saw this month's moon for the first time.

*May 5th. A.'. medium; but apparently I went off to sleep before writing it up.*

Note: A séance was going on about this time. I sincerely hope this had nothing to do with the sleep.

*May 9th. A.'. poor. (A note added in the EQUINOX version reads: "This begins the railway journey from Vancouver.")*

*May 10th. A.'. poor—am really worn out. Asked for exceptional vigour and courage and health in New York so as to get my business through.*

Granted—did all business but the Kangchen scheme in 1 day. Most amply granted. Bar the one day's fever, on a Sunday when in no case could I work, I was boiling over with energy the whole time.

*May 14th. A.'. sleepy (I am by no means recovered from the fatigues of this damned journey.)*

*May 18th. A.'. the usual thing—I forget all about it till late; or at least put it off. A man cannot serve two masters. I began A'., then deliberately stopped, as it was a farce. I appoint Sunday from waking to sleeping as a day of fast and penance from waking to sleeping. (Should I sleep in the day this to conclude penance.)*

*This last is not very clear, but sic.*

Unable—and unwilling—to sleep, recommenced A'.

Osorronophris—Asar Un-nefer. And I never saw it till now. This should be a key to all.

Paphro? Papur—papyrus.

Un = opener. Nefer? gates, path, etc.

A'. elaborate and really not bad.



## THE EQUINOX

**May 28th.** A.: got through after an incredible struggle of one and a half hours.

**Mostly sleep.**

*Cf. entry in EQUINOX I 8. Either Fuller or A.C. was embellishing the bare facts; probably Fuller. But one and a half hours of struggle to do something that other people usually "waste" only fifteen minutes on, and this mostly on Sunday mornings, is not bad.*

**May 30th.** Behaved more as an Agnostic than a Mystic in conversation; not as a blind...

*This means that the conversation was so soggly maudlin that, in sheer reaction towards balance, he took an agnostic position in it; not to express his own views, but to try to bring some perspective to the "talkers". One sympathizes, within one's limits.*

**This means that I am more an Agnostic than a Mystic.**

*Not necessarily at all; but he was laboring under a great magickal burden at the time, so he should be excused for not seeing this.*

**True, the conversation did not reach the constructive point.**

*No conversation ever does, when people do not share an approximation of Experience. On the other hand, cf. the dialogue in KONX OM PAX under the title "Ali Sloper, or the Forty Liars".*

**Should it ever do so, what shall I do?**

*This led to Paragraph 8 of the Task of a Probationer of the A.: A.:, now revised by Authority to read: "He/she shall everywhere acknowledge openly his/her association with the A.: A.: and speak of It and Its principles (even so little as he/she understandeth), for that mystery is the enemy of Truth."*

**A.: very good indeed. Renewed the terrible vows of this initiation, and was rewarded by the touch of ♀ to ♂. O Self-glittering One, be ever with me! Amen.**

**May 31st.** A.: better than ever yet. Vision quite perfect, and I tasted the sweet kiss and gazed in the clear eyes of that radiant one. My own face (I am sure by the feel of the skin) became luminous.

*Quite often, this intimacy with the Angel heralds a hard ordeal to come,*



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*for which the Angel is fortifying the client.*

**June 1st.** A.: good but interfered with by fatigue. Used much resolution.

**June 2nd.** Arrived Liverpool. Heard of Baby's death by letters from Mother and Uncle Tom. Why did nobody cable me? Arrived London, perfectly stunned.

A.: appropriate in tone, though of course mechanical.

*Why "of course"? Oh, well. The world was not overpopulated yet.*

I solemnly reaffirmed the Oath of my Obligation to perform the Operation, offering under these terrible circumstances all that yet remains.

Fortunately I am quite unable to think of the thing in detail or as a reality.

(Note of December 31st: Not fortunately at all. One *never* gets able to do so. Stupor and pangs get to the limit, and that limit is easily reached by very partial conceptions of one's loss.)

**June 3rd.** Saida (*sic*) mistress of Venus regarded as on the Tree of Life, including all symbols. Equally expert as the averse Mercury (*sic*), but no matter; I have lived through the day.

*This entry was scratched out, apparently in Crowley's own hand, in our TS; we enter it. "Saida" may have been wrongly read; it may also be the feminine of 'Said' or 'Siddhi' misread by the ineffable copyist. "Scribe" indeed!*

A.: a sad mechanic exercise.

**June 4th.** A.: no good; but an idea to ask Rose definitely: Will you come and go on a Great Retirement with me now or will you not? Write accordingly to Elaine.

*The last thing he should have done; Elaine must immediately have taken magickal measures to interfere; and she was at least a Philosophus, by his own admission, besides being a woman! Admitting her into the*



## THE EQUINOX

*Circle he was practically ensuring the defeat of an Operation towards which, he should have known, she was deadly hostile. And since he was sufficiently advanced to realize this, the fact that he did not realize it simply means that his Ego still resented Aiwass a lot.*

*Assuredly, there is a much higher plane from which the whole situation can be contemplated, and this is it: that should Elaine have been truly dedicated to the Great Work, and therefore to THERION, rather than Crowley, she would have disciplined her Ego, and tried to help, rather than hinder, the Retirement in Egypt with Rose. And then humankind, as a whole, would have benefitted from AL much faster and sooner. From that plane, which is a plane much closer to Nuit's "position" (or lack of it!), Crowley did well to write Elaine. Yet, the Karma was hers—and his. He did what a Magus, or perhaps an Ipsissimus, ought to have done; but he was not a Magus yet. Indeed, he was not even a Magister Templi yet; just, as he himself acknowledged, an Exempt Adept.*

*Live and learn. He lived—and learned. Unfortunately, so did we.*

**June 6th.** Tristan and Isolde—a failure, either Wagner is a shit or myself dulled beyond waking. I slept right through Overture—Act III!!!.

Did A.: feebly in streets.

**June 7th.** Went to Plymouth by 6.30. (*The EQUINOX version adds: "to meet wife".*) Arrived 12.05. Did A.: in train. A shade better; and more acquiescence or survival or transcendence—whichever name you prefer.

**June 8th.** Joined Rose on S.S. Himalaya...

*The allusion is obscure. Did he, by any chance, still resent his failure to reach the Kanchenjunga summit? And associate the child's death with that other disappointment?*

... As I supposed, I broke down a good deal. Am really too ill to do a regular Augoeides Invocation.

**June 9th.** Still breaking down at intervals, and staggering from



## THE EQUINOX

*July 11th.* A long talk with Jenner-Fust, who, as I supposed, is a mystic of very much my own type.

A.: rather reveresque.

*July 12th.* Wrote one Eleusis essay and a little verse, possibly suitable for Rosa coeli.

Throat very bad. A.: futile.

*July 13th.* A.: better (in A.M.).

The only time I get for thought is just the going to sleep and waking. Then I can muse. The English for which is: no more nights in bed with other people.

22nd week of A.: ends. There ought to be a new current tomorrow.

*July 17th.* This thinking seems little or no good; but the fault is that the real Crowley is actually not thinking of A.: When he is, the invocation was unnecessary; when he isn't, it's feeble. What *am* I to do?

Should suggest sticking to it.

Jones, coming on Wednesday, agrees Ritual is a help if so.

*July 22nd.* Wrote Introduction to Bagh—an essay on Sufism, etc. Thoughts of A.:.

Remarkable experience with hashish. I took some five grains, and smoked a little ganja. I was drinking a good deal of port, too. Anyway, I went dizzy; but got to bed and slept it off. Think I was on the brink of hallucination. I was describing effects (as in books) to my Nurse and offered her a fraction of a grain on a match, so that she could get the aromatic taste. My remarks were most vivid. At the expected time (supposing she had taken a quantity) she began to suffer all sorts of symptoms, alleged loss of memory and reason. Quick pulse (160), low temperature (97.3), dull heavy feeling following momentary excitement, pupils dilated (not contracted). She remarked, on tasting it, that she thought it was Belladonna. No thirst, no suspicion, no actual hallucinations; in short, all the wrong symptoms. About 2 o'clock she began to turn the corner.



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**July 23rd.** Wrote a mystic poem of profound obscurity called *Abjad-i-al'ain* and did some revision.

*This poem was published in THE WINGED BEETLE and is reproduced elsewhere in this issue. It should be noticed that apparently his inspiration for all this homosexual work—the BAGH, etc., came from his strained relationship with Elaine—"Al Ain". The fictitious author of the BAGH is called "Alain", and the "Lutiy" is disposed of by Mr. Martin P. Starr in our Introduction, q.v.*

Turning to A.'. was turning to sleep, as too often happens.

**July 26th.** Went down to stay with G.H.F. D.D.S.  $7^\circ = 4^\square$ .

**July 27th.** I. Perdurabo, a member of the Corpus Christi, do hereby solemnly obligate myself, etc., to lead a pure and unselfish life; and will entirely devote myself to raise etc. myself to the Knowledge of my higher and divine Genius, that I shall be He. In witness of which I invoke the great Angel איה to give me a proof of his existence.

Complete and perfect visualization of Christ as Perdurabo on "The low dark hill, the storm, the star." But the  of the Camel open and a ray therein; withal a certain vision of A.'. remembered only as a glory now attainable.

Humility. Purity. Confidence.

INRI—Instar Noli Revelare Ineffabile.

*These initiatic visions are quite common to those who follow the true Christian current, and they must absolutely not lead to obsession, either of thinking that you are the "special" "Jesus Christ" reincarnated, or that the olla podrida of the Romish fabrication tells the story of any "special" God-Man. Cf. LIBER 333, Ch. 58.*

**July 29th.** Sunday night. D.D.S. and P. discuss a new Order.

*This would eventually become the A.'. A.'. , with the old Golden Dawn totally reformulated and incorporated in it as the Outer Order.*

D.D.S. wants Authority.

*Spiritual Authority. Cf. LIBER LXI, The History Lection.*




## THE EQUINOX

I should write and say, "Perfect the lightning-conductor and the flash will come."

*Cf. LIBER LXI, vv. 20-21. A note added on December 31 of that year reads: "Very true; but there need not be hesitation anymore." During the following year Crowley wrote the first two Holy Books (Probationer and Neophyte), with amazing rapidity.*

**August 4th.** About to try the experiment of daily Aspiration in the Position of the  $5^{\circ} = 6^{\square}$ .

Did this 22 minutes with I'. It needed D.D.S., but the Eli Eli feeling is perhaps induced, and this is good.

**August 5th.** My Revelations book: The Arcanum in the Adytum  or the Secret of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, being a commentary upon the Apocalypse.

On the cover, "The Secret of Jesus".

*A planned book that eventually became subdivided in several: THE HEART OF THE MASTER, THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. BERNARD SHAW and THE VISION AND THE VOICE.*

**August 9th.** Wrote the Invocation of the Ring.

*Published as part of THE WAKE WORLD.*

**August 10th.** In Osiris Slain Position. With cross and circle cut, renewing vows. 28 minutes.

Got the Threshold—the awful doubt whether one shouldn't walk away and throw up the whole thing—presented first as a temptation, then as a doubt. Wherefore the cry, 'Eli Eli'. But no further save for a sense as of dew distilling from the Eye in the Triangle by the Ray.

**August 14th.** Am still very much below par. Not that I feel bad; but I sleep absurdly after massage.

"Armageddon". The final conflict—mysticism and health. Where the rationalistic argument breaks down; necessary for it to prove that Samadhi is a diseased process.



## DIARIES

Low phenomena of "visions", light, sound, etc., not at all true mystic powers—they are the spermatorrhea of the mystic Yod...

*Indeed, those lower phenomena can easily be induced by the use of psychedelic drugs, as anybody knows.*

... This is a separate essay—not my commentary on Revelation.

"Space". As an illusion (1) it is a function of Time. Discuss the Chinese 'Li' and draw largely on my experience.

*The Chinese 'li' is the Chinese 'league', which is not a measure of distance, but a measure of the time taken to cover a distance; originally, on foot. Thus, going uphill may take several 'lis' more than going downhill the same distance. The concept is extremely interesting, and it was probably first established to stop carriers from lingering along the way too much.*

(2) (?Who) states this can never be eliminated from consciousness. Answer: the civilized man's thought rarely includes so crude a conception. Abstract ideas are incompatible with a belief in space.

(3) Refer to and amplify Kant's proof.

(4) Effect of Hashish (quote Ludlow) (5) What does Samadhi say? My comment on Apocalypse.

(1) The Qabalah and the Bible; a preliminary essay, justifying my whole position.

Christ as Qabalist: "He that is able to receive it, let him receive it!".

Qabalah spiritual: removes Bible from silly rationalistic criticism, e.g. 3 magi or 3 kings. No odds: it's the 3 that matters.

(2) The correspondences with table. Their use in interpretation. The Golden Rule "The most spiritual meaning is the right one", so that even if John wrote of Nero and Rome, you turn his dross into gold...

*It is well that he gave up this idea, since "John", "Mark", "Luke" and "Matthew" were as fictitious as "Paul", "Peter" and "Jesus", to say nothing of "Mary", "Joseph" and "Judas", and the original documents by genuine mystics had been perverted and falsified to fit the Nicean con-game. To try to wade through this morass would take years—and the*



## THE EQUINOX

*Christist mystics never went much above the Lower Manas, anyway.*

Alchemical side-issues: the symbols of the Asch Metzareph.

(3) The Commentary.

(4) Appendix—the connection with Daniel (or this can go in with 2).

Note on Qabalistic symbolism of  $\text{†}^N$ . Thieves. And Paroketh.

*September 21st.* End of 32 weeks—8 months—224 days of A.'. thought. Did a little Invocation. Enquiring how to Invoke the Augoeides got the instant reply OFTEN—and only saw later that this was the same old order as before. Which confirms it: discard ritual methods, etc. (and their contradictories) but do it Often.

Hashish. Hence great poetical idea (first for years)...

*Actually, he had been writing some very great poetry all this time.*

... A son commits suicide in his mother's presence as the most cruel punishment he can devise. To do this he must be wicked; but no wicked man ever killed himself yet.—?

*At least, not without being compelled to do so.*

Hashish vision. Wonderful but very unstable landscapes, soft green, purple and blue. Blaze effects of all sorts and a frequently coming-and-going altered figure of A'. One seems however detached, e.g. the chameleon-jeweled motor-cars which kept on running through me didn't hurt. Further, the proportions of space and time were not disturbed. Though the visions were thus varied and pleasant, they were not at all exciting. I chose to consider them as terrestrial landscape-faced demons, etc., for the A'. seemed to alternate.

*September 22.* Jones at Coulsdon

Celebration Sol in Libra.

Quintessentialized  $0^\circ = 0^\square$ . (Construct Ritual from. Mysterium and Secret.)

Discussing numerous details.

*September 23rd.* Jones still at Coulsdon.



## DIARIES

**October 9th.** Tested new Ritual and behold, it was very good. Thanked gods and sacrificed for Lola.

*The mistress who had recently come to him as a Messenger.*

Hashish taken at 8 p.m., acting at 10. Many very strange illusions of sight, sense of proportion, locality, illusions of muscular distortion, the pen actually writing good legible English, but appearing to do so only as a vector of two enormous counterpoises. (Hours to write that sentence—and this.) None of the illusions seriously interfere with small fine coordinated movements. I think of a word and forget it before I can write it down. This happens by lapses: a question of attention held and released.

*A marginal note in A.C.'s hand to the TS indicates that on this day he reached Nirvikalpa-Samadhi, possibly as a result of the performance of the new Ritual. Another note reads: "Augoeides perfect".*

*In EQUINOX I 8 Fuller, or Crowley, or both, included several entries, specifically for October 2 to 6, which are obviously spoofs. They are not in the TS at all.*

**October 10.** I am still drunk with Samadhi all day.

Curious observation: S.D. looks like a symbol.

Curious feeling that one has a foreign body in one's mouth. Enough, these are all dog-faced demons. I will see Adonai. But!

(Must tell Jones he can *never* get the (*word missing*) because only the thing he can't banish is the highest.

*Not necessarily. He could not banish the "voice" in the "vision" done with Elaine; but at least he perceived why.*

S.D. is A.'. This from fancied personal resemblances.

Fear of fascination by drug. Extraordinary fits of laughter. Every thought (each is a definite symbolic picture) is instantly followed by a criticism (also pictured). Sometimes the criticism is so severe that it becomes a primary thought—hence inattention. When a thought is weak or unbalanced, the current of thought is changed. Hence strong thoughts are wanted.

In morning. Memory very good. Remember striking realization of unreality of things in room, etc.



## THE EQUINOX

Remember how very close to Samadhi the ritual brought me: perhaps even the control of the drug that arose and forced me to bed, plues my fear of the shock of Rose's anticipated coming up to bed, operated to stop me. For in the "Thanksgiving and sacrifice for S.D." I *did* get rid of everything but the Holy Exalted One, and must have held Him for a minute or two. I did. I am sure I did. I expected Rose to see a halo round my head.

*But Rose was seeing a halo around most things those days, and wouldn't have noticed. Who is a prophet in his own house, anyway, except in obviously homosexual fiction of the "Paramahansa Yogananda" type?*

*A note posteriorly added (December 31?) reads: "But the hashish enthusiasm surged up against the ritual-enthusiasm; so I hardly know which phenomena to attribute to which."*

*Unless you are a very high Initiate, it is wise to avoid the use of drugs in Rituals of Union or in evocations, precisely for that reason.*


*The note continues: "Noticed at the time that S.D. made A.' enthusiasm possible; was ∴ good. Yet I would not pray for one more Kiss, having already had my deserts. The more I think of it, the more I am sure that I got into Samadhi."*

*The marginal note, "Nirvikalpa-Samadhi", indicates that in retrospect he still thought so; which is the important thing. The difference between a drug-induced experience and a legitimate mystical experience is that, after the effect of the drug is gone, you are back where you were; while after the legitimate mystical experience is gone, your horizons are permanently enlarged. This does not mean that a drug cannot, occasionally, induce a mystical experience; but this is usually the result of rigorous preparation and intense aspiration for a long time. Cf. LIBER HAD; also, LIBER ALEPH, Chs. 93-94.*

(Somehow) not like a human at all.

**October 11th.** At night transcribed fair the New Ritual of the M— of I— with much labour and affliction of spirit.

*This Ritual is Liber 671.*

To bed with thoughts of A.: A curious persistent vision of blue and also white line below line of sight—shaped  thus.



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**October 12th.** Still a bit nearer reality as regards time. The Omens were—a dead rat, 66, a Vestal Virgin, an old mean violent woman of all evil, an officer and a gentleman, a virgin become a beautiful woman. The whole bathed in an ecstasy of IAO and Aphrodite.

Did some prayer and fasting, but not enough.

*It was his human birthday, another day in which he usually took stock of himself.*

**October 13th.** Went to 106, St. Mary's Mansions, Paddington.

*Not a very good idea. As long as Thelemites patronize locations that use such names, low men will not be discouraged from giving such names to them.*

Curious effect of the Cross-Currents. Cash, Love, Samadhi—things have really lost their value. I get what Blavatsky describes in *Voice of the Silence* as not quite disgust.

**October 14th.** Certain Samadhi effects linger—the unreality of things and one's own sense of success, etc.

**October 16th.** Unpacking. Samadhi nearly, yet not quite, worn off. At work very hard all day.

**October 20th.** About Samadhi, I told D.D.S., who thinks hashish had nothing to do with the Samadhi, though possibly useful as a starter...

*From our experience, we concur.*

I feel as if something were going to happen.

*This is an indescribable feeling that one gets when one is nearing a serious Result. Only those who have had the experience can understand what he means.*

Just as I began to enflame myself in praying, a thing snapped in my brain, jarring it, as if a bowstring, one quarter drawn, slipped from the fingers. Sense of physical relief—a “clearing” of the brain—and also of occult discharge. I couldn't get back and soon slept.



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*This was bad. It means that the bodily consciousness could not take the strain, and the newly-forming brain synapse was ruptured. The feeling is usually in the region of the Ajna, and the remedy is the old one—stick to it and climb again.*

A somewhat disappointing day, nearly all the talk being talked. Also, I am still 'polarized' a good deal; my indifference ("Titiksha" ? "Vairagya") is pronounced. I am truly indifferent even to L.

*He means his dead daughter, Lola.*

**October 23rd.** Wrote history praelection and things.

*He means the History Lction.*

Sick with lack of Lola—a still pool of clear water in which L.V.X. is reflected.

**October 24th.** Did a small Invocation. Result very near success. Was too sleepy.

**October 31st. 9.30.** Took a smaller dose of Hashish than before. Smoking Hashish cigarettes. Incense, etc., as before. Must work known dosage.

Wrote a long letter to Elaine, or rather V.H.S. F.:

10.25. Before invoking I feel some sort of effect—introspection developed. Time sense shaken; blanks in thought; feeling of fullness back of neck, etc. etc.

All very slight—only the strong introspection shows them.

Invoked nearly twice—terrible agony. Barbarous names are supreme test, for a man who is *really* praying cannot bring himself to say a ridiculous thing to his God, even on the latter's mandate.

I shall go and recite Greenland's, etc.—If with faith, Samadhi. Time after time I feel the sickening pangs of dissolution; physically I nearly faint; but I don't get over the bar. I am very sick and retire in disorder pursued by dog-faced demons of all kinds. Once again I nearly got there—all went brilliance—but not quite. I had too much drug and too little invocation. I completely forgot L. thanksgiving altogether.



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*Here, by L. he means the L.V.X.*

The real meaning of 'Change not barbarous names, etc.' is the one good thing out of all this.

There is nothing but dog faced demons after I get to bed; but there is always the consciousness behind thoughts. Thus, when the consciousness realizes that 'I am apart from my thoughts', that thought itself is pictorially shewn as a thought. Thus the Bhagavad Gita, 'I am all and in all, yet apart from all—I who am all, and made it all, abide its separate Lord'. This consciousness is the real Self in all probability; it would never trouble to command its thoughts, for all are alike to it.

*Not quite so; for the Will to manifest must entail a Time-Space Node; and some thoughts will be more favorable to the continuity of this manifested aggregate than others. But this is another problem altogether.*

The spine should be vertical, as the Hindus justly say.

*November 1st.* Observe that the Hashish took just an hour to get in its deadly work.

*November 4th.* Dog-faced demons all day. Fuller, Jones, Oscar Eckenstein, Sunny Jim. Descent into Hell—in the Power of the Dweller. Obsession by a demon left by Fuller (and Jones) called "?"

*The occasion is recalled in JOHN ST. JOHN, the Seventh Day. "Sunny Jim" was his golf instructor, whom we will meet again.*

Return with great difficulty—awful pangs—Eli, Eli etc.

N.B. I got back to very near Samadhi in the end.

*November 5th.* Worked out Abramelin Lamén.

*November 13th.* Wrote to Sri Agamya Guru Paramahansa: "If you are the one I seek, this will suffice—name and address."

*Now, this is the Swami who was eventually demolished by Fuller in the article "Half Hours with Famous Mahatmas". As we will see, Crowley started amiably enough.*

He replies: "Ask your own intelligence."



## THE EQUINOX

I cut his sign (*a Tarot divination*): ♄ found in △ of the ☆.

In Earth of lesser angle ☿ ♄ ☉ = 268.

☿ is perhaps myself, 418.

Symbol of whole scheme Invocation אלהים Q W 2C ♀. Very good.

I reply: "My question concerned myself. Your answer enboldens me to ask for an interview. I need hardly add that in such a matter all days and hours are alike to me."

He answers: "Come Monday noon."

*November 14th.* Answer from Agamya Guru Paramahansa. Invoked for symbols.

Again got into the Samadhi-proximity state, as it were, without trouble.

*November 18th.* The 8th anniversary of my Spiritual birth.

*Cf. LIBER VII vii 15-16.*

*November 19th.* Sri. A.G.P. 12.00. (*this was a reminder of the appointment, written when it was made*).

Saw A.G.P. Good impression after leaving, stronger than at time.

*November 21st.* Saw again A.G.P. He prescribed (1) Devotion (2) Mystery (3) Omnibenevolence associated in a practice to which the River Jordan Water-line was complex and difficult. He has attained a high grade, but has no Viveka concerning men. He thinks of all the world as either inside or outside his little fold, and sheeps or goats according. Which is unusual folly for such an illuminated bugger.

Another lesson not to attribute objective value to one's Samadhic results.

*November 23rd.* Began the three gunas.

*December 2nd.* Went to "business meeting" of Sri Agamya etc.

His whole plan perfectly ridiculous; a fine object-lesson in what to avoid.



## DIARIES

**December 7th.** Jones writes from the Samadhi-dhatu.

**December 10th.** Jones came up and we dined. Jones says ου' με is 8°3<sup>□</sup>; I say Mollie Lee rhymes with both. This purifies and consecrates me, so that I feel "I am the master" quite genuine—without scruple or diffidence. No personality.

**December 11th.** Back to Bournemouth. Jones' amazing third letter. *Confirming his assertion that Crowley had reached Binah.*

**December 13th.** Mackie arrived from Hordle.

Discoursing to Mackie, sounds of astral rubbed glass (mostly right ear).

**December 15th.** Began Table of Correspondences and did two hours work at it.

*This was part of the activity that would eventually become 777. So we can see he kept himself pretty busy indeed, amidst all his personal problems and the strains of initiation: he was still invoking daily, was following Agamya's recommendations, was writing material for KONX OM PAX, and now also preparing material for 777. Try and match this.*

**December 16th.** Two and a half hours on Table of Correspondences in a.m.

Mostly reading Beth Elohim.

**December 18th.** Three hours on Table of Correspondences. Wrote אמת.

*Part of KONX OM PAX.*

**December 19th.** Table of Correspondences became chronic.

**December 20th.** Up to London.

**December 24th.** Down to Jones.

**December 25th.** At work all day and night on table. But the impor-



## THE EQUINOX

tant thing is the reading of Amath, and the discussion (to be reproduced as a dialogue à la Berkeley) of it. Jones took the  $10^\circ = 1^\square$  view and we ran up and down the tree like bloody squirrels deciding on A.C. trying Truth in the Witness-Box sense as a formula "I = Thou" and of course to avoid fear. Be careful not to mix up this formula with *morality* which is bloody bullshit as before.

*December 26th.* More Table, until Jones broke down.

This Truth game 320 days (32 Paths x 10 Sephiroth). Since I wrote "Ruach breaking through into Neschamah."

*December 27th.* Back to town. Broke down myself.

*Yes—but not in front of Jones, whom he probably ran ragged just to "show", like a schoolboy racing.*

Began  $\Gamma\Delta\Xi$  formula. It was an awful pang to reply "The Flapper" to "Who is Lola?" and really very difficult to do it without using a tone of voice of a lying nature. Got a sort of vision of the Gate of  $10^\circ = 1^\square$ . Self as a mage in his circle breaking it down; and the universe rushing in—all the lions and dragons symbols and vanishing as they came.

*This is not necessarily the Formula of the Ipsissimus; but it is the Formula of the Exempt Adept who would become a Babe of the Abyss.*

*December 28th.* Beginning to see possibilities of scheme (i.e., Truth Scheme).

*This was followed by a long important note, actually belonging on the 6th January 1907 e.v., but inserted here for lack of space there.*

Appear to have got into the Fruit of which Jones' "Hail! All Hail!" was the Blossom. In short, recognizing that *I am He* in the same way that I recognize 'Snow is white'—not arguing it, nor announcing it triumphantly. I acted on that basis without self-consciousness, and wrote various letters.

Later; viz, at 6.00 p.m. took a very small dose of Hashish—say one and a half to two grains—on a by no means empty stomach.

The introspection seems awakened at once; owing, maybe, to expect-



## DIARIES

tation.

Use all means to invoke Augoeides (possibly even masturbation—if such an act is physically possible—as a means).

7.00-8.15. There is no link to bind together the thoughts (of the second order—*Sañña* thoughts) since they are only like letters of words not (apparently) interconnected. (Usual phenomena) With practice this game could be made useful (e.g., to work out a psychological system). Each battery goes through a whole battery of critics; it is 'analysed' (in Time. I was thinking of Well's analysed sounds in *The New Accelerator*)...

A story by H.G. Wells. The "game" was "made useful" in LIBER OS vel ABYSMI, q.v.

... Also there seems several main individuals or strata of thought (delusion of triple personality, etc.). They have (or may have?) different time-rates.

(One sees as it were an officer running forward to reform a shaken set of thoughts, or to order new evolutions.)

8.15. I went to bed about now and tried hard to masturbate, without success. The first time I failed from fear; the second time I know not why; the third time I was under the delusion that I had come.

The 'millions of worlds' game—the peacock multiform with each 'eye' of its fan a mirror of glory wherein also another peacock—everything thus.

(Here consciousness has no longer any knowledge of normal impression. Each *Sañña* thought is itself visualized as a World-Peacock—such seems to me the interpretation of above.)

1.20 a.m. Head still buzzing: wrote above.


Samadhi is Hashish, an ye will; but Hashish is not Samadhi (It's a low form this Atmadarshana).

(I don't, and *didn't*, quite understand this. I think it means that only an Adept can use Hashish to excite Samadhi; or else that Hashish is the evil and averse Samadhi.)

The Introspection Phenomena. . . . This is like the letter A in the word or idea 'cat'.



## THE EQUINOX

The Picture-Ideas (*Sañña* thoughts)  converging to form an 'a' and so on. This disconnected second rank are very numerous. There are many ranks of thought (are these the Sephiroth?).

No. The "Sephiroth" partake of other qualities than just those of thoughts; but they are, in themselves, just convenient classifications; quite possibly related to nervous plexuses in the physical body. Their usefulness, from the point of view of the Aspirant, consists in that they are, so to speak, hostels along the trail up the mountain, where one can rest for a while; also, recognize where one has got. It is possible to go up avoiding the hostels; although, from the point of view of normal common sense, it is foolish to inconvenience oneself so; but at a certain point the trail breaks up; and a chasm has to be jumped before the next hostel can be reached.

*This analogy-apologue is a very jejune over-simplification.*

The consciousness moves backwards and forwards, outwards and inwards. Each rank is of course observed by the one next to it inwards, or else by the Analyser. There's an 'Intelligence' (among the Hierarchies of me) who suddenly draws lines round groups of second rank ideas and labels them 'candle', 'ant', etc.—front rank men, getting them off as a whole.

(Just as I might make an A of dots, scratches, etc. and when finished fling it forth a visible 'A'.) Others too have other functions—there's a whole crowd of us all organized.

What puzzles is the vast number of thoughts required to make one physical thought. Bound to believe in simplicity behind. Why? Mathematical truths are absurd; they belong to the unanalysed brain, for one thing; and, for another, they represent relations between units of that row—no more. Thus the Universal Peacock is one.

(I prefer a different view. The *Sanna* thoughts not nearer, but further than the physical; not radiating from the Ego, but converging upon it. This is an argument against Hashish, and does not suggest that further progress would bring one to a higher rank. The various individuals are on this view rather arch-demons)—A good deal this on introspection.

Oh for a memory-in-flesh to tell people about this; in spirit to bind together and organize the analysed thoughts, so that one's con-



## DIARIES

sciousness should normally observe the second rank crowd. This is (would be) constant ecstasy, but the actions of the man would go on as usual, and it is only a certain instinct in one's hearers if they perceive that one is not oneself. This time no sickness—slight physical drunkenness—very slight. Must try in presence of Jones and Fuller with Jewell concealed to take notes.

*L.R.C. Duncombe Jewell, elsewhere referred to as "L.C." from the initials of his pseudonym, "Ludovic Cameron".*

The earlier very rapid things all escape record. It is 1.40 a.m. I am practically sober.

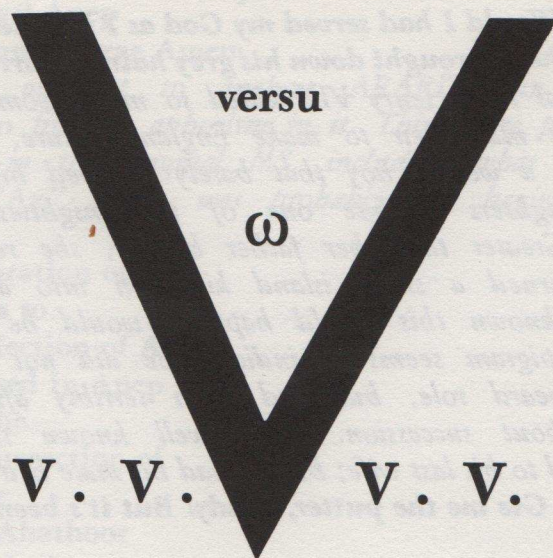
8.30 a.m. Introspection still quickened.

9.45 a.m. One has only to think hard to get back to the World of Thoughts.

N.B. The dose was a shade too large—not much. There was no sense of being overpowered.

*Here ends this remarkable psychological document (we refer to the whole Diary, not just these last notes, valuable as they may be). In the following year he wrote two of the Holy Books. The writing itself occupied a remarkably short span of time—but the Preparation had been going on since that 18th day of November 1898 e.v., and had culminated in three days of April 1904 e.v.*





versu

ω

V . V . V . V .

οὐ<sup>2</sup>μη

Perdurabo

Aleister Crowley

Edward Alexander Crowley



## THE EQUINOX

### Last words of 700 Remarkable People:

**Henry VIII** *Would I had served my God as I have served my queens and I would have brought down his grey hairs in sorrow to the grave.*

*It is ironical that Henry VIII killed so many women in an effort to produce a male heir to make England secure. His only male offspring was a weakly boy that barely survived him; but one of his two daughters became one of the mightiest queens who ever lived. Greater than her father by far, she reigned for fifty years and turned a small island kingdom into a world power. Had Henry known this would happen, would he have laughed? The above epigram seems to indicate he did not admire himself in his Bluebeard role, but had been terribly afraid of leaving England without succession. It is well known that he was a meek husband to his last wife; but he had his male heir by then.*

**A. J. Balfour** *Gie me the putter, Sandy! But it's been a gey and sain long hole*

**The Master of Trinity** *I shall never marry again.*

**Jane Cakebread** *Mehr Gin.*

**Shakespeare** *And now to solve the mighty Cryptogram.*

**Lord Northcliffe** *La tête de l'armée—l*

**Mrs. Chant** (raising her voice to a scream) *J. L.*

V	Taurus	Apis the	A
I	Virgo	Asi the	R
T	Saturn	Apep the	A
R	Sun	Asar the	R
I	Virgo	Asi the	I
O	Capricorn	the	Torch of Amoun
L	Libra	Ahathoor	A

ARARITA

Ave Apis?!



## DIARIES

### Regite Asi

*Au (scratched out) Apep*

### Regem Imperium Terrae Amem

*An obvious attempt to analyze ARARITA in relation to VITRIOL and to find an aphorism in it. This entire page has been scratched over in the original MS, including what follows. The scratched-out "Au" above was probably the beginning of the word Auramoth.*

**The Adoration of  
Apis to  
the Perfection of Asi  
abased in Apep  
to the  
Resurrection of  
Asar**

### The Award of Ahathoor

*The Award of Ahathoor*

*This is accompanied by sums which are obviously qabalistic analyses, but which do not correlate to the sentences exactly; jotted down by Crowley for his own purposes, rather than for the benefit of future readers; or calculations of thoughts that occurred to him. These are as follows:*

796	271	6
393	391	10
<hr/>	<hr/>	409
333	662	200
		10
		10
		706
		30
		<hr/>
		335
		<hr/>
		64



## THE EQUINOX

The Ardours of Apis	1
The Rose of Asi	3
The Asp of Apep	5
The Rod of Asar	7
The Initiation of Asi	2
The Triumph of Amoun	4
The Award of Ahathoor	6

*The above is on the next page of the Diary. It was not scratched out, which indicates Crowley considered it more satisfactory than the attempt on the preceding page.*

**ARARITA One is His beginning, One His Individuality (Import), His permutation One.**

*The "Import" between parentheses is probably an abbreviation of the word important.*

*January 1907 (e.v.)*

**Tuesday 1.** At Bournemouth, recovering from throat troubles.  
Made a general vow to attain.

**Wednesday 2.**

### The Ebony Box

As small as possible for me in Asana.

Firm base; fairly light sides.

Feet, say 18 inches high.

Right wall, 2 switches. (1) to powerful reflector lamp placed on top of box. Internal wire, and to wall switch through one foot.

(2) to tiny internal glow lamp.


Moss to sit on.

Front wall—slit at level of eyes, to be closed by a sliding panel.

Back wall—door.

Left front corner—shelves for watch and notebook, water, etc.

Ventilation?

Altar for sacred  and incense.

Flames of this to be only light in room, bar the second light.

*This was obvious speculation on an apparatus to perform Asana in complete darkness. Crowley often devised contrap-*



## DIARIES

tions and described them in his diaries. Mostly they remained in the diaries.

**Sunday 6.** An experiment in hashish.

**Sunday 13. ? Rose at Bournemouth—Hashish.**

*The diary not being regularly kept, he had doubts if Rose had been at Bournemouth on that particular date. Hence the question mark. Another experiment in hashish was obviously made. Those experiments eventually resulted in that brilliant essay, The Psychology of Hashish.*

**Tuesday 29.** Left Bournemouth—one may hope forever.

**Monday, 4 February.** Dr. and Mrs. Buckmaster to dinner.

**Friday 15.** Beginning of Baby's illness.

*His other girl child.*

**Saturday 16.** Threw out B.K. and thus under Providence saved Baby's life.

*B.K. was Mrs. Kelly, the child's grandmother.*

**Monday 18.** Herbert Tilley and Gurnit my *Ida vocavi; venit* the pretence (if imagined) deceived nobody (it deceived nobody of importance).

*Tilley was the surgeon who operated him; in this case, Ida means his left nasal passage.*

**Thursday 21.** Chez Tweed.

Dined with Lord Tankerville. His card *Death*.

Jones says Nun always gives *unexpected change*.

**Friday 22.** Wrote *The Synagogue of Satan*.

Sent *Tannhäuser* to Tankerville.



## THE EQUINOX

**Saturday 23 Kether**

K.B. begins to sculp me; the Enchanted Prince.

Wrote the Quinzaine of Quatorze ains re the Majesty of Loveliness.

**Sunday 24.** Wrote up this diary to date.

*Shame on him, always insisting with his pupils to write regular entries...*

**Monday 25.** Began to write קד for the B.V.M.

Tankerville acknowledges Tannhäuser.

Herbert Tilley burst my Pingala.

**Tuesday 26.** K.B. sculps me.

The analogies of Venus and Spirit are very marked.

Chokmah. Kether better understood. Harmonious Dyad.

Buckmaster—dinner at the Savile.

**Wednesday 27.** Rose probably in pvd again.

Went to Cambridge.

**Thursday 28.** Called on Neuburg.

**Friday, 1 March**

Went golfing with Lunn to M & S in PM. Spoke. Devoted half and hour to feeling 2 girls, the girl from the jam factory and Mabel of Day's (distinguish from Ancient of Days).

**Saturday 2.** Talking to Neuberg and his friends, Felt Chambermaid.

Spoke at Ogden's.

*All this "feeling" of girls seems a bit desperate, unless done as an exercise in Victorian gentlemanship, deliberately to shock the pruddishness of would-be "mystics".*

**Sunday 3.** Return to town. So endeth the First Missionary Journey.



## DIARIES

*Definitely done to shock, then; and thus get rid of fools.*  
Buckmasters to supper.

**Monday 4. Sculpting continues.**

Jones arrived—all night setting of House.

Sine spe, aut timore, age thus far V.N.

**Note:** Binah—darkness. Little or no *visible* progress.

*Clearly, all this time Crowley was working magickally and not having much apparent success with Binah.*

**Tuesday 5. Sleeping off V.N.**

*Meaning that having Jones around had been a strain on him.*

### *The golfgirl*

My girl with a laugh when I rubbed her calf

Said with good-humored chaff "You've that for the half!"

Her maidenly soul in a rapture did roll.

She caught hold of my pole—"I've this for the Hole."

And when (I'm a sod) in her anus I plod

She whispered, "My God! you're playing the odd!"

The bloody old whore, though I'd had her before...

*The second half of this line was scratched out and replaced in the original MS.*

...The bloody old whore held me tight on the floor.

Though I'd holed out, she swore I must play the one more.

*"With" scratched out as first word of the next verse and replaced by "At".*

At my head in her dyke I determined to strike,

But she cooed, "Good old tyke! I will now play the like."

I asked her to utter permission to futter

But she only would mutter "Be up with the putter."

A babe was the blessing that came of caressing.

Did God set her guessing? "It's my fault for pressing."

When fucked, she would say in her ladylike way

"One up and I say, boy, how many to play?"



## THE EQUINOX

*This poem shows he speedily recovered from Jones's visit.*

**Thursday, 7 March. Began V.I.T.R.I.O.L.**

**Beat Sunny Jim by 7 and 5 at half a strike.**

**Wrote to D.D.S. asking for permission to do a Vow of Silence and to appoint a period.**

*Notice that although he chafed at Jones, and at V.N., he sought the counsel and accepted the authority of D.D.S.*

**Friday 8. Sculpting. Daleth, or rather, Chesed.**

**Saturday 9. 9 P.M. Began vow of Refusing to answer questions. D.D.S. says 7 days. A slip is to be punished with a razor-cut. Rose is very angry, of course.**

*Yes, she would be. Personally, I have yet to meet a woman who will let "her" man do his magickal work in peace; or will even honestly try to be of help. I certainly should like to meet one before I die; but half a century is gone already, and this paragon remains invisible. I doubt Gloria Steinem would qualify.*

*The converse may be equally true; but I at least have tried to be of help and not to interfere. My women keep botching it up, however. My men are just as bad, but at least you don't have to live with them. Or, I don't.*

**One notices in Refusing to Answer Questions that nearly everything said to one is a question. One notices that 5 years ago one would have called all the Gods to witness a majestic ceremonial Vow; at present one determines to begin forthwith.**

**One may use this formula to battle against and overcome the  
Great Devil**

?

**One should consider before, speaking at all, whether the speech is both necessary and unimportant (*sic*); for unless these conditions are fulfilled one breaks the Vow of Silence, of which this is a branch.**



## DIARIES

*He may have meant "important", although he wrote "unimportant"...*

One has been in fighting form all day, but this formula gives one an idea of tremendous controlled force.

Sol-day. All things are wonderful to me. I know that I am on the very threshold of Binah; that henceforth I shall go about my ways in utter delight and praise. Hail!

This matter of R. to A. Q. resolves itself into a vigilance over speech. It is thus a much harder task than plain Silence; for interest in the conversation betrayeth this vigilance.

It has struck me that "the Black Magician abstains from salt" is Tohu-Bohu. The abstainer from salt did so to work evil without becoming nimak-kharām. Hence he was suspect of sorcery.

*Sunday 10 March.* Playing golf at Maidenhead. Very trying, this vow of R. to A. Q.

24 slips in the practice till now.

*Monday 11.* Took at 10.24 P.M. a minute quantity of Hashish—too small to have any possible effect, one would say, judging by previous experience.

11.30. A. I. ended in D.F.Ds. luring me away; also I nearly slept. Rose and had tea and now wrote this. I think the hashish has had little or no effect—perhaps just less than the desired waking of Pratyahara. But no hallucinations; no loss of time-sense. Possibly slight self-consciousness; but one wouldn't like to assert it.

12 slips during the day.

*Tuesday 12.* 7 slips in the Practice.

At 10 P.M., about, the *minimum* dose of F.E. Anhalonium Lewinii being 2 drops, took 1 drop only.

TAROT drew 3 of Cups (curiously enough, the card re Tankerville said by D.D.S. to be Black Magic). Equals Mercury in Cancer, "Abundance".



## THE EQUINOX

Before taking drug, I note my physical condition excellent, my mental depressed from not being able to write what I want to, my magical exalted and on the verge of Samadhi. See opposite.

*The following annotations were originally on the page opposite to the above entry.*

10.15. As stated opposite, took 1 drop A.L. in a good deal of warm water. The taste is not unpleasant; it is very strangely reminiscent of the tea of Yunan, as there prepared and drunk.

I proceed to A.: I.:

10.35. am busying myself with colour-thoughts of divine nature; and the A.L. having produced no perceptible result whatever...

*But it had, as can be seen from his busying himself with colour-thoughts; however, he was not familiar with the drug as yet.*

... took 1 drop more.

10.55. Still no apparent result.

Took 2 drops...

*It is not clear in the Diary if this was in addition to the two previous drops or not. One should notice how careful he was, starting with half of what was considered the minimum dose of the drug.*

Possibly the violet centres are stimulated...

*He means retinal nerve ends, not Leadbeater cakkram bosh, by this remark.*

... I see the flame of a match with green, blue and violet at its edge. Probably this is mere Pratyahara resulting from intention to attain. Closing the eyes produces no result.

11.07. Striking the magic Bell, closed eyes; I saw an opalescent light, not well marked. Further, I had seen some fine opal. matrix in Bond St. a few hours earlier.

11.27. Have made and drunk much tea. No symptom whatever from the A.L.

11.30. Took 3 drops more.

*Possibly, that makes seven drops, then. It is a pity we do not know the concentration of the solution he used.*

11.50. No symptoms. Took 3 drops more. 10 drops in all. This being maximum dose mentioned on label, will take no more.



## DIARIES

See page 208.

*He continued his annotations in a back page of the Diary, in order not to enter into the next printed date number.*

March 12 continued. 13th Midnight 0.15. Concentration not interfered with by drug. Maybe one gets occasional brilliant pictures with eyes shut; but it is not enough to record. I could get as good with plain expectation. Am apparently very sleepy. Pupils certainly not dilated. Eyes bloodshot, which is no surprise, after staring hard at the electric globe for over 10 minutes.

13th. 12.30 A.M. Went astral tour—no colour effects to speak of.

9.30 A.M. Nothing whatever unusual.

*Wednesday, 14 March.* An excellent day. Buckmasters charming. Sculpting. Hé or גבורה, for Rose made a scene.

10 breaks in practice.

Fucked Rose and slept like a log.

*Friday 15.* 7 slips in the Practice.

תפארת Theory perfect. Practice ה with י to י same time. י with י and ד to the Blessed Fount of the Supernal Via Lactea, so that at 9.15 P.M. I took 4 drops F.E. Anhalonium Lewinii in cold water.

Am rather tired with my day's shopping, but peaceful and well.

9.40. Took 5 drops.

10.00. Took 5 drops.

10.27. Took 7 drops.

11.03. Accomodation of eye still perfect. Took 7 drops. No result; but felt as if near something. Also, slight stomachic discomfort.

*Saturday 16.* Cambridge won the boat race. A grand fight at the Empire.

7 slips in the Practice. 72 in all. End thereof at 9.00 P.M. A letter for D.D.S.

Moreover, I did demonstrate my superiority to the warring fac-



## THE EQUINOX

tions of Netzach and Hod by formulating Yesod in the number 11.

*Sunday 17.* Hasleim and Reid to lunch.

Hanko ma'alam bota hai ki Bibi sharab pibi hai, issabab, ki ber-audi sharab kala-botal meri kakhi nai chanday arse sakh-gaya bai.

Shahed; dekhenge.

Received from V.V.V.V.V. the Word of Sol in Aries: Catena. This is alike the Chain of Penance and that of Power. It shall therefore be my task to form a chain of brethren by Tapas.

To this end will I subdue this my body by fasts and scourging, by vigils and meditations, by Yama and Niyama, Asana and Pranayama. In short, I will confirm unto myself the true grade of  $6^\circ = 5^\square$  (which before I held but nominally) and thus fit myself wholly for the Sorrow of Binah, the drinking of the Cup of Tribulations, which is the Cup of Iacchus.

He should sleep upon a plank bed wrapt in his rough poncho. His weight should be one hundred and forty-four pounds. He shall urgently acquire money.

It shall no longer be lawful to will Initiation, but only to do the appointed Work.

He should not buy things.

*The above recommendations do not necessarily apply to any Adeptus Minor aspiring to Geburah.*

*Tuesday 19 Netzach. F<sup>x</sup> and near C<sup>lg</sup>.*

*Went and had a sculp from Mrs. Bruce.*

*Thursday 21.* Sol enters Aries.

60 Jermyn St. Took 4th floor rooms. Symbol  $\aleph$  between  $\psi$  and  $\delta$ .

7 cards, thus  $\Pi$ , 2P,  $\psi$ ,  $\aleph$ ,  $\delta$ , 2W,  $\gamma$ .

Curious symmetry.

Forbidden:

Thick soups; eels, mackerel, salmon, herrings, sardines, pork, duck, goose, macaroni, potatoes, peas, beans; pastry and sweets; sugar, cocoa, milk, butter, save in small quantity.

Do:



## DIARIES

Exercise, less sleep, free bowels and skin. Take regular *Turkers*.  
*Turkish baths*.

Limit liquid to 40 oz.

Allowed:

Fish, lean meats, eggs, fruit, green vegetables and heroin.

*In those enlightened days, this diet was not prohibitively expensive. Heroin could be freely bought at a druggist for a few pennies, as it should be today.*

**Friday 22.** Hod Mercury =  $\alpha\gamma\gamma\epsilon\lambda\omicron\varsigma$  and Swiftness.

Settled 60 Jermyn St.

Asked stores for Tau cross bed, quoted £3.3.0.

?XI.6 Day doubtful.

**Saturday 23.** Packing and moving.

**Sunday 24.** Moving in.

**Monday 25.** Moved into 60 Jermyn St.

Went to Tivoli and Tribune. Latter not in.

Ordered Tau bed, £3.10.0.

I think my symbol should be



The  $\otimes$  momentarily and forcibly withheld by the 4. This figure being so unstable may reverse suddenly.—This I had from S.H. Fra. Cungevalli  $8^\circ = 3^\square$ .

**Tuesday 26 XI.4.**

822. Jesod. The Foundation. Memb. V. symbol suppressed. The Foundation as Art for Art's sake.



## THE EQUINOX

**Wednesday 27.** Again in touch with Tankerville. 35 months (about) needed for his Initiation. His symbol too is 80. גוע. Thus tomorrow I must lay a firm cornerstone.

**Thursday 28 XI-31/2.**

Feeling seedy, took various material measures, ending with  $\text{Hg}_2\text{Cl}_2$ .

Met Lady Tankerville. Laid as I trust the aforesaid firm cornerstone. Gave him Tals. HOREH and MACANEH, also scorpion from K of S, also Sign of Saturn to read and LBR Pent. to work. Also told him of wand, oil, and incense.

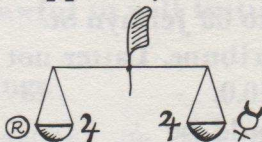
**Friday 29**

Malkuth and Kether. Lingo.

Rather ill with diarrhoea and headache.

Tankerville copies Pantacles.

**Saturday 30.** H. Tilley clipped my uvula.



Wrote to Tankerville re Wand and Love your enemies.  
Feeling very ill with diarrhoea and sore throat.

**Sunday 31.** Can hardly speak—bowels a shade quieter.

Golf at Maidenhead a fiasco. On my drive again, though!

Wrote *Microbe* and *Moderate* and designed 2 posters.

Throat very clear.

**Monday 1 April.** Rose up resplendent as the winged dawn.

Hippodrome—idea to precipitate  $\text{PbI}_2$ ,  $\text{HgI}_2$  and C in vast glass cylinders and play on them with hindlight.

Apparently, an idea to improve the Hippodrome's decor.

Throat attacked, but little.



## DIARIES

**Tuesday 2.** The pillar of Glory—all day fagging out estimates for cylinders; nobody will even attempt the job!

In a sub-samadhic ecstasy, beware lest you mistake mere *trein-d'être* for anything spiritual.

*"Trein-être", that is to say, a tendency to be, or become; the equivalent of wishful-thinking, except that it is more potentially dangerous at that level. You may delude yourself and create very powerful fool's-knots in yourself, instead of attaining. A sharp difference between spiritual reality and delusion in Buddhi-Manas. This is very hard to define better. Think in terms of creating even more tendencies in yourself, instead of getting rid of the ones you already have. The available energy at that point is so fluid, and the mind is in a state so pliable that unless you keep firm hold of yourself you will do the equivalent of normal "day-dreaming—wishful thinking"—and create attitudes in yourself that have nothing to do with your goal, or your True Will.*

At night, bound Abramelin Talisman XXVII Atsarah on head under Lamén, to sleep with.

Vast dreams, but memory quite dull.

Throat attacked, but little.

An interview with Guru S.A.P. etc. without dog-faced chelas.

He is good to talk to and has a *very* fine aura. One departs stronger in every way.

*As we can see, he was somewhat of two minds about Agamya, who was dumb from a practical standpoint, but "had a fine aura". To the pure, all things are pure—up to a point!*

He leaves on the 20th. It is well in his absence to select any comparatively human chelas, if to be found, and teach them.

I am to see him again to show my meditation act—*mein*, take him a present of snuff?

And he must give me Hatha Yoga. Aum!

For Hatha Yoga is a letter of the word CATENA.

**Wednesday 3.** Messing about with chemicals all day.

9.10 P.M. Took a very small dose of Hashish, but larger than last time, when nothing happened, and perhaps slightly larger than the



## THE EQUINOX

time before in Bournemouth.

9.20. Expectation with some apprehension disturbing the Chittam.

9.46. Some 20 min. Pranayama in hood, invoking Adonai.

10.10. Nearly dropped off to sleep. No symptom.

10.35. Abandoned the unequal contest.

*Thursday 4 April.* Neuburg here—discussing Ag. Journal capture. He clairvoyant—rather a good one.

*Friday 5.* Big attack on T. They repel it.

*This refers to the Earl of Tankerville, who continued experiencing magickal attacks, real or imagined.*

*Saturday 6.* Tankerville here 10.30 to 1.15, about.

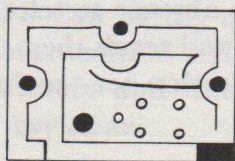
Chokmah very nice.

*All this time, with all these adventures, Crowley's magickal experiments have been continued. It should also be remembered that in the period just previous to this Diary he had invoked his Holy Guardian Angel daily, under the worst possible conditions sometimes, for over a year, on the lines of Liber Samekh.*

*Sunday 7. "The Awkward Squad"*

The Mutineers would be a good name for a puzzle in which one big shot should be used to chase and collect several small shot. Thus:

Let the small shot be cubes (or eggs!)



Wooden or cardboard sides

Glass top

Dimensions 5" x 6"

Guard room

Reset puzzle by inverting box

The lines represent ridges in the tin floor. The circles are little pillars awkward to steer past. The black dots are holes big enough to let the 'privates' escape, but too small for the 'sergeants'. There are 8



## DIARIES

privates and 4 sergeants. Puzzle: to collect all in the guard room.

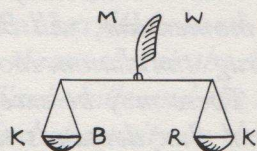
The big black hole lets sergeants through.

Model—of soft wax. Fusible metal cast from this. Mould ridges as vents, columns as holes, holes as mounds.

Went to London and met Claude.

Met 3 hunchbacks during the day. Lord have mercy upon us!

*A dig at an old Arab saw, very unflattering to hunchbacks, but not very characteristic of Islam as a religion, since Mohammed preached generosity towards beggars and cripples.*



مارگريتا وارويک

۲ نو سومپتن ستيت

O Lord, how excellent are thy  
gifts unto the children of men!

غراب

**Monday 8. 1.30 A.M.** Thoroughly investigated Tankerville's affair. Danger 2 of Swords = Water and carts. From the 2 women, A. of P. behind—no man.

D.D.S. in town: approved Preliminary Lession of History.

Note on Tarot Divination: The symbols for me and for the enemy were several times identical, of course with widely different attributions when examined. This, I think, shows harmony in the divination, or that one is really at close grips with the enemy.

*Actually it showed, as subsequent events proved, that Tankerville's paranoia was already identifying Crowley with his host of enemies, real or imaginary.*

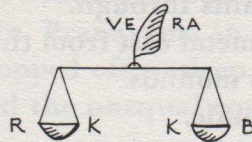
**Tuesday 9.** Rose up—usual 'scene'.

*Very naturally, Rose hotly resented her husband's living away from her, and suspected his motives to be sexual, rather than mystical. From what we know of her, she was a sentimental woman of very weak intellect and even weaker character; in her role as first Scarlet Woman she was the patient, rather than the agent, of the Forces that manifested through her. Had she been able to live up to her position... But dreams are cheap, specially post-mortem.*



## THE EQUINOX

Sunny Jim a masochist explains all.



**Thursday 11. Binah. Hashish. Started 5.45. Binah left 8.00, some effect being on.**

*This means that, although he was still under the effect of the drug, contact with Binah ceased. It should be remarked that as a rule only advanced Initiates, who have built a lot of Magickal momentum, will be able to achieve contact with the Supernals through drug stimulation. Most people remain in Ruach, or Nephesch, and dream. There may be exceptions to this rule—the aleatory nature of phenomenal flux demands that there should be. They will be extremely rare, however. We do not know of any one case where valuable results occurred from casual drug-taking by average people. Of course, our definition of “valuable” differs from the average.*

**From 9 to 11 at London Pavilion. Can't remember much. General intensification of self-consciousness. No shadow of Samadhi in any sense whatever.**

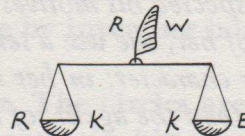
**Friday 12. Effects lasting into today.  
General dulling of self.**

**Gray came in evening. This student is well advanced. Gave him Fuller's drawing and Sword of Song.**

*Crowley's poem by that name, full of initiatic symbolism relating to the crossing from the G.D. into the R.R. et A.C.*

**Rose up—quite decent, for a change.**

**Saturday 13. Down to Chislehurst.**



**Sunday 14. At Chislehurst, walking. Rose and Gretel snarl and**



## DIARIES

scold.

**Monday 15. Back to town.**

Wrote Rodin dedication. Ελλην κατ αστερ ει

**Tuesday 16. Tankerville's card 7 Swords. Warned him astrally against vacillation. All this at dead of night.**

*This means that Crowley, worried about Tankerville, drew a card for him; and as a result, warned him astrally against the danger represented by the card at that point.*

**P.M. Tankerville's card 10 Cups.**

كطين

*Which means that in the evening of the same day Crowley again drew a card for Tankerville and the situation had changed.*

*This kind of activity on the part of Initiates is more common than most people think. What is more, the disciple may not even become consciously aware of what is being done, unless he or she has mental training.*

**Wednesday 17. Chesed—11 hours of it!**

A most marvellous and magnificent revelation of every side of the Divine Self.

Note: Self-love blinds its devotees so that the obvious allusions to fact in the Q's Q pass as 'art'—even the cabmen and the name!

Tankerville's card ° P between Hermit and Ace of Swords.

Nota Bene: 6 P.M. a very small dose, say 3 gr. Effects just noticeable.

Aha! At 3 A.M. it started and went on till midday 'ramping and raging'. Easing up in P.M. and asleep at night.

**Thursday 18. I think it's all right. I find myself laughing at her.**

Without attempting to concentrate off her, thought of her some 5 or 6 times only. No sort of hankering.

*We do not know if he is speaking of Rose, or of some other woman who, he was afraid, might break his circle during the Operation he was carrying on. Maybe Elaine?...*

At Home Park. Gave Sunny Jim a stroke a hole and squared the match. Round in 93, going out very weak; home in 43. Missed a short



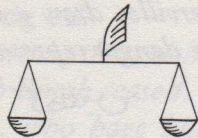
## THE EQUINOX

putt at the 17th for the match. Short! Short! Short. Not up! Not up! Not up!

Tankerville's card Q P between 7 and 8 S. Should think he was coming to town.

*Friday 19 April.* A.S. committee.

Tankerville has been ill with the flu.



Quite clear, I think, of trouble.

*Saturday 20.* Went to New Gallery private view.

*Sunday 21.* XI·8

This must stop!

Reading Molinos.

7.00, about. Cut my hand severely; either Brer Bartzabel or Tankerville's friends—Rota says latter.

The 7th series of 14<sup>ns</sup>, not written under the stress of hunger, but on a prearranged plan to describe rape from the passive's point dating from (I think) Binah in Series I.

After Turkish Bath.

1.26. On        for half an hour, invoking Geburah forces.

Finished Molinos.

2.25. Cut        deep, deep, deep!

2.50. Praying.

4.00. After this curious state, part prayer, part reverie, part sleep, I arise and take chocolate. Also, at

4.15 I take 30 drops F.E. Anhalonium Lewinii (March 15, 28 drops useless).

4.55. Have been working on V. of W. Think some slight result—no, I don't.

6.30, after prolonged meditation—nuffin come of it. Abandoned the unequal contest; and began to write a 14 of 14<sup>ns</sup> concerning the



## DIARIES

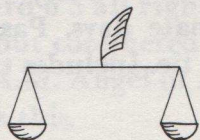
pleasure of being raped, *or*, the pleasure of pretending. It is a question of art.

And completed the same, reconciling the opposites in the Majesty of Him in whom and by whose favor all is One.

*Eventually this became his short drama, The Scorpion.*

Meditation required: "How to spike the Dvaitist guns."

**Monday 22.** 2.20 A.M. Insomnia and neuralgic headache. Is it from Mescal, Tankerville, hard work, or just my bloody luck?



A silly weary day bright with a letter from the Bright One.

**Tuesday 23.** A.J. trying to get rid of me. (24th also of Fuller)  
*This is Sunny Jim, the golf pro who has been teaching him the game. Apparently his masochism has run out. (See entry of the 9th April.)*

Tankerville cards admirable.

10 P, Teth, Qoph, A P, Kt. S, Q S, A C, Tau, 6 P

ου μη

Him Her

He looks to me. (A vague hint of attack, possibly only a reconnaissance force.)

**Wednesday 24.** Letter from Tankerville confirming mine of Sunday-Monday trouble.

They are to be refuted by Yod, 6 W, Aleph.

They are quite happy; trouble brewing for them, though.

They end ill. (8 of Cups)

The means: Silence, concealed light, are the conditions of Victory.  
∴ no ceremonial against them, but Yoga.

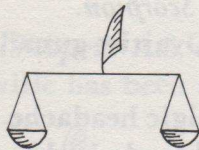
کتلین وکونر

**Thursday 25.** At Home Park beat Sunny Jim (a stroke a hole) by 4 and 3 and won the bye 2 up! Round in 100 at that! O wretched man that thou art! Who shall deliver thee from the body of this foolery?



## THE EQUINOX

*Quite properly, he is kicking himself for being so absurdly happy at having won a game from the pro. 'Foozlery', a delightful word, may have been invented on the spot to give his view of himself as would-be champion golfer.*



Another scratch. Card for tonight 7 of Swords, dignified so as to imply that I must persevere steadily, and so victory

is quite easy and certain. Averaging alternate days, Passion and Peace since 26th, this Pyrrho-Zoroastrianistic tie. Includes the harlot and the virgin.

**Friday 26.** Tankerville writes of various things, will drive me Saturday night. Cards for this 6 of Cups between 8 of Cups and Virgo = Beginning of success in my chain. Watch and work!

Tankerville's card for tonight—Nun, Cheth, 4 P; Victory in an unexpected manner, perhaps by a Prince of Swords and a Queen of Coins.

Insisted on the R.K. arm of the  $\simeq$ .

*The following entry has a note to it that it should belong to the 24th, Wednesday.*

**Tidying.** Fullers to tea and dinner.

**M and D** at night. Rather good fun.

Tankerville's card (he wires me, Coming up 26th), Vau between 8 and 7 of Swords. He will invoke me as a Master.

My reply will be Nun between Kaph and P. of W. aspecting A. S. and 2 P.

i.e., my answer will depend entirely upon circumstances; it will be dictated by considerations of my occult welfare and will involve a visit to friends (presumably them) and a deal of Invoking. The enemy are slowly recovering; they are very disappointed; they are likely travelling by water; if not, they are writing or studying in the hope of finding a stronger spell.

*Since Tankerville's enemies were inside Tankerville, all this divination*



## DIARIES

*may have referred to the wretched Earl's own activities at the time. Quite probably, paranoia such as Tankerville's may be caused by "ancestors" in the person's own consciousness, trying to destroy him or her rather than be destroyed, that is, consigned to "Hell"—Cf. LIBER ALEPH, Chs. 124-125, 128-132.*

**Saturday 27.** Explaining to Tankerville the Rota, the Pentagram, the Astral Journey, etc. He is a good Spirit-clairvoyant, a bad Air and Earth one.

Pretty bloody tired.

His card 6 S all right. Lady Tankerville's 7 W. She possibly was attacked, but conquered easily.

12.45 A.M. Angel of A.S. "They are going to travel by water soon." Rose sees this.

She describes Biarritz perfectly. There has been great trouble there. Perhaps a death of one of them. (She sees 4 or 5 of them. 2 children.) She thinks I may meet them in London.

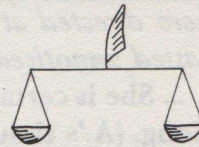
It would have been interesting to have ascertained whether any of Tankerville's ancestors, either on his father or his mother's side, had ever had an accident or trouble in that city.

This part of the Diary contains two extensive projects, one for a puzzle, another for an indoor golf-course, which are omitted here.

**Sunday 28.** Played not-golf at Maidenhead.

*No special mystical meaning, he just thought he had played poorly.*

Tankerville here from 9 to 12, chatting. No attack or other trouble.



Self tired and neuralgic; hence

*The tiredness and neuralgia quite possibly came from Tankerville's unconscious vampirization of A.C., who took a long time to realize that the Earl's enemies were imaginary.*

**Monday 29.** Blow approves Awkward Squad and Boat Race.

Tell-tale heart workmanship hits good.



## THE EQUINOX

**Subject too horrid.**

*The "Tell-tale heart workman" is Edgar Allen Poe, whose short story he was adapting as a playlet. Cf. EQUINOX I 8.*

**At Chistlehurst. Rose clairvoyant for Tankerville.**

*Since Tankerville was self-deluded, it might have been interesting to find out if Rose's visions really had anything to do with ancestors of his, or were merely telepathic exteriorizations of his fears. This is one of the many problems when trying to 'skry' for someone else's benefit. Also, one of the many reasons why 'spiritualistic seances' are unhealthy and ought not to be practiced.*

**(In the morning, before I arrived.) Rose says Tankerville is attacked by two women; old, one (B) the servant or companion of (A). They are in Southern Europe (correct)...**

*That is, correct according to A.C.'s own Tarot work. He used check marks for this, and we will use the word 'check' for his check marks henceforth in this entry.*

**... She knows Lady O. was taken into the Circle (check).**

*That is, was taken into the confidence of the Earl's defenders. Naturally, eventually Tankerville accused the old lady as well.*

**In the afternoon (with me): B. dominates A. (check). A. has stolen money (check). Sunday night attack—facts all correct (check). Saturday night—no attack; we were too strong (check). P.'s astral messages reached A. and made her ill...**

*"P." is Perdurabo, naturally. It is interesting that Rose should say that Crowley's astral messages reached A. and made her ill, since the messages were directed at the Earl, and not at his enemies. But this useful hint passed unnoticed at the time.*

**... She is certain they are on the water going from Biarritz to Hong Kong. (A.'s thoughts?)**

**There was one bad mistake in Tankerville's invocation (check). B.'s hair is straight, flaxen-ashen (check). She is 45 to 50 years old (more), wears spectacles (?), is short and stout (check). German type of face (check). Forehead high (check). Eyes normal and close together, grey with small pupils. Cheekbones high (check). Nose very straight, lumpy and open nostrils (no, this is A.). Mouth a thin slit (very large. This**



## DIARIES

is A.'s). Chin receding (this is A.). She bites her nails (?). Intellect acute and selfish (check).

Religion (long uncertainty): A. is Roman Catholic (Protestant Evangelical)...

*Meaning, one thing or the other, both rating as fanatical and intolerant faiths.*

... but she is a mere humbug (check). Marriage—none; but she is unchaste (check). B. is doing all the mischief (check): she is jealous of Lady Tankerville. Yesterday (Sunday) no disturbance at all (check): A.'s illness put B. on her guard. She is now on her defence. She will attack again and do a lot of damage. Her part is up in (say) a year. They may be drowned. She will do no ultimate or irreparable harm. A great change will occur in less than a year from now. P. will pull the Tankervilles through. Rose will be useful to see things. Tankerville and P. closely associated.

*Much of this was Crowley's own wishful thinking reflected back through his wife. He wanted an Earl as pupil, and Tankerville was an influential man.*

B. rules A. even to her petty cash (check). B. is trying (perhaps has succeeded) to get A. to alter her will (check). The "place with a z in it" has also a A—B—R—T—no E—an I—quite sure no letter is repeated. It faces West (check). They are coming to England (check)—London. No! Paris—on their way (check). After London, they go North (?). B. will bring something filthy into Rose's life.

*A note written on August 2 referring to the datum "After London, they go North" reads: This was right.*

**Tuesday 30.** Golf at Cla'hurst. Round in 85.

Arthur Morrison

Salame House

Loughton, Essex.

*Arthur Morrison's address, obviously.*

**Wednesday 1 May.** Tankerville's card Libra counting to Virgo and 9 Cups.



## THE EQUINOX

**Thursday 2.** Rose asks: "Has a very large and clear emerald anything to do with it?"

9.45 P.M. Tankerville's card 6 Cups well dignified and aspected by P. W. and 8 P. Rose, complaining of obsession, takes a new incense: Olibanum, Dragon's Blood, Tobacco, Grain of Paradise.

What results T.'s next visit to town?

4 W fairly well dignified and aspected by A. W. and Jupiter. I shall make a satisfactory arrangement; but must neither hurry nor slacken. I evoked the 26th Goetia Spirit Bim for Wisdom, Wealth, and Eloquence. At the 1st Conj. he did very readily appear and swear obedience.

*He was obviously expecting to extract some financial compensation from Tankerville's importunities. This does not mean that he intended to cheat the man out of his money. A modern psychoanalyst, at fifty dollars an hour, would already have been into Tankerville for at least a grand, if not more, by this time; to nobody's benefit but the psychoanalyst's, as usual.*

**Friday 3.** Oskar Eckenstein came round for a game.

*Since by this time Crowley had learned enough golf to make it fun for him.*

Working on Virgin proofs; adding some columns.

Tankerville's card A.W.

**Saturday 4.** Rose says a few futile things re Tankerville.

T.'s card é P, no particular dignity.

Don't spell םלר = The Dragon backwards: the Evil Dragon.

**Sunday 5.** Round Cl'hurst with the iron only in 84.

*Pretty proud of it, wasn't he?*

10 P.M. Rose Rose—a scapegoat or ram caught by its horns in the thicket. By use of the Cunnilinge formula I made her faint and sick, taking her vigour. Further I despatched her to the mercy of Elant. The latter should then suppose that I am done for, and my magic will hit hard.



## DIARIES

T.'s card. Es. of S. fairly well dignified aspecting 6 W and D. A victory for us is indicated.

11.15 Invoke IAO, then Typhon and Es. of Sds.

**Monday 6.** Tankerville wires (10.30 A.M.) "Pretty considerable disturbance." What happened last night (Sunday to Monday)?

P. W. between Venus and P. C. aspected by Jupiter and Libra. Means my victory.

I too woke up about 4 A.M. feeling that the battle was raging, and that my forces were easily triumphant. Secure, I went to sleep again.

D.D.S. says, 1. Get to know Sherrard & Co.; 2. Get some ostensible position with Tankerville, to cover the magical alliance. 3. To obligate T.

*That is, as for 2.: Find a way to explain the relationship with Tankerville in harmless social terms, to avoid attracting attention to a magickal relationship. As for 3., that is standard procedure, to force an Aspirant to commit himself or herself by some action. Intentions that are not proved by deeds are idle daydreams, at most.*

T.'s card 7 W dignified A. P. and P. W.

**Tuesday 7 May.** 40-40 here chatting.

Night. Saw Charlie, who likes me.

T. here confirming Rose's clairvoyance (Vide my pencil notes)...

*This refers to the check notes to Rose's skrying on the 30th April, q.v.*

... Very good.

*Meaning that the percentage of correct data is high. But the figures were meaningless as clairvoyance and good only as telepathy, since Tankerville was deluding himself about being persecuted.*

T. broached Boleskine question and Obligation to the Order. "I will *apply* myself." Arranged Thursday to obligate him. Wrote in this sense to D.D.S.

*The "obligation" being the signing of the Oath and assumption of the Task. At that date, Crowley, Jones and "another" had not yet formulated A.'. A.'. procedure as clearly as they would further on.*

T.'s card 7 between 3 and 7. Good.



## THE EQUINOX

**Wednesday 8.** Beat S.J. at Home Park by 3 and 2. Round in 92. Dined with Janson, and at 60 afterwards.

T.'s card.  $\Delta$  between Kt. S and Kt C, both looking away. Interpret by A.P., i.e., in material manner. Perhaps then an attack and A.P. *Kether* means the attack is to prevent him being obligated to the Order. I must withdraw my aid and let him fight it out alone. My card re his obligation  $\approx$ . I.e., I have nothing to fear.

T. (as I thought) very strongly attacked all 8th.

8th: T.'s servants violently sick; so is Rose's nurse.

*One very important point about this entry is that when Crowley learned that the magickal attack Tankerville was going to suffer had as its purpose to prevent the Earl joining the A.'. A.'. , he decided he must withdraw the intense magickal help which, as we have seen, he had been giving the prospective pupil until then. This is a very serious point: Aspiration is private. The Instructor cannot fight your fights for you any more than the Angel (whom the Instructor represents on the plane of matter—if the Instructor is a true Initiate!) could. Cf. LXV iii 13-17.*

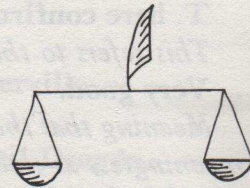
**Thursday 9.** (Earliest day for Hashish)

Prelim. Lesson and Obln. for Bro. T.

Will T. get through his financial troubles? 6 W between Sagittarius and 3 S. Clearly, yes.

Feeling very dispersed, took a "holiday".

Excellent!



Went to Academy.

T.'s card 5 P dignified 3 W and 9 W.

**Friday 10.** Not-Golf at Cla'hurst. Round in 242 (?) and later in 98 medal play.

Rose hears my chain rattling at 60!

T.'s card 4 W between 7 and 9 P aspecting Shin and Maim.

*There follows what is obviously another Rose skrying, subsequently checked by Crowley.*



## DIARIES

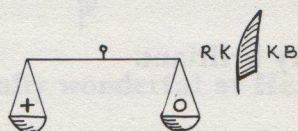
10.05. Tall (check) dark clever (check) horrible eyes (dark) sly looking (check). Dark hair, age 38 to 40 (more). Probably a barrister (no). Forehead rather high (check). Intellectual, yet brutal (no) or cunning (check) look. Hook nose. Moustache (check). Mouth hidden (check), but is very straight, cynical, merciless, sneering look. Thin figure (check). Ears—. Mole on left side of chin (?). Chin ordinary (?).

He is on the water.

*Another ancestor, probably. "On the water"—sailing in the stream. This interpretation is, naturally, a posteriori.*

**Saturday 11.** T.'s card Venus between Leo and 7 W.

**Sunday 12.** Not-Golf at Cla'hurst A.M., 98. P.M. with iron (say 88).



Dear diary, enough of the golden mean.

T.'s card Gemini between 6 P and 7 W aspecting Tau and 4 C.

Why is Jones not there? 11.40 answer. He was detained by an unexpected business affair.

**Monday 13.** Jones and Tankerville meet.

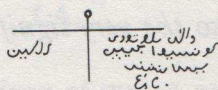
T.'s card P W between J and A S.

**Tuesday 14.** Geburah→Oh Joy! Joy! Joy!

**Wednesday 15.** T.'s card Ps. W between 2 and 3 P.

McCorville talking—he knows Gibbs & Co.

**Thursday 16.** T.'s card (10 P..M.) 7 W between 2 W & 6 P.



N.S. ? No good. (Can't send this.  
13. 7. 07.)



## THE EQUINOX

Tiphereth—splendid.

Walter Scott accepts Star in the West.

**Friday 17.** Praise be to God—I saw ♄ again.

To Cambridge. 2nd M.J.

**Saturday 18.** Talking.

**Sunday 19.** Lunch with S—.

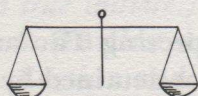
**Monday 20.** The Zancig Racket.

**Tuesday 21.** A Dhyana today.

Very tired—I formulated the Universe as Nostrils, then as Tree of Life which merged into a .

Only a moment—Rose in room—yet very brilliant.

Back to London.



Bah! All this too easy. Let go the painter! Cling to the Order!

T.'s card Moon between A C and P W. Very excellent.

**Wednesday 22.** Dined—Mrs. McCarthy.

T.'s card Sagittarius between Tau and 4 C. Aspected by 4 P and Q W (strong). Good, especially for Jupiter symbols.

**Thursday 23.** Slave to a phonograph.

*This means that "pop" music (of his days, naturally) was played within his hearing long enough to upset his normal serenity and concentration. He probably was visiting somewhere, and for reasons of politeness could not protest.*

**Friday 24 May.** T.'s card Sol between 2 W and ♃ (1.30 A.M.)

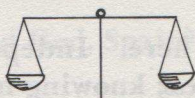
*Notice his constant preoccupation with Tankerville, to the point of casting the Tarot for him at that time in the morning, to know how the Earl was faring even during sleep. Notice also the very significant way in which the Symbol for Jupiter is drawn.*

My card for the day ♄ between 8 P & ♄.



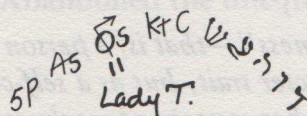
## DIARIES

Netzach. Rather sweet, though without a single—∴ did I add unto it that which lacked,



Surely a curious combination!  
84 Denby St. SW.

For T.:



I can only read this as altogether admirable. All ⊗ at his back and ♄ at hers. He looks to Invoked Force.



Really wonderful at He.

*Saturday 25. Not-Golf—101.*

*Sunday 26. Golf—88 with iron only.*

*Obviously his best club.*

T.'s card 9 S between A C and Libra, aspected by P W and 5 C. Good aspects but a fairly bad card. What shall my action be? 10 P between P W and Ps W, aspected by 4 P and 7 P.

*Monday 27. A general clearance—Berashith.*

*Tuesday 28. ! What a surprise. ii. 8. V. G.*

*Saw Tweed, etc.*

*Dinner with Tankerville.*



LA.

⏏ feels fear of ου μη at first. Has a message △ between ☿ and 8



## THE EQUINOX

W (her ascendant is Mercury in Sagittarius). Has been absurd but will learn sense (Air between Cancer and Aries aspected by Capricorn).

Neuburg's vision important here. Independent without knowledge. Strong for fear of weakness; knowing not the Dao of the unutterable Dao.

*"Strong for fear of weakness"—that is, a person who manifests strength not as a spontaneous character trait, but as a self-conscious effort to avoid the manifestation of his or her concept of weakness in his or her life. Such strength is not natural, thus is not in harmony with the Dao.*

*Then, is weakness a virtue? Thelemic concepts seem to indicate it is not. But that depends on what kind of weakness is being discussed. "Moral" values do not enter in consideration here. The point is that a person who is consciously trying to avoid the manifestation of weakness in his or her life will make mistakes. It may be that eventually the persistent practice of strength will build new character traits in the person's life—cf. LXV v 48-56; but until then, mistakes are to be expected, and should be provided for.*

*It is possible to build new tendencies in yourself; indeed, this is one of the essentials of Initiatic training.*

*But it is difficult.*

**Wednesday 29.** D.C. of Tankerville at a public meeting—teetotalers in London.

*"D.C." probably stands for dream.*

Lord and Lady Tankerville to tea and dined with them.

**Thursday 30.** Took Oath of  $8^{\circ} = 3^{\square}$  in presence of Tankerville. Rose with me to call on them.

*One may ask why he should want to take such a solemn Oath in the presence of such an oaf (pardon the pun). The answer probably is that Crowley was beginning to sense Tankerville's paranoia, and wanted to allay the pupil's (and his wife's!) fears of him. The Oath leaves no doubt that the person who takes it is going to be harmless to all living things forevermore—if he or she sticks to it. Of course, this "harmlessness" is of the Dao...*



## DIARIES

**Friday 31.** Getting ever feebler.  
Tankerville called: we arranged a Great Retirement.



Good God. Spain?

**Saturday 1 June.** Abandoned the unequal contest. Golf till Monday 1 P.M.

**Sunday 2.** Golf.

**Monday 3.** Golf.  
Back to London, a bit fitter.

**Tuesday 4.** All night with Jones working on Virgin.  
Getting Houseboat.  
Another breakdown.

**Wednesday 5.** Tankerville arrives in Pantacle trouble.  
Return to Cla'hurst.

**Thursday 6.** Fullers up and to Buckmasters.

**Friday 7.** At Tweeds meeting Roussel. 8-1.30.  
Wrote to Fuller.

Settling with Tankerville re houseboat. Jones up.

*The purpose of the houseboat: since the Earl thought he was being magickally attacked, they would travel on water, which traditionally makes it difficult for magickal attacks to occur. In this context it should be remarked that the wily con-man who founded "Scientology" lived on a yacht for years. Undoubtedly, he had his reasons.*

**O. E. called.**

Oscar Eckenstein, again.



206 U. Marylebone St.



## THE EQUINOX

*Saturday 9.* Settling boat.

Golf at Cla'hurst.

Wore Knighton's shoes and badly blistered left foot in two places,  
thus



*Sunday 9 June.* Golf at Cla'hurst.

Fucked Rose.

کتلین وکوتر

کیلفرد سنیت

Sidney

*Monday 10.* Wrote Knighton re shoes. "Take them away."



Eran go bragh!

Death to the Saxons!

*Tuesday 11.* Final preparations.

*Wednesday 12.* Left S'hampton via Alton.

Lunch with Agnes Crowley.

To We'chester and saw Charlie Ossulton. To S'hampton and on  
board 'Ellida' in a notable gale of wind.

*Friday 14.* To Beaulieu Creek.

The Wreck—the Rescue.

*Saturday 15.* Did a futile consecration of the big Pentagon in col-  
ours, etc.

11.30. Sitting down. Looking up Chesed correspondences for T.

11.51. Pranayama. 10 cycles 10. 20. 30.

*Sunday 16. 12.05 A.M.* Odd and original pictures. A great and ter-  
rible dream. I lying in the arms of some woman, a certain man came  
to take her away. He wooed her successfully, then asked, "Who is your  
man?". And my smiling face being uncovered, the pangs of inmost  
hell took him and gnashing his teeth he fled away. But we followed



## DIARIES

and hewed him in pieces before the Lord in Gilgal. This is the basis of a grand play.

*Also, the result of too much Bible-reading when a boy. The ancient Hebrews, like Mr. Menachen Begin recently, were always hewing some "heathen" or another "before the Lord", though not always in Gilgal.*

5.05-5.30. Pranayama 10. 20. 30.

**Monday 17.**  $0^\circ = 0^\square$  and ♀ Spirit under Hashish for T.

Usual introspection effect and some loss of time sense, also a good deal of effect with Adonai. At the formula "Be thy mind opened unto the higher, etc." got wonderful effects in the sweeping comet that I was.

This morning all pretty well.

*The above entry means that he performed the old Golden Dawn Neophyte Ritual for Tankerville's benefit, then the "Adonai Invocation" that eventually coalesced into Liber Samekh.*

**Tuesday 18.** Going on slowly with Adonai work. *k.*

Wrecked again!

Dreams vast but foolish.

**Wednesday 19.** 12.29—1.30. Pranayama with a few rests, i.e., omitting Kumbhakham.

Remarkable results. (1) Very near neighborhood-concentration, i.e., forgetting everything...

*Means that you suddenly don't know what you were doing, or where you are, and even, sometimes, who you are. Not a very pleasant experience when it happens for the first time, and always inconvenient in that it stops the practice, unless you are advanced enough that you continue (without noticing with your conscious mind that you have been doing so) while asking yourself frantically who you are, where you are, etc.*

... (2) Very near L.V.X. (3) Arms began to levitate. After ending, quite mixed about the year—1907 seeming a very long way back. (4) Near perspiration—N.B., in an English June.

Good for scaffolding.



## THE EQUINOX

**Thursday 20..** Rose arrives.

Rose's narrow escape in Pall Mall an attempt on my life.

*This supposing Rose was not lying to awaken her mystical husband's sympathy.*

Final end of T.'s enemies (a very good divination—quite impractical, etc.)

*One can see that his understanding of the Earl's real problem was increasing.*



433 merit

= desert

Death—Vengeance of Adepts.

**Friday 21.** Rose here.

Tell Frances I am going abroad with Lord T., and Lady T. will use my rooms. Arrange for Annette. See Fuller—?Yesod.

See Jones.

(Bernard Berridge 11 Old Broad St. "Bees".)

Wire rendezvous to Southwestern Hotel S'hton. T. will wire sailing arrangements.

Cash cheques and buy notes.

Longman & Str. Charlie's Talisman.

Goetia for Lady T.

Paterson for teeth.

Savory and Moore's Absorbent Lozenges for Rose.

Mme. Lucille Ltd. Hanover Sq. next to Gainsborough's.

(To be avoided!)

*Quite possibly a whorehouse's address.*

Have tea. Ask for Miss Lee.

**Saturday 22.** T. gets a little L.V.X.

Urgent telegram from Berridge.

Ritual of Geburah and Path of Pe.



## DIARIES

**Monday 24. To London.**

**Tuesday 25. Malkuth very nice.**

**Getting ready.**

**Received from Lord Tankerville**

**Salary £40**

**Expenses £60**

**Ticket £**

**Paid for him**

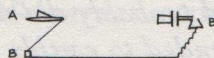
**Cash £20**

**Rent £11.7.6**

**Excess in town £3.0.0.  
(about)**

*As can be seen from the above attempt at keeping track of monetary transactions, Crowley was not very good at accounting. The only thing that can be said for him is that he was just as careless spending his own money as he was spending other people's.*

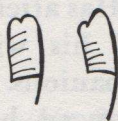
**In case of a train running past an adverse signal, let there be a button on the rail, which on depression pushes down a rod and detonates an alarm at the other end or else sounds a bell.**



**The lowering of the signal puts the lever out of gear. When both contacts are made, i.e., when signal is up and button is down together, a detonator explodes.**

*This was more fun than worrying over paltry sums.*

**Wednesday 26 June. Getting ready.**



**Oh how sad!**

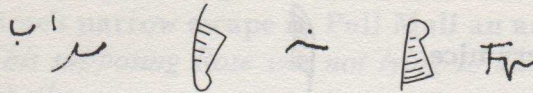
**Thursday 27. Left for Paris.**



**Friday 28. Left for Marseille**



## THE EQUINOX

**Saturday 29.** Arrived at Marseille.



**Sunday 30.** Early in A.M. a most wonderful, complex dream containing two key lucid Dhyanas,  and . One really almost doubts whether it was a dream!



Very good.

**Monday 1 July.** Boarded P & O SS. Mongolia for Gibraltar.

**Wednesday 3.** Arrived at Gibraltar—a 46 hour journey from Marseille. Put up at Hotel Bristol—a coldish wind blowing.

Lord Tankerville again (and again—night) accuses me of disrespect for women...

*Now, feminists should read with strict attention how Crowley defends himself against the accusation, which was made, naturally, due to the fact that he liked to "feel" girls and probably did not speak of women as if they were the Virgin Mary descended to earthly (and earthy) pursuits.*

He has twice so injured his wife as to cause her to miscarry, and she is still ill. He states that his own mother is guilty of:

- (1) Incest, with her father.
- (2) Adultery.
- (3) Lesbian vice.
- (4) Witchcraft, "mental murder", et hoc genus omne.

He believes in a great conspiracy to ruin him. Feels pressure on his brain, and his nerves are 'on the outside of his body'. Regards every one with suspicion. Has a sister in an asylum. Has attempted suicide. Has violently, often murderously attacked his wife. Is always threatening to shoot his mother and her companions. Has delusions about his mother and others. Is sexually deranged, having an irrational horror of 'animalities'. Is always getting 'suggestions' and believes himself to be permanently hypnotized. Thinks doctors all in a conspiracy against the human race...



## DIARIES

*Well, as far as the A.M.A. is concerned, perhaps he was not so far off the mark.*

... Takes cocaine.

I have bestowed a king's ransom and more of pearls...

*Of wisdom, naturally. And, as can be seen from this Diary, he had. Also, as can be seen from this entry, he is quite angry right now. With reason, of course.*

... on Tankerville. Look for them, you! in the mire of his mind, trampled by the hoggish hoofs of his egotism.

Talking to T. is like being in a cage with a wild beast. One doesn't take one's eye off him, as it were. A single unguarded word, the result of irritation or indigestion, and he would, I verily believe, go raving mad.

Which shows that Crowley was on his best behavior, and was sweet and mild. Not an easy task. In this type of situation, the tendency of people like Tankerville is to shower all the abuse they can on the would-be rescuer, in hopes that the poor wretch will give up and go away and leave them to the pursuit of their face in the mirror of their ego until they self-destruct to their satisfaction.

Thursday 4 July. Went over into Spain

Friday 5. A dull day.

Saturday 6. Boarded Jebel Musa for Tangier.



Arrived Tangier. Hotel Continental.

Sunday



A sea bathe.

*Wrote... (illegible. The title of some literary piece, poetry or prose)*

The Wisdom of Mohammed Sahib:

*Obviously, some priceless Moslem idiot. Again, the fact that Crowley took the trouble to jot all this down gives us insight into his attitude to*



## THE EQUINOX

women.

Bread-selling is disgraceful; only divorced women do it.

14 is rosebud. (*A fourteen-year-old girl, of course.*)

17 is full rose.

Appearance of hair around anus the end of attraction.

A certain unwillingness lends charm.

"I'm sick of your teaching-teaching-teaching, as if you were God omnipotent and I were a poor bloody shit in the street."

Lord Tankerville

*There spoke the true aristocratic spirit.*

*A notable fancy*

I saw a golden throne in heaven reserved for James, whom Herod slew;

And Peter whom they crucified had got a ripping palace too.

The Order of the Bath was worn by poor old roasted Polycarp

And Andrew had a beautiful inlaid and gilded rosewood harp.

Sebastian had a golden crown and strong Stephen one of platinum;

While starved St. Mungo ate and ate West India turtles with green fat in 'im.

St. Lawrence sported an appropriate and dainty silver grill;

But I had spent my holiday with George the Earl of Tankerville.

The Lord apologized to me: "It really wasn't in My plan;

"Come off it, Jesus Christ," He said, "your seat will suit this gentleman!"

When Moses prayed, the Lord replied, the process never seemed to fail him.

I aimed at being Moses, too, I've missed the beggar and hit Balaam.

*Too much Bible-reading in infancy. But funny, isn't it? That is, funny if you aren't the one there with Lord Tankerville.*



## DIARIES

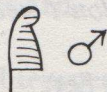
° *Monday 8 July.* Another long battle.

Throat bad, probably from liver chill in sea. This and a combination of diarrhoea effectually cause me to pass the day like Fuller's Lily.

At night, disturbed sleep and entire tameness of both ends.

*This must have caused Tankerville a good deal of satisfaction.*

*Tuesday 9.* Throat worse again.



Faint, yet pursuing!

The Wisdom of Taib Mesmundi partakes largely of Buddha's own pessimism. The only bright point in his system seems to be the excessive beauty of the boys in Fez.

*Wednesday 10.*

Réaction



Féministe

Multiplication is vexation.

Division's twice as bad.

The Rule of Three, it puzzles me,

But Tanky drives me mad.

*Thursday 11.* Most unsatisfactory news from Rose, who is burning my MSS., including "Dieu libre et criminel".

*As if he already did not have enough to cope with.*

*The epigram on Job: "Cunning devil! Not to take his spouse!"*

*A Misogynist's Diary and Birthday Book.*

"I who have seen more of life than most men, if I had a son, would go on my knees and beg him to avoid woman, who is worse than poison."

Thackeray



## THE EQUINOX

*Apparently, the bitterness against Rose's stupidity and spite abated, for the "Diary and Birthday Book" was not continued. At least, not at that time.*

Let me have the courage of Loyola and formulate a system of retirement, 10 weeks for the Sephiroth, which shall make anybody an adept.

*But Loyola's system creates nice robot replicas of Loyola to serve Loyola's purposes; it does not create Adepts. You don't need much courage for that, just few scruples.*

(or 32 Days for the Set)

Here is one practice:

"The Thinkable is False". Sit down and watch your thoughts and keep on saying, "That's a lie".

*The problem with this practice is that unless you have already acquired some mastery of Asana, Pranayama and Dharana you will not be able to keep it up long enough and intensely enough to produce a result; as Eckenstein demonstrated to Crowley. But Crowley never stopped trying to find short cuts for spiritual progress. This can be said to his credit, that in the A.'. A.'. System he produced the deepest and most efficient Method of Training known to mankind at the present time.*

Done 13th inst. in the rough.

### *A memorable fancy*

The patriarch Job dined with me, being hungry; he had not appreciated the petit déjeuner chez Ezechiël! After dinner we played Patience Exacte. I won the first hand, holding my wife and her relations—a vole. He won the second with his wife—Bildad Eliphany and——. In the third, I held the same cards as before, and turned up Lord Tankerville. "I mark the King", says I. "The devil take the cards!" says Job, and went off in a rage.

I think this stamps me clearly as an  $8^\circ = 3^\square$  elect.

I don't know about the Power of Samadhi; but I can tolerate Tankerville, and I want a new grade specially created for *that*.



## DIARIES

**Friday 12 July.** Mostly in bed; a little fever.  
Wrote "The Mask of Gilt".

**Saturday 13.** In bed, fever abated. Still far from fit. Wrote poem "There is no other God than He".

*Both poems were eventually published as part of Konx Om Pax.*

The curious sense that I have the Power of Samadhi is again with me. No doubt I have attained; only a question of waiting without attachment for the reward.

**Sunday 14.** T.'s ill temper can be cured; but what of his cowardice? He is as stupid as an owl, as suspicious as a madman; as obstinate as an ass, as ignorant as an American; as cowardly as a Bengali; as conservative as a brickbat; as irritable as a scorpion. Ay! and more. How comes it then that he is capable of annoying an adept? Because the adept is fool enough to be trying honestly to do him good.

(I know now what the Middle Ages must have been, when T.'s disease was contagious.)

**Monday 15.** There is hope of doing much with Tankerville. Look what Samson did, with very inferior specimens of both bone and beast.

With so simple a means as an ass and his jaw  
What Samson achieved is described in the Law.  
The feats of the Nazarite I may surpass:  
It's a far harder jaw, and a far bigger ass.

A very bad attack for violence. But he's better: he curses me, not the Dowager and Elant any more. A very great advance.

*This is a mystical statement, and not meant in irony in the least. The pupil always hates the Master, whom he (or she!) associates with mortification of the Ego. By focusing his hatred on Crowley, Tankerville had a better chance of curing himself than by focusing it on others who were not attacking him, while Crowley, in a very definite sense, was. By Tankerville's own choice, naturally.*



## THE EQUINOX

**Tuesday 16 July.** nother bad dream in early A.M. After finishing "The Devilled Earl"...

*This poem, also, was published in Konx Om Pax.*

... I must shut myself up from his Qliphoth; but what will Jones say?

*Meaning, the Master of the Temple has no business shutting him(her)self up from anything, and Jones had been Crowley's Herald to the Grade. But the planes were not mixed; Crowley, the instrument, had to protect itself; the Master was wide open. The analogy is to a holy man or woman still having to avoid touching poison ivy, or having to undergo the rash or neutralize it by the use of Energy that would be better applied elsewhere.*

I'd better call a dream a dream; why let T.'s contagion devastate me?

T. practically sane all day.

*Naturally!*

Recovered but pitiaibly normal.

**Wednesday 17.** Half asleep, a wonderful vision pure orange from blood on cerise a la Rembrandt. It equal to a Dhyana, quite.

Crossed to Gibraltar. T. in for a bad attack—cut short by favourable telegram. His condition this evening far better than I have ever known bar the one day when he got a Glimpse. He discussed Elant and sex both quite sanely.

**Thursday 18.** To Algeciras, Bobadilla, Granada (11hours). Got to see Gipsies dance and find the houses. Taib Mesmundi a drunken and lecherous ruffian, entirely unreliable. So *that* scheme is at an end! The only hope would be to live in Fez for a bit, learn Arabic hard, and pick up an uncorrupted man.

**Friday 19.** 10.20 A.M. Sat down in Alhambra (balcony turret) 10.40. In my Irrawady ordeal, the mortar of the Universe gave way. Today



## DIARIES

the stones themselves crumble and dissolve. There is no meaning in any idea; all statements are not only false and true, but unintelligible. (This is the hell of Binah.)

11.30. A struggle to "understand all things". Passing through Tatwic colour visions, Qesheth, etc. I came to darkness, but the barrier holds, and even Adonai's glory is denied; perhaps because I kept affirming the impressions to be Adonai. No ananda.

P.M. Cathedral well enough if you own it and can be alone. CATENA reveals architectural truth for Crowleyanity. Simplicity—one decoration at a time.

6.00—7.30. Sun-gazing in Western Tower. More infernal Tatwas; much emotion; devil a sign of Dhyana.

10 P.M. La Gitana Saliya. O the roses of the world!

11.20. Sleep, alas. (19th—I guess attachment was what spoilt all this.)

*The last sentence refers to the disappointment of the 18th. They had intended to establish a magickal headquarters in Spain.*

**Saturday 20.** Back to Gibraltar.

**Sunday 21.** To bullfight at La Línea. (diagram)

On board Reichspostdampfschiff. Scharnhorst für S'hampton.

Wrote *La Gitana*.

*Published as part of Konx Om Pax.*

**Monday 22.** Wrote *Return of Messalina*.

*Ibidem.* All those poems appear in *The Stone of the Philosophers*.

**Tuesday 23.** Rose's 52nd birthday.

*This is in sharp contradiction with the age ascribed to her elsewhere; she was supposed to be 33 in 1907 e.v. There are two possible interpretations; one, qabalistic, the other, that he thought she had that appearance at the time. Both could be true at once; we know he was very annoyed at her for burning his MSS., and she would not have appreciated this version of her*



## THE EQUINOX

*years, even qabalistically.*

**Wednesday 24.** Major Brooke will put me up at Club Gibraltar, etc. etc.

*This means that by now the riff with Tankerville had turned into a full parting of the ways.*

**Thursday 25.** Arrived S'hampton and to London.  
Round Cla'hurst in 86.

*Obviously, his newly-acquired golf skill remained unimpaired.*

**Thursday 1 August.** Lady T.'s mean letter.

*Good Lady T. must have jumped at this opportunity to please her husband by writing a mean letter to Crowley, and thus increasing the distance between a husband and a man who might deviate some of his fortune to some other end than herself.*

Neuburg at Cla'hurst.

**Friday 2.** Concerning CATENA.

Revealed to me that all my energy is mere stupidity. The Way of the Dao is just as valid in Geburah as in any other Sephira. A hard lesson to learn! Just as I am becoming accustomed to strife.

**Monday 5.** Eclectic company, 2 rounds.

Best Bull,  $74-7=67$ . Would have been better if I could have got a match in P.M.

**Friday 9.** To London and saw V.N.

*Volo Noscere, not Victor Neuburg, who was with him in "Cla'hurst".*

Lady T. disappears again. V.N. helps to convert Rose to the Way of the Dao.

*Now this would have been a miracle greater than all those in the Bible, if it could have lasted.*

**Monday 12.** Wrote Nexus for the odd 15 lyrics.



## DIARIES

For a child reading the Bible: "Searching the dung heap of futility for the pearl of indecency."

*Well, he was in a position to know, having been brought up on the silly thing.*

**Wednesday 11, September.** Wrote prologue for *Konx Om Pax*.

**Thursday 12.** To Guilford, Hotel Sandwich. Beginning to concentrate on concentration.

**Friday 13.** Revised dedication of *Konx Om Pax*.

**Saturday 14.** Corbelt knows Blumenfeldt, editor *Daily Express*.

Wrote odd things. 'The Hermit', 'Empty-headed Athenians', 'The Convert'.

**Sunday 22 September.** Trying to keep Sun in Libra. Password is *Amphora*.

**Thursday 26 September.** Astral bells at night—just as I'm going to sleep comes the rattle. This happened 5 times. I got up and started Yoga. No good.

*The gaps in the Diary are significant. Days in which he entered nothing sometimes were too full to write down anything. This is, unfortunately, a common occurrence during magickal work. Often, one's entries are totally meaningless to the profane.*

**Friday 27.** Rose again unmasked. From Uridge, only—120 bottles in 150 days.

**Sunday 29 September.** Up to the Retreat.

arranged ♀ for Luna.

Questions to ask Agamya.

Again, the "Mahatma" demolished by Fuller in EQUINOX I 4. The

والی سلوٹوری

کونسیدا جیپن



## THE EQUINOX

*answers given here, incidentally, are quite useful, and at total variance with the imbecilities attributed to the Hindu in Fuller's article.*

**Is it better to go on till one gets so sick of it one has a bust, or to avoid impulse by anticipation?**

*Either Agamya did not answer this, or Crowley did not ask the question after all, or Crowley did not like the answer. So far as our experience goes, the answer is that one should persist until one gets the result or busts. The "bust" is failure; in the best (or the lucky) cases more or less temporary; but occasionally it produces permanent madness, selective amnesia, paralysis, death, or persistent spiritual cowardice like Glyndon's in Zanon.*

**What is it when one forgets everything, who one is, what one is doing, etc.? A. A good sign.**

*Notice that Crowley knew about this before he asked, and was, therefore, merely testing Agamya's competence when he asked the question.*

**What are signs of good progress? A. Interest in work itself.**

*That is, enjoying what one is doing. No one enjoys it in the beginning, unless one is not doing it right. Cf. LIBER 333, Ch. 13.*

*This has nothing to do with masochism, which is self-indulgence in a very literal sense. It has to do with the difficulty of producing new rhythms in consciousness, or developing faculties that are just mutation-nodes; or—in some extreme cases—willing mutation itself.*

**Give me Hatha Yoga practice to make body strong. A. The practice itself helps.**

*Any practice helps, indirectly, if done persistently, prudently, and cumulatively. In Hatha Yoga it is extremely unwise to aim at "quick" results. The process is entirely analogous to athletic training, with one tremendous difference: no competitiveness is involved. You are not trying to beat others; you are merely trying to improve yourself. As a matter of fact, athletic competition, if carried beyond a limit of harmonious development, becomes a liability. Among the ancient Greeks, the athlete was supposed to have a beautiful body. (Only the men, among the Athenians; but the women also, among the Spartans—and the Spartans won the Peloponnesian War for this reason.) The modern worship of "records" makes harmonious (that is to say, beautiful) muscular development the ex-*



## DIARIES

*ception, rather than the rule. Athletes over-specialize to win medals, forgetting that the primary purpose of the Olympiads was to produce "mens sana in corpore sano". Athletes were not only supposed to show beautiful bodies; they were supposed to show beautiful minds. The competition included poetry reciting, drama acting, music playing, singing, prose writing—and all this was to be done by the same athletes who won prizes with just their bodies. The Olympiad champion was a well-rounded man, as the expression goes. It is sad that a well-rounded woman was not considered by the Athenians! Nowadays, a well-rounded man, or a well-rounded woman, are not Olympic concepts at all. The very title of the competition should be significant. Olympiads: from Olympus, the home of the Gods. The godlike man, or the godlike woman, is he or she who has best cultivated the most of his or her own self. At any time.*

**What is the cause of that extreme distaste for meditation which catches one and is almost insuperable? A. It seems to be a reflection in will of the thought-wandering. N.B.: If in life one's thought wandered as it does in meditating, one would be practically an idiot.**

*This answer was not very satisfactory. The distaste arises from the fact that what one is trying to accomplish is not "natural", in the sense that it goes against the natural inertia of the status quo. This is as true of social change as it is of individual change. Evolution, according to Darwin, was aleatory efficient mutation—(efficiency being defined very much on Daoistic lines). But there is controlled, or voluntary mutation, as well. And this is merely a synonym for Initiation. Let scientists mind!*

**Monday 30.** Settling down about 5.30 to work on Agamya's lines. ☞ came not (owing to failure to pass the Gate of the West.) Wrote.

**Tuesday 1, October.** The Mahatma answers: Persevere through all things; they will defeat you; get up and fight again. He gives me a new name written in a white stone:

विचित्रानन्द

**Vicitrānanda.** Exceptional bliss.



## THE EQUINOX

*Wednesday 2.* A day in the country. R. quite nice, thanks to moral shock.

10.04. Took 1 gr. Hashish.

10.25. Conclusion of a meal of ginger and nisks. Some slight effect is possibly taking place. Composing myself to meditation.

10.40. Very sleepy. Cannot meditate properly.

11.30. Gave up even the desultory reading with which I amused myself.

During this time, though, I designed KONX OM PAX cover.

*Thursday 3.* An abject day of utter misery. Couldn't settle down to any mortal things—much less Yoga.

12.50 A.M. One gets vague feelings of calm, indifference, detachment, solitude, non-existence of everything, etc. quite as experience, yet not fulminating and of catastrophic vividness.

Just before going to sleep, a sharp single clear bell.

*Friday 4.* 11.40 P.M. This entry means that I meant to start seriously—and didn't.

*The above note was written the next day, at 8 A.M.*

Meditating off and on—mostly off.

*Saturday 5.* 8.20 A.M. Have been about half an hour very feeble and worried by foolish ideas. Took 1.5 gr. Cann. Ind. and continued meditation. Added 3 gr. Quinine and 1/20 gr. Strychnine to counteract the hypnotic action.

11.00. Awoke refreshed.

(☞ got letter.)

*Sunday 6.* By my magical power, under the instruction of my Spiritual Director, I did attract unto myself  $\approx 21$ , being the First Matter of the Great Work. Various symbolic shapes with some approach to Ananda.

*Monday 7.* Saw ☞ by chance in Ludgate Hill. Waved wildly.



## DIARIES

Met Mrs. J.R. and discussed Hatha Yoga scheme. I seem to be full of Prana, so that I attract folks. Perhaps from Yoga, perhaps from Chastity.

Read M.'s book and noted errors.

*As we can see, the Mahatma is beginning to lose his charms. Quite possibly, his foremost error was to call himself the 666th incarnation of something or other!*

**Tuesday 8.** ☸ again fears to come.

(Good Hatha Yoga practice: Hold one leg in opposite hand. Repeat mantra. When practiced, revolve body on hips, rhythmically. Simple balance for 5 minutes can be done right off.)

About 9.35. Light-blaze ☽ on head—very brilliant. Later head swelled and became like the bright night-sky filled with fleecy clouds. olive oil about 7.45.

Shall eat a small meal of sorts to try and bring out the hashish.

Ate a peach and some potted partridge.

(Good Hatha Yoga practice: Hold one leg in opposite hand. Repeat mantra. When practiced, revolve body on hips, rhythmically. Simple balance for (*illegible*) can be done right off.)

About 9.35. Light-blaze ☼ on head—very brilliant. Later head swelled and became like the bright night-sky filled with fleecy clouds.

9.48—10.03. Pranayama, 10-20-30.

The goddess Kali appeared, very black but strangely beautiful. Also tried to reveal her glory, and I was too fearful or dull—I know not which.

10.20. Very sleepy. Heard astral bell again—the mnrrrrrn one.

**Wednesday 9 October.** Down to Cla'hurst. Bowley.

**Thursday 10.** Back from Cla'hurst. Meditating on and off.

**Friday 11.** Again by chance met ☸ in Cockspur St. Five times by chance within 13 days!

A long silent interview with Mahatma.



## THE EQUINOX

*This simply means that the two men sat together meditating.*

**The Year's Work:**

**A Queen of Quality I-VII**

**Table of Correspondences & prologue**

**Ali Sloper**

**Thien Tao**

**The Wake-World**

**The Stone of Abiegnus**

**Prologue to *Konx Om Pax***

**The Tell-Tale Heart**

**Epigrams from Martial**

**Hymns to the B.V.M.**

**KONX OM PAX**

*B.V.M.—“Blessed Virgin Mary” (Cf. Amphora)). This inspection of the year's work is due to the fact that the next day was to be his birthday.*

**Saturday 12.** More silent interview with Mahatma—saw new moon without wishing, but said Gayatri.

**Sunday 13.** Midnight. Wrote the alleged “Girls” goat-song and A.B.D.

A far from silent interview with Mahatma at the weekly meeting.

*He described the interview in a note to Fuller: “There was a devil of a row at 60 last night. M. pressed me to come to his weekly entertainment; so I came. He urged me to speak; so I spoke. He then revealed his divine self in an exceptionally able manner; I refrained from revealing mine. His divine self reminded one rather of a ‘Navy’s Saturday Night’, by Battersea Burns”.*

*What probably happened was that Crowley, urged to speak, chose to speak of Agamya’s book, pointing out the mistakes he had discovered in it. He may, or may not, have mentioned the one about being the 666th incarnation of, etc. etc.*

*The best interviews with Mahatmas are always silent.*

**Lunched with Tweed.**

**Monday 14.** “The Regeneration of Lavinia King”.



## DIARIES

*Since "Lavinia King" was the pseudonym he chose for Isadora Duncan in Moonchild, it is possible that this was his first idea for the book.*

**Tuesday 15.** Saw Jones. Also, 'the Christian'.

*This was probably his mother, because of the following quotation.*

*"Aven't larfed so much since muvver died."*

Went on with 'Crown me with poppy leaves'.

**Saturday 19.** Began novel, pp. 1-15.

*This was to become 'Ercildoune'. As we can see, he was pretty busy all in all.*

*Rost at Cla'hurst.*

**Sunday 20.** pp. 16-83, 9 P.M.-12.

*Sixty-seven handwritten pages in three hours is not bad. It also shows how the novel was quickly written. Indeed, at times one wishes he had developed some of the incidents more explicitly.*

Returned to London with Rost.

**Monday 21.** pp. 84-120 circa 12-3 A.M.

**Tuesday 22.** Rost's letter ordering 6 copies of each of my books for Buddhist Society of Eng. 14 Biny St. W.E.

Lav. K.?

*The interrogation mark means he was not sure he worked on the book then. Many of these entries were done two, three days after the fact, sometimes more, as it is obvious from the context.*

**Wenesday 23.** Finished "Ercildoune".

**Thursday 24.** Here begins the last stage of 'Solve' for the next fortnight. I was at it all along.

**Monday 28.** Lav. K.?



## THE EQUINOX

*Tuesday 29.* 5.30. Took 2.5 gr. Cann. Ind. before or with tea.

6.25. Still reading "Two New Worlds". Lit kif pipe.

6.50. Turning to Meditation and Prayer.

7.40. Nuffin' come of anyfink.

(This sample of Hashish was quite inert through age.)

*Wednesday 30.* 1.30 A.M. About 11 (I suppose) I began the 7fold Word and finished the same.

Now, was this Hashish, or the Incense—of ۹۹۹—or just a.c. or the Lapis Ring?

a.c. had been meditating a book on Bhakti for some time.

*Vivekananda's Bhakta Yoga. Putting his initials in common script means he thought of himself just as an instrument, and not a very important one at that, when he wrote this.*

The "Sevenfold Word" is, of course, *Liber VII*.

1.00 P.M. Now, there wasn't a shadow of any Samadhi; yet this morning I feel just as if there had been.

Evening. I actually see a reason for a temple again! Expecting an august visitor, one gets everything ready.

Wrote I & II *Liber Cordis Cincti Serpente*. Again, no shadow of Samadhi; only a feeling that V.V.V.V.V. was in His Samadhi, and writing by my pen: i.e., the pen of the scribe, and that scribe not ουμη, who reasons, etc., nor a.c., who is a poet & selects; but of some perfectly passive person.

*Friday 1 November.* 11.30 P.M. Wrote III and half IV L.C.C.S. till 3 A.M. of Saturday, when I slept a few hours.

*Saturday 2.* 12.30 noon. Finished IV L.C.C.S. ل وارويک چمبرلن

*Sunday 3.* The L.C.C.S. finished, I think (I write much later).

No doubt I am in Binah; 'absence of definite Samadhi' only meant 'no ananda'. Now, this absence of all the phenomena is just what constitutes  $8^{\circ} = 3^{\square}$ . I can, I know, get into touch with Adonai at will, and I have not gone back for a single moment since. (today is the 16th)



## DIARIES

E.g., the old dreary purposeless misery of vacillation in the streets continues at times, but is enjoyed.

I want nothing; but do my work with confidence and no hope or fear.

*To the above entry is added the following, much later, and dated:  
(True. Nov. 29)*

*Wednesday 6 November. Fuller back about now.*

*Thursday 7. Saw M.L. re  $C_2 H_6 O$ .*

*Saturday 9. M.L. at Cla'hurst.*

*Monday 11. Rose sees M.L.*

*Tuesday 12. Rose up. Trouble.*

*Wednesday 13. Down at Cla'hurst. Trouble.*

*Thursday 14. Up again in town.*

*A nice game. 58*

*Friday 15. A good game. 2*

*Saw D.D.S. and got him to consent to  $\triangle$ .*

*This probably means that he got D.D.S. (George Cecil Jones) to consent to participate in the initial A.' A.' Triad.*

*It can be stated that it was on that day, and at that moment, that the old "Golden Dawn" finally died magickally, to resurrect as the Outer Order of the A.' A.'. Many people, including second-raters like Israel Regardie, have tried to make the public forget the fact that the Golden Dawn still exists—the legitimate Golden Dawn, that is—and forms the Outer Order of the A.' A.'. It is, of course, far superior in every sense to the old organization, and much closer to what Soror S.D.A. had intended; which is perhaps the reason why McMurtry, Grant and Regardie never could advance far in it. Regardie, specially, fell back into the equivalent of necrophilia.*



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## THE EQUINOX

**Saturday 16.** Rewrote Preliminary Lection.

*Now Liber LXI as it stands.*

**Sunday 17.** Fuller at 60. M. threatens to murder him, and falls paralysed or dead as if, etc.

*This, probably from Fuller's report. Agamya had not really died, just fainted; possibly the result of a congestion.*

**Monday 18.** Called at 14 Biny St. and found it shut up!  
Rose went to Leicester.

**Friday 22.** Wrote Rost re the extraordinary conduct of his man.

**Saturday 23.** A.L. in town. Met A.K.J.

**Sunday 24.** Fuller and Laird.

Mrs. & F., 58 Park St.

**Monday 25.** Wrote LXVI, *Stella Rubea*.

**Monday 2 December.** Heard from Rost, he will enquire what is wrong.

Σφγξ all A.M.

One long, continuous etc.

**Tuesday 3.** Finished a Q of the Q Series VIII and last.

Heard from Ff. My arrow struck home.

About now wrote Arcana in Atus of Tahuti, Sigils of genii, etc.

*Which eventually became Liber 231.*

**Sunday 8.** Cambridge.

**Thursday 12.** Liber Porta Lucis (Partly on Wednesday).

Viarum Viae.



## DIARIES

*Friday 13.* Midnight. Liber  $\sqcap$  (K. 3 Literarum)

To Leicester.

A.K.J. and Hachenschmidt.

*Saturday 14.* Liber Trigrammaton, and copied Sigilla 22.

*Sunday 15.* Returning to Hatha Yoga.

Repeated the Oyster experiment. No confusion; but I sang 'Ovariectomy' at the top of my voice all down Piccadilly. Only Fuller's absence saved me from going to preach at Marble Arch!

Looking back on the year, it seems one continuous ecstasy, save for the Rose trouble and the Tankerville nagging. The Morocco poems seem to me about the best I have ever done. Nor since my attainment in October has there been any falling away whatever. I am able to do automatic writing at will and the absence of great Ananda—full Samadhi is rather a sign of my attainment than its reverse. I cannot doubt that I am an  $8^\circ = 3^\square$ ; i.e., a  $1^\circ = 10^\square$  of the Supernal Order. My work as scribe seems the  $3^\circ = 8^\square$  exam as Founder of new Order, the  $2^\circ = 9^\square$  and as ? the  $4^\circ = 7^\square$  ..... and yet all this Supernal Order seems vague and unreal. At last I've got to a stage where desire has utterly failed: I want nothing.

*Monday 16.* A.K.J. cut 8 S.

Future  $\triangle$  of  $\triangle$  between Teth and Tau with A P and Tzaddi beyond.

Curious vague depression most of day. I think the Sigilla 22 have a very unpleasant influence.

*Tuesday 17.* With D.D.S. Depression cured.

*Wednesday 18.* Met L. King by chance.



People are sure to turn everything the wrong way round—it should make one awfully careless about what one says.



## THE EQUINOX

*A very interesting slip, if it was a slip, this "careless". Either he meant careful and wrote the wrong word, or he meant that it is no use trying to measure one's words: since they will be misunderstood anyway, perhaps if you spout folly people will understand wisdom, while if you try to be wise people will hear foolishness. Not a very pleasant prospect if you are vain, or if you "care" for other people!*

**Saturday 21 December. Golf.**

**Sunday 22. Golf.**

**Fuller.**

**Monday 23. M. Tyson.**

**Again depression.**

*The depression was in great part due to the energy being spent in the founding of the new Order. It left the instrument depleted, and he was not advanced enough yet to perceive the cause. Cf. Letter XXIII, page 110 (the last paragraph) and page 111, the first five paragraphs, of *Magick Without Tears*. The original edition, of course—not Regardie's imbecile "abridgement" of something he was totally incapable even just to read. In the new forthcoming O.T.O. edition, consult the General Index for the word "Elasticity".*

**Wednesday 25. God helping me, I will this next year perform the irrational abominable things that I should ere this have done. That I may Yield.**

*Cf. LXV i 44-46 and our introduction to Leah Sublime.*

**Thursday 26. Is sexual periodicity dependent with poetic? E.g., if I come on heat, and can't get a woman and won't use my hand, shall I write a *Light of Asia* in the morning?**

**(Wrote *The Wizard Way* at late night to 3 A.M.)**

**Monday 30. Sent demand to Buddhist Society.**



## DIARIES

**Tuesday 31. The Honorable(?) Secretary of the Buddhist Society comes round and refuses to pay.**

*Cf. entry of October 22. Thus the year of 1907 e.v. ended for Crowley on a prophetic note: people have been using him, and refusing to pay for the use, ever since. If you doubt it, here is a goodly list, with some reminders;*

*Buddhist Society.*

*George Raffalovich.*

*Arthur Edward Waite.*

*Violet M. Firth ("Dion Fortune").*

*Peter Ouspensky.*

*Israel Regardie.*

*Charles Stanfeld Jones.*

*Louis Culling.*

*G.K. Chesterton.*

*Dennis Wheatley.*

*J.B. Rhine (Cf. *Liber E vel Exercitiorum*, Section II).*

*"Ayn Rand".*

*C.G. Jung.*

*The "authors" of the Human Rights Charter of the "United" Nations (Cf. *Liber OZ*).*

*L. Ron Hubbard.*

*Dr. Alfred Kinsey.*

*John Symonds.*

*Grady and Phyllis McMurtry.*

*Jack Parsons.*

*Wilfrid Smith.*

*Helen Parsons Smith.*

*Kenneth Grant.*

*Joseph Metzger.*

*Oskar Schlag.*

*Fred Mendel.*

*Donald Weiser.*

*James Wasserman.*

*Robert Anton Wilson.*



## THE EQUINOX

*Peter Macfarlane.*

*James Page.*

*John Lennon.*

*H. Spencer Lewis.*

*Several wealthy "Maharishis".*

*Anton La Vey.*

*Robert Heinlein.*

*And an entire recent crop of so-called writers on so-called occultism, so-called sexology, so-called witchcraft, so-called satanism, so-called psychology and so-called politics.*



**NEXT...**



THE EQUINOX

**A TEENY-WEENY**

**TIDBIT**

**FOR THE UN-STRAIGHT**

**AND**

**FOR STRAIGHT-THINKERS**



A.∴ A.∴ 9° = 2□

The  
Book of the High Magick  
Art

that was worked by  
Frater O.S.V. 6° = 5□  
and Frater L.T. 2° = 9□

THE PARIS WORKING



THE EQUINOX

This is Document C in the account of  
the progress of NEMO  
to  
TO MEGA THERION

A.: A.:

Publication in Class B

Imprimatur: N. Frater A.: A.:



## EDITORIAL NOTE

*This Work was performed in Paris, as the name indicates, in the period from January to February 1914 e.v. O.S.V., as everybody knows by now, was Aleister Crowley; L.T. was Victor Neuburg. We follow our usual policy: the original text by Crowley is in regular type; our notes are in italics.*

This is the preliminary account of this Operation of Magick Art.

Sol in Libra, An IX, Fra. O.S.V. accomplished the task laid on him by the Great White Brotherhood by issuing No. 10 of the Equinox.

*Volume I, of course.*

Thereby he, being brought to the end of his resources, bethought himself to pray unto the Great Gods of Heaven that they should bestow favour upon him—for even as did Job, he cursed God not at all—that he might make a new sacrifice unto the Magnum Opus.

*Minds of the John Symonds caliber had a field day with this and other statements of the same sort by Crowley, taking them as pious hypocrisy behind which the utterer hid either his sodomite tendencies or his satyr ones (when women were concerned). The study of this Equinox number as a whole may enlighten the pure-minded reader; it will certainly do little for others.*

Now there appeared Fra. Lampada Tradam, having passed through the ordeal of a Neophyte to undertake the task of a Zelator, as by his oath bound.

*The Zelator, as the title indicates, is supposed to zeal for, and ward the Order.*

Also for months eighteen had Fra. O.S.V. been initiated by Fra. M. into the Greater Mysteries, and had been by him inducted into the Throne of the Order of the Temple.

*Frater M.—MERLINUS X° O.T.O., Theodor Reuss.*



## THE EQUINOX

Moreover, it is fitting to reconstitute this order in its splendour, for the entry of Sol into Aries An X is the 600th anniversary of the Martyrdom of J.B.M. Also, a casual invocation of Pan by these Brethren had produced a great marvel.

*J.B.M., Jacobus Burgundus Molensis, Jacques de Molays, the Grand Master of the Templars, tortured and burned alive by the Inquisition.*

All things therefore tending thereto, let us take up the Work with piety and zeal, and in holy charity and great chastity of body and soul. Amen.

Written at 4.30 of the afternoon on the last day of the vulgar year 1913.

Thus therefore to the Glory of the Ineffable One of the Dove and of the Serpent did these two Brethren begin their Working.

First: From 4.55 to 5.35 did I confess myself, even I Frater O.S.V. 6° = 5□, receiving the Sacrament from a certain priest A.B....

*A Gnostic priest, of course.*

... and thereby being much comforted, did I set myself to the painting of the prime pantacle of this book. Therein busied, came inspiration unto me from the Most High, and this is the consideration: that though Pan be the Master of the Work, yet is the Work naught without Wisdom divine, and that Hermes is rightly the God of this particular operation of Magick Art. Therefore, say I, let Hermes first be invoked, and that by the Rite and by this incantation which I made with my friend the Art-Bachelor W.D.

*Walter Duranty, the journalist.*

Jungitur in vati vates; rex inclyte ραβδου  
Hermes tu venias, verba nefanda ferens.

*An English translation of the invocations has been kindly provided, along with valuable notes, by Mr. Martin P. Starr.*

*Priest is joined with priest; renowned king of the wand,  
Come thou, Hermes, bearing the unutterable words.*

*Perhaps "forbidden" would be a better translation of "nefanda". Or so, at least, did Crowley once remark.*



## THE PARIS WORKING

### THE FIRST WORKING

At 11.30 therefore did I duly open the temple, invoking also Thoth by the Egyptian formulae.

*Cf. Liber LXIV vel Israfel.*

And upon the stroke of midnight did the first words and acts of the Accendat strike on the Akasa. Then *immediately* did Mercury manifest in his first form, as it is written in **Liber Ararita** 1.8: "Thou hast appeared to me as a young boy mischievous and lovely, with Thy winged globe and its serpents set upon a staff".

*This was a very definite astral vision.*

Astrally the temple was full of thousands of flashing caducei of gold and yellow, the serpents alive and moving, Hermes bearing them. But so young and so mischievous was He that the sacrifice was impossible.

*It was difficult for Neuburg, who had taken the active part, to conciliate sex and religion. This is essentially a form of Tanha. The reaction against it has caused such misery in the world as the idea of "original sin". The gross instinctively feel their grossness, and want to punish themselves for it. Wiser by far would be to undergo the purging of fire, by which we do not mean the Roman Inquisition's barbecue. Cf. AL i 50.*

This also we learnt, that at the Accendat the ceremony is to be forgotten altogether, and to be resumed with equal suddenness at the first word of the mantra or versicle. And the excellence of this control is the agent evoking.

*In plain English, since a gross Nephesch will not be able to produce an erect penis or a lubricating vulva while thinking of God, during the Accendat—that is to say, the Inflaming—the participants are advised to forget religion and concentrate on sex. This works fairly well for the beginner; but as Ida Craddock comments at the end of her **Heavenly Bridegrooms**, the advanced practitioner reaches a stage in which sex itself becomes distasteful unless it is a Magickal Act. This interpretation of Chastity is fraught with dire testing.*

Then closed the temple at 1.40 A.M. die Jovis (*Thursday*), thinking to renew the Rite in the evening, in the hope of obtaining Hermes in his next phase.



## THE EQUINOX

And blessing and worship to the Holy One, the Ineffable, the Lord of the Serpent and the Dove! Amen.

### THE SECOND WORKING

This next invocation of Mercury was done with a new-made image of the God in the East, a terminal Phallic figure in yellow wax, very beautiful, made that day by Fra. O.S.V. He also used these invocations, "At the limits of the Night" and "O light in light", before the Majesty of Godhead.

*Those are poems by Crowley. See Collected Works, Vol. III, p. 199.*

The Temple was opened at 11.20 P.M. on the first day of 1914 e.v. The versicle began at 11.40 and ended at 11.55 circa. Immediately Fra. L.T. completely lost control, and although a man of some education degraded himself and dispersed the holy invoked Prana by defacing this volume with the meaningless scrawls opposite (*omitted*), declaring them to be the inspiration of Thoth, which were unworthy even of His ape. In this way a great part of the virtue of the rite was lost. Some results however were obtained, and these were recorded in the esoteric account of this Working. The Temple was closed at about 2 o'clock of the forenoon of Friday.

*Which is to say, at about 2 A.M. Follows the esoteric account:*

The God Hermes having been invoked according to the Secret Rites, as elsewhere recorded, Frater L.T. proceeded to answer the demands, as follows:

Q. Are we working right?

A. No.

Q. What's wrong?

A. The time and, to a lesser extent, the place.

Q. What is the right time?

A. Three hours before dawn.

Q. Does this apply to Mercury alone, or to all the gods?



## THE PARIS WORKING

- A. To Mercury alone.
- Q. Are we to invoke Mercury again?
- A. Yes.
- Q. Tomorrow?
- A. No.
- Q. When, then?
- A. On the day of the full moon.
- Q. What god shall we invoke tomorrow?
- A. Thoth.
- Q. But Thoth is Mercury?
- A. You will get another aspect.
- Q. Shall we not use the same versicle?
- A. It does not matter.
- Q. Shall I make statues of all the gods?
- A. No.
- Q. Shall I make tablets of all the gods?
- A. Yes.
- Q. What tablets?
- A. Tablets with the names only.
- Q. In what order shall we invoke the gods?
- A. The proper order is—Venus, Mercury, Jupiter, Luna, Sol.
- Q. Will he help in geomancy?
- A. Yes. (He did. P.)
- Q. And also in the conduct of affairs?
- A. In some, not in all.
- Q. In business?
- A. In some businesses.
- Q. What?
- A. Books, money, love. (He did. P.)
- Q. How can we invoke Mercury better?
- A. Use a golden pentagram, placing the same in a prominent position; drink yellow wine and eat fish before the ceremony. Let the clock be removed.
- Q. Can you suggest any improvements in the ceremonies, especially that of Jupiter?



## THE EQUINOX

A. Scarlet and silver should be worn, and the crown O.S.V. L.T. is to wear the scarlet robe. Violets are to be strewn and trodden with bare feet.

Q. Give a distinct proof of your presence, appreciable by the intelligence of O.S.V.

A. LET THE WAND OR ONE BECOME NINE, THIS IS THE SIGN OF PRIAPUS, BUT AFTERWARDS NOTHING.

O.S.V. I understand and agree the proof.

L.T. Shall I let him take full possession now?

*A very dangerous practice; but Neuburg had meddled in spiritism before meeting Crowley. The wound in his aura was never healed, and the frequent outbursts during the Working were due to it.*

O.S.V. Yes.

L.T. I am going..... Yes. What do you want to know now? There are other things I can tell you, or else ask me questions.

O.S.V. Tell.

*You will notice that Crowley was not very respectful, supposing he was talking to the God Hermes Himself! But Crowley did not believe that Hermes was speaking through Neuburg now; he merely let Neuburg think that he believed so. He believed, nevertheless, that Neuburg might be inspired by Hermes. Our late Instructor, Mr. Karl J. Germer, once gave us precious advice: on the matter of inspired messages, etc., do not worry at the time if the messenger is truly inspired or not. This may spoil the experiment. Just take down what is said or done, and analyse it afterwards with a cool mind. Then you can decide if it was genuine or no.*

L.T. You will receive good news in respect of money on the eleventh of January, in the forenoon. Fra. L.T. will be concerned with it; it will be quite unexpected. Money will be given by someone to whom L.T. introduced O.S.V. A change in O.S.V.'s affairs in February.

O.S.V. I am going to ask a very important question. Concentrate hard. N.C.G.M.H.D. (This question enquires as to when the speaker shall attain the grade of Magus.)

*Notice the testing technique, which Crowley used often. Instead of asking the question out loud, you use the initials of the words in the question; or you may even choose arbitrary letters, to further test the genuineness of the oracle.*



## THE PARIS WORKING

L.T. L.P. L is 50, and P is 6.

O.S.V. Fifty-six what?

L.T. I don't know... Wait... Hours? I am not quite sure, but it is connected with time.

*Now, this may have been simple telepathy, but at least was evidence of a rapport between Crowley and Neuburg, who could not have known Crowley's question was connected with time simply from the form in which the question was framed. Crowley added to this Record, much later, the following note.*

(P.S. Time from Dec. 3 1909 e.v. to Oct. 12 1915 e.v. is 6 years less 50 days!!!)

L.T. The ceremonies should be done every other night.

The Fratres then changed functions.

O.S.V. The God has appeared to me in his character as a messenger, but as a robust adult, rather than as a slim youth. He has the winged helmet and sandals, and bears a Caduceus of gold. (Fraters L.T. confirms this description in every respect.)

*That is to say, they were both seeing the same Image.*

O.S.V. Hear the words which I hear through the ambient air. The Father of All hath girt Himself with a many-coloured robe; the Father of All hath spilt His seed on galaxy and globe. The formation of Nebulae is like the bursting of the seed pods of flowers. (These are not his words; but this is his meaning. I can't get his words at all.) What we call light he calls wind. Our highest spiritual experiences are what he calls light. That is why one gets the phenomenon of the Opalescent Universe, so to call it, in the Sacrament of the Ninth Degree. It is most important... Never mind about that. (O.S.V. has now forgotten what it was.)

*A common occurrence when you are trying to communicate on a level of mentation higher than normal, in Buddhi-Manas, or Buddhi itself, or even in Chiah.*

O.S.V. All this is the key to the meaning of the Latin invocation in the Vision of the Universal Mercury which I have never understood. (Memo: Obtain a copy and confirm this.) We shall shortly be given someone who will be of great help to us in our working. (P.S. This occurred.)

L.T. now wished to ask questions.



## THE EQUINOX

L.T. When will the reconciliation of which I am thinking take place?

O.S.V. There is no real enmity, it is a mere tiff or misunderstanding.

L.T. When will the pressure of which I am thinking be relieved?

O.S.V. The answer to both these questions is Death, but I don't know in what sense.

L.T. Will the most important prediction of December be fulfilled?

O.S.V. Better than you think.

L.T. When?

O.S.V. It is imminent.

L.T. Conventionally?

O.S.V. Like the Sword of Damocles, it impends always, but may never fall. The answer, however, that I get, is 3 months.

L.T. Satisfactory?

O.S.V. I haven't got that... I want to lie here, and see Mercury. It seems that Hermes is my particular deity at present. The golden sparks of which the Universe is composed are shot with silver lightnings. In his next aspect he should reveal to us a great deal of the inner meaning of this particular Rite.

*The following was written then and at several times during the next day, as Crowley's contact with the God waxed or waned.*

In the Beginning was the Word, the Logos, who is Mercury, and is therefore to be identified with Christ. Both are messengers; their birth-mysteries are similar; the pranks of their childhood are similar. In the Vision of the Universal Mercury, Hermes is seen descending upon the sea, which refers to Mary. The Crucifixion represents the Caduceus; the two thieves, the two serpents; the cliff in the vision of the Universal Mercury is Golgotha; Maria is simply Maia with the solar R in her womb.

The controversy about Christ between the Synoptics and John was really a contention between the priests of Bacchus, Sol, and Osiris; also, perhaps, of Adonis and Attys on the one hand, and those of Hermes on the other, at that period when initiates all over the world found it necessary, owing to the growth of the Roman Empire, and the opening up of means of communication, to replace conflicting polytheisms by a synthetic faith. (This is absolutely new to me, this conception of Christ and Mercury.)

*It is also absolutely new to me, this conception of the rise of Christism,*



## THE PARIS WORKING

*and I do not buy it from any god, or even God. The opening up of means of communication brought many different religious groups together; but it also diminished the political power of the Romans, due to the sophistication and intensity of the "barbarian" faiths. Hence the alliance between the Emperors and the Roman-Alexandrine Church, with consequent persecution and massacre of other churches and rites. That Christ is Hermes is a moot point; even such a deficient and petty mind as Jean Overton Fuller's could remark that the identity had already been implied by shrewd Blavatsky in Isis Unveiled. (Of course, the egregious Ms. Fuller daintily skipped over the fact that Blavatsky points out the mystical and occult aspects of the Number 666 as well, since this would be making propaganda of the man she so obviously had been taught to hate by her Toshosophist slave-masters.)*

Some difficulty about the... (this sentence is now quite unintelligible)

To continue the identification, compare Christ's descent into hell with the function of Hermes as guide of the Dead. Also Hermes leading up Eurydice, and Christ raising up Jairus' daughter. Christ is said to have risen on the third day, because it takes three days for the Planet Mercury to become visible after separating from the orb of the Sun. (It may be noted here that Mercury and Venus are the planets between us and the Sun, as if the Mother and the Son were mediators between us and the Father.)

Note also Christ's relations with the money-changers, his frequent parables, and the fact that his first disciple was a publican.

*Those remarks should in no sense be taken to imply a personal belief of Crowley's in the historical reality of the Christist "Jesus". The whole story is a tapestry of symbols (not very well interwoven, one might add); and he is working with them.*

Note also Mercury as the deliverer of Prometheus.

*With whom Crowley identified himself in his Office as the Beast 666.*

One half of the fish symbol is also common to Christ and Mercury; fish are sacred to Mercury, owing presumably to their quality of movement and cold-bloodedness. (This I did not know before.) Many of Christ's disciples were fishermen, and he was always doing miracles in connection with fish.

Note also Christ as the mediator, "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me". And Mercury as Chokmah, through whom alone we can approach



## THE EQUINOX

Kether.

The Caduceus contains a complete symbol of the Gnosis. The winged sun, or phallus, represents the joy of life on all planes from the lowest to the highest. The serpents, besides being active and passive, Horus and Osiris, and all their other well known attributions, are those qualities of Eagle and Lion respectively, of which we know, but do not speak. It is the symbol which unites the Microcosm and the Macrocosm, the symbol of the Magickal operation which accomplishes this. The Caduceus is life itself, and of universal application. It is the universal solvent. It is quite easy to turn quicksilver into gold on the physical plane, and this will soon be done.

*It has already been done by atomic bombardment; but the process is too expensive to threaten Swiss banks as yet.*

New life will flow through the world in consequence. The god now lays his Caduceus upon my lips for silence; bidding me only remember that on the following night he is to come in another form.

The temple was then closed.

Note: Promises to pay—have quite replaced Gold.

*He means promissory notes. Since the Paris Working, many changes have occurred in economics, and will continue to occur.*

*This all was written, with the exception of the "Note", between 12.45 and 2.30 P.M. on January 2 1914 e.v.*

## THE THIRD WORKING

The Temple was opened at about midnight (the clock had been purposely removed); at 12.57 A.M. die Saturni the Quia Patris was ended. During the Versicle, Fra. O.S.V. approached the state of ecstatic possession, seeing the Triple Cross of the Grand Hierophants, and then Hermes himself, comprehending also that the t.. t..... b..... were the twin serpents that writhe upon His wand. But mastering the tendency, the Versicle was quietly concluded.



## THE PARIS WORKING

A great deal of information and counsel was thus obtained, the full account of which is in the esoteric record. The Temple was closed at 2.15 A.M.

*Here follows the esoteric record of this Working.*

Die Saturni: 12.58 A.M. Hermes as Force.

L.T. He is essentially phallic, but he has a book in his hand, the Book II which has one hundred and six pages. On the last page, as a colophon, is a four-pointed star, very luminous, and this is to be identified with the eye of Shiva, and the book pertains to the grade of  $7^\circ = 4^\square$ . The sub-title of the book is BIA, which is said to mean 'force'.

Every drop of semen which Hermes sheds is a world. The technical term for this is KPATOS. Those worlds are held in chains, but invisibly. People upon the worlds are like maggots upon an apple—all forms of life bred by the worlds are in the nature of parasites. Pure worlds are flaming globes, each a conscious being. Number of worlds ejected 7,482,135 = (symbol for Venus)

The name of this Phallus is Thoth, Hermes, or Ma. Ma is the god who seduced the Phallus away from the Yoni; hence the physical Universe. All worlds are excreta; they represent wasted semen. Therefore all is blasphemy. This explains why man made god in his own image.

*You will notice that this theory is totally un-Thelemic; the idea of degradation involved in Manifested Existence strongly resembles the dogma of Original Sin. Since this dogma was basically homosexual from its inception, it is no wonder that it should be said that the physical Universe is due to the Phallus having turned sodomite.*

*This is one interpretation, from one plane. From another, it should be observed that the syllable Ma can be interpreted both qabalistically and etymologically to yield a very different meaning.*

The feminine side of Ma is Pan, which explains why Pan is a devil. The only way to be really born is by an annihilation—to be born into Chaos, where Pan is the Saviour.

*From the point of view of this other interpretation, all the above is being spoken from the perspective of pure, unmanifested Force. Cf. LXV ii 3-6 and the Commentaries thereon.*

I may say no more because the process is secret.



## THE EQUINOX

With regard to Genesis: when Adami died, Heva became masculine, in order to escape the temptations of the serpent; but she failed. Her failure cut the serpent in two; hence the Caduceus; because if there were only one serpent, Hermes could not be the messenger of the gods. It is the quality of this serpent business that gives him power to travel. This, again, is blasphemy; but lawful, because the law of the Jews is founded upon it.

*Irony and misdirection interwoven with information; truly characteristic of Hermes.*

It is the Fixed Mercury, of which the physical form of this god is made. This fixed mercury is the result of the mind.

Semen itself is mercury, the river of life flowing through the generations. That is fluid mercury. What is (from the point of view of life) waste, is knowledge. Hence the opposition between knowledge and life. One is homo- and the other hetero-sexuality. Those are reconciled in Mercury, who is wisdom.

I am making a silent prayer to the God, and thanks giving. You can get magick force from either women or men; but to use the former is more dangerous to the career of the magician, and there is the danger of impregnation, which, however, can be guarded against in the obvious way.

*It is not meant that the danger in using women is merely the danger of impregnation. Cf. LIBER ALEPH Chs. 82, 91-92, 100, 169-175.*

*It should be remarked, however, that this view is limited by a defect of language. The Man Formula may obtain in a particular personality, or the Woman Formula, regardless of one's physical sex. For example, the Vampire may manifest as a male to a homosexual; as indeed it has happened to at least one pupil of mine, who accordingly spent his time of servitude. The serious reader is referred to our comments on the BAGH I MUAT-TAR, elsewhere in this book.*

In order to get this God more perfectly, a cock should be slain in his honour, and the blood drunk as a sacrament. The throat of the cock should be cut over the great image that is upon the altar; the image should be placed in a vessel so as to catch the blood.

He should be invoked on eight consecutive nights, beginning with a Wednesday. He says we should feed in greater abundance; he will protect us. There is a gate to knock down between us and the mastery of the



## THE PARIS WORKING

Universe, and Frater L.T. has a fault, which is introspection. The point is that he is a man of thought, rather than of action. O.S.V. has also faults, his chief fault is contradiction. Whenever he gets into a state of hopelessness he may renew his strength by this rite, and this will be good for always.

(P.S. It is remarkable that this actually occurred in May 1915 and July 1916 e.v. O.S.V. had forgotten the divine injunction. But the sudden change from "dryness" to "fertility" was extremely well-marked. O.M.)

The nature of this God is to go blindly ahead. The semen that he sheds is Kether, and not his own. He is only responsible for ejecting it, and he cares nothing what may come to it. He despises intensely all these correspondences, identifications, and the like. He despises intelligence; for he is the supreme wisdom; so fully in accord with destiny that interpretation is beneath him. If we need pure magickal force, he is to be invoked. He says that tomorrow night we are to ask questions by Geomancy, without doing any rite. We are to invoke Jupiter on Monday. Had it not been that we first invoked him, we could not invoke Jupiter successfully. We shall probably have to invoke Jupiter for four nights running, reaching a climax on Thursday. We shall get not so much information as aid from Jupiter. It is very important to have banquets.

L.T. Will he help to this end?

*It is not clear in the typescript at which point L.T. stopped being the oracle and Crowley took over.*

O.S.V. He doesn't know and he doesn't care. He says, "Don't be such an ass as to think how you are going to do a thing; just do it."

*This advice may sound very reasonable from the heights of Olympus, but it ain't so good for us poor mortals. But the truth of the matter is another. In all these experiments, Crowley and Neuburg were dealing with egregorae, that is to say, astral automata. The only difference between such constructs and the astral images of 'Jesus', 'Mary', etc. is that the Gods worshipped in the images really exist; they are Beings, or Stars, of high development, who normally function on much higher planes. The egregorae had fallen in disuse since the last days of Paganism, as the Emperor Julian discovered to his dismay; it was Crowley's special task in these Workings to renew the links between the egregorae and the divine*



## THE EQUINOX

Forces they represented. This, incidentally, he was quite successful in doing. The God in question is a Being who has thoroughly mastered phenomenal existence, at least on the plane from which Crowley and Neuburg were speaking; and was naturally impatient with the clumsiness of the two worshippers, who were far from as well-trained as Himself. What He was actually saying was what the Alchemists themselves said: if you have gold already, you can make more gold; if you don't have gold already, better go get some in the usual manner; the transmutation is beyond you as yet. This is not a very compassionate attitude, but from the God's point of view there was no motive whatsoever to be compassionate towards Crowley and Neuburg. From Hermes' point of view, the two were Gods like him, pretending to be creatures of a much lower rate of vibration. Why compassion? As anybody knows from the legends, Hermes was never a great one for feeling sorry for people anyway, and why should He?

The man in the parable who counted the cost had the slave-spirit.

*This absolutely does not mean that one should not husband one's resources to the best of one's abilities! The planes must not be mixed. You may not count the cost of Initiation, but you certainly ought to count the cost of the material steps that lead to it. Cf. LIBER 333, Ch. 55.*

He also says that in the rites of Luna and Venus O.S.V. should have a woman; in that of Luna, a menstruating woman.

*A thought abhorred by the "holy" scriptures of the Hebrews, the Christists and the Moslems alike. Yet, menstrual blood is the only type of sacrificial blood that is totally free of karma. Indeed, it is even sterile in itself, like distilled water, provided the woman be in good health. It is also, as Paracelsus pointed out, a most potent magickal menstruum—if you will pardon the pun, or even if you will not.*

He refuses to tell me when I am to have this woman; he says it is a question of common sense. He says, "Do it; don't ask me about it".

I am now lost in contemplation of him, in his great aspect of vehicle of the energy of the highest. He is that which fertilizes the luminiferous ether, the strain in it that produces what is called matter.

He is the creative energy of the artist, in particular, and one should invoke him unless one wants the drawing-room songs of Apollo.

*It should not be thought that the God actually meant that no artist*



## THE PARIS WORKING

would have creative energy without Him. What He meant is that His energy manifests on that plane of vibration, and will join with the energy of the creative artist, just as a very strong man, seeing a weaker one trying to push a heavy car, may go and lend a shoulder to good effect. The difference being, the Force of the God is always radiating on that plane. It is not wise to try to tap it; this is lust of result, and may lead to failure, or worse, offend Him. It is best to forget oneself in the joy of creativity. "The Perfect and the Perfect..." you know the rest.

This, incidentally, is true of all those Gods. They all manifest as Forces of some type or another, and will resonate with you on some plane or another, sometimes when you least expect. Their "influence" or "help" should never under any circumstances be confused with that of your Holy Guardian Angel. Theirs is universal; the Angel's, at least so far as you are concerned, is individual.

I see it all now; the virile force of Mars is far beneath him. All of the other gods are merely aspects of Jupiter formulated by Hermes. He is the first of the Aeons.

*In the Gnostic sense.*

He wants us not to invoke the other forms of Mercury. He says that we have more knowledge than we know what to do with. Julius Caesar did not know the Qabalah, but he did better than the pair of you in the matter of husbands and wives. He moreover subdued Gaul and Germany, and would not have been killed if he had not gone to a talking shop.

Meaning, of course, the Roman Senate. Apparently, such places were then even as they are today—deserts of intelligence filled with oceans of logorrhea. As for Julius' ways with husbands and wives, when his legions marched back to Rome they usually sang a ditty to the effect that their general was the mistress of every husband in the city, and the lover of every wife.

I am praying him to fill us with magick force for this invocation of Jupiter.

He says it depends principally upon the banquets. This is the great preparation to make. And he says, "What fools to bother about the room, you don't think I am in the room, do you?" He wants us to overcome shame generally, and says, "There is no shame about me, is there?"



## THE EQUINOX

He suggests an obvious method which I blush to repeat.

(A holy act before the world. This was done, at the house of the Lay-Sister J.C. The Art-Bachelor W.D. was the victim.)

*Jane Chéron's house. Walter Duranty was buggered in public, we do not know yet if by Crowley or by Neuburg. Plato's Retreat was a long way off.*

The sense of humour of this god is very strong. He is not sentimental about his principal function; he regards the universe as an excellent practical joke; yet he recognizes that Jupiter is serious, and the universe is serious, although he laughs at them for being serious. His sole business is to transmit the force from Jupiter, and he is concerned with nothing else.

The message is life, but in Jupiter the life is latent; he says that we can do everything if we will only act as he does.

*Yes, but you must first train your vehicles to be as responsive to your True Will as His are to His. Those who play with gods may be stepped on, should they lose their sense of place; or overreach themselves—which is hubris, remember?*

He again exhibits his contempt for the art of conversation, by making a suggestion with which, owing to the lateness of the hour, we comply only in symbolic form.

*Cf. LIBER 333, Chs. 79 and 69, and the Commentaries thereon. We now return to the exoteric record.*

In the morning, the suggestion of O.S.V. that L.T. should arise, move and appear to transcribe the record led to two fine fights, a sign of the excess of magickal force developed.

*Crowley was too charitable. Much more likely, a sign of Neuburg's defective aura, ruined by his past spiritistic practices.*

During the previous day the Art-Bachelor Walter Duranty came with what may prove to be good news of two matters, both of a Jupiterian nature. Also came a letter promising a valuable introduction.



## THE PARIS WORKING

### THE FOURTH WORKING

It now appears to O.S.V. that the suggestion made by Hermes of a further sacrifice was meant to be obeyed.

*He refers to the suggestion that they stopper each other's mouth in the most aptly magickal way, under the circumstances. Cf. LIBER 333, Ch. 69.*

The attempt to replace the real thing by its symbol led to (a) O.S.V. having a bad cold which confined him to his bed (b) the continued ill-temper of L.T. (c) the breaking up of the rendezvous proposed in the letter (d) the complete cessation of good news. However, this Monday afternoon did the Frater L.T. sacrifice to the glory of Hermes...

*That is, he buggered Walter Duranty in Jane Chéron's drawing room, in front of several people. It should be remarked that for the bashful Neuburg to be capable of such a thing indicated a high degree of influence from the God.*

... and may He restore us to favour and help us in the work of Jupiter. Whom therefore let us invoke by the secret Rite and this holy Versicle:

Haud secus ac puerum spumanti semine vates  
Lustrat, dum gaudens accipit alter aquas;  
Sparge, precor, servis, hominum rex atque deorum  
Juppiter omnipotens, aurea dona, tuis.

*In Mr. Starr's translation:*

*And just as when the priest purifies the boy  
With foaming seed, while the other rejoicing accepts the  
water  
Sprinkle, I pray, Jupiter, king of gods and men, all powerful,  
Golden gifts upon your servants.*

9.00 This then was duly done, though with maimed rites, owing to O.S.V.'s malady...

*In her so-called "biography" of Neuburg, elsewhere reviewed in this number, the egregious Jean Overton Fuller commented that she could not believe that Hermes would afflict Crowley with a cold. This implies that Crowley stated that Hermes had done so, when he mentioned the negative results of not performing the Ritual Silencing as literally as the God had intended.*



## THE EQUINOX

*This was not the situation at all. The two men were attuned with a certain Force which they had invoked; the Force suggested a manner in which the attuning could be maintained, and perhaps strengthened. When they did not do as they were told, they simply became partially out of phase with the Force. The natural inertia of the world of matter did the rest. One cannot create a Magickal stress without going somewhere with it. A simile would be a train going at speed. Either it keeps to the rails, or you will have a wreck; and the wreck will be stronger in relation to the momentum attained by the locomotive. It is as simple as this. No punishment is involved, merely Karma, that is to say, cause and effect. The morality being that in Magick, either you go all the way or you should not go at all; if you baulk at the wrong time, the repercussions on your physical or psychic health can be quite serious.*

*This warning, of course, affects only the half-serious practitioner; diletanti need not fear the "revenge" of the Gods!*

Yet did he take the function of priest. The Brethren remained conversing from 10 P.M., when the Temple was closed, until about 1 A.M. die Martis (Tuesday), when L.T. beholding Jupiter saw this verse: "Via est hodie. Nomina sanctissimorum in felicitate habent viam. Deus dedit signum in via."

*There follows the esoteric account of this Working.*

12.15 A.M., die Lunae (Monday). The God Hermes having been invoked, O.S.V. beheld him; in his character of the messenger, young, bearing the Caduceus. He stands upon the altar of the east, poised upon his right toe. He is made of fixed light, the colour thereof being pale gold.

Lampada Tradam lifted up his voice and said: "What saith he?"

O.S.V. I am the messenger of the gods, and I send you wreaths. Famed among men shall become this thy scripture.

L.T. Will it be successful in its object?

O.S.V. Yea; verily and amen.

The whole method is right, but we shall improve in details. L.T.'s mental attitude should be more poetic. The Mass of the Phoenix on Tuesday depends entirely on the feeling of mental superiority thus induced.

L.T. Is there any message for O.S.V. of a personal character?

O.S.V. He will have news, perhaps even tomorrow morning, rather



## THE PARIS WORKING

startling in character; to be included under the general heading of *good*.

L.T. Will L.T. get news?

O.S.V. News is coming to him.

L.T. Good news?

O.S.V. Soft news; like the body of a dove. From England.

*Notice the poetic aspect of Hermes, manifesting. Elegance and subtlety of language.*

L.T. Are the gods pleased with the ceremonies?

O.S.V. Yea; they rejoice exceedingly.

*At this point, in another "biography", the equally egregious John Symonds stated that in his opinion the Gods could not have cared less. Naturally, being a liar and a thief, he was beloved of the Gods, or at least of Hermes; thus in a position to know.*

*All kidding aside, whether the Gods rejoiced or not (if we could comprehend what rejoicing is for a Being at that stage) is immaterial. The rituals did vitalize Archetypical Forms—egregorae—that had been weakened by lack of worshippers for several centuries; thus re-established a link between the material plane and certain Forces through those revived Eidolons, which might be, very imperfectly, likened to accumulators. We have already remarked on the total difference between such Archetypes and egregorae of the Christist type, whose only strength comes from their worshippers, and are therefore mere automatic vampires, their influence as dystrophic as the diseased personalities that nourish them.*

This rite is to be the mainstay of the work. Anything can be obtained by this method. Suitable persons will present themselves for initiation into it. Women are not to be admitted, except in those rites where feminine gods are invoked. You will, therefore, employ it in experiments, invoking Priapus, Bacchus, Mars, unless you find suitable women.

*Women can be present at any rite, and participate in any rite, if they be trained Initiates; otherwise, it is as specified.*

You must be very careful with Mars, if you invoke him.

*Because of the natural exacerbation of sadistic impulses produced by the Force of this god. Many cases of ritual homosexual murder are part of the police records of many different countries. Cf. our notes to the BAGH I MUATTAR.*



## THE EQUINOX

If it is still necessary to invoke Jupiter, begin on Monday, four times a week, for four weeks. But why should it be necessary? Abramelin squares may be used as vehicles. This was the use of the child in the Abramelin operation. Respectability is the greatest of all blinds. The general key in reading ancient documents of a magical nature is to suspect the worse. O.S.V. seems to get his fame all right, and this will leave him very peaceful.

*A great part of the statements here are provoked by the influence of the egregora, not by the Divine Force. The egregora had, naturally, the tendencies created in it by the type of worship that it received when it was formed. Cf. LXV v 19.*

Any amount of news coming for both of us; but O.S.V. has more than L.T. The news is like parcels of dove's wings, of a delicate purple grey or black goose quill; there is also news from the west of England; from Glasgow, or its neighbourhood; and from America.

L.T. Are any officers wanted?

O.S.V. No. No one is to be initiated until after the public orgy.

*The word orgy comes from the Indo-European root werǵ; the words energy and work in English have the same root. The American Heritage Dictionary, which in our opinion is the best available dictionary of the English language in America at the present time, gives as first definition of the word "orgy" the following: "A secret rite in the cults of Demeter, Dionysus, or other Greek or Mediterranean deities, typically involving frenzied singing, dancing, drinking, and sexual activity." This is an excellent definition, if one remembers that the word has the same original root as the words work and energy.*

*In this context, we are to assume that the public intercourse between L.T. and Walter Duranty had not yet taken part. It is unfortunate, from the point of view of the contemporary reader, that these two Records, the exoteric and the esoteric, were not better organized at the time they were done. On the other hand, it is very fortunate for us that they were done at all.*

*One word about Walter Duranty. He was a roving journalist with a courageous and clear mind, an excellent style, and a no-nonsense approach to his profession. Anyone who can lay his or her hands on any of his surviv-*



## THE PARIS WORKING

*ing written work will not be wasting time. His analysis of Stalin's Russia, for instance, is extremely acute. Who reads it and Hedrick's The Russians and draws conclusions on the events transpiring between the writing of the two books will learn a lot about Communism, about Socialism, and even about Democracy. Real Democracy, that is—not the demagogues's tripe.*

O.S.V. I am now seeing the purple and grey background as if the force were developing. Around those clouds flash forth violet rays in the indigo. In the centre of all is the golden Mercury. Now he comes forward, kissing me on the mouth, laying his Caduceus on my Phallus. And he lifted up his voice, saying: "Unto all kingdoms shalt thou utter the word". He now puts his tongue into my mouth. It is not like the tongue of a man, but of a serpent or an ant-eater...

*Actually, we thought it like a bird's tongue, but elastic. It may also appear scaly, or simply rough as a feline's. It was certainly not forked as a serpent's tongue when we saw it. We have never seen an anteater's tongue.*

... he runs it all over my brain, making the skull luminous, transparent, phosphorescent...

*When we saw it, the pyramid within which we lay was crumbling under the attack of outside forces; the tongue mended the walls.*

Moreover, he spake winged words:

I will give thee the wisdom of the serpent, but thou must cleanse thy brain. Purge thyself in the sun. It is the love of others that will purify thee most. This needest thou: the devotion absolute of men four, and women four. And all these four men will be deformed, and these four women will come from the four quarters of the earth—the four continents whose names begin with A.

*To this A.C. appended the following table:*

Windram: Infantile Palsy.	Australia: Laylah Waddell
Neuburg: Spinal curvature, varicocele, bent arm.	Asia: ?Ratan Devi.
Cowie: Deaf and dumb.	Africa: ?Rose.
Kennedy? Foot deformity.	America: Jane Foster or Virakam.

*To the above, A.C. subsequently added: "Norman Mudd: One eye." He was evidently not sure about Kennedy as absolutely devoted. It may*



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*be remarked that Cowie was not absolutely devoted either, since when A.C. sold Boleskine and donated the proceeds to the O.T.O. he, Cowie, stole them, under the pretext, very natural to him, that Crowley was a germanophile. Crowley was not, in the sense prevailing during the two World Wars; but one could not expect a man of Cowie's limited intelligence to perceive this.*

*But Crowley should never have donated anything whatsoever to anybody, and was under attack of the Dying-God qliphotic currents when he foolishly surrendered his lawful property to a bunch of "bandar-loghs" (as Kipling might have put it); and Cowie did his occult duty, if not his human duty, then. It took many years for the man A.C. to perceive his mistake, and he lived to regret it; fortunately, he also lived long after he would have preferred to have left this plane, in order to redress his blunder; and he redressed it.*

I see the most wonderful range of mountains with orange clouds of sunrise flaming upon them. Yet the crest of the mountains curls over as it rolls onward, like the crest of a wave. With one foot on this crest stands Mercury again, around him soft flames of orange, and green, and purple. And these words spake he from golden mouth:

"Thou art mine. Thou comest always unto me. Always in every grade am I thy guide; and even at this hour do I burn up thy dust. Moreover, thou shalt behold a certain earnest of thy work, and that right early."

This Mercury is poised upon a winged wheel that uttereth lightnings. He droppeth ostrich plumes for rank and twists of flax to signify that the fate of certain men will be in my hands.

I now see a purple planet in space, radiating light from a luminous ring, and also from its poles.

With regard to reincarnation, the heliocentric theory is right. As we conquer the conditions of a planet, we incarnate upon the next planet inwards until we return to the Father of All, when our experiences link together, become intelligible, and star speaks to star...

*However, once you reach the Centre of All in this system, there is no certain test; for you can incarnate where you please. (You could also incarnate where you pleased before; but then it would have been lingering over conquered laurels, so to speak; now, it is the freedom of the Freeman or*



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*Freewoman of Our System*). You can also go elsewhere, if you Will.

Terra is the last planet where bodies are made of earth; in Venus they are fluid; on Mercury aerial; while in the Sun they are fashioned of pure fire. It is most important to develop the fluid body, to pack away all your powers in it. He insists on the importance of a pure body, instancing Frater Ταγαθον as an example of failure to do this.

*Cf. BOOK FOUR PART III, Ch. XX, Section I of the original edition; also Ch. XXI, from the first paragraph of p. 203 to the end.*

I see the eightfold star of Mercury suddenly blazing out; it is composed of four fleur-de-lys with rays like anthers, bulrushes in shape, between them. The central core has the cypher of the grand master, but not the one you know. Upon the cross are the Dove, the Hawk, the Serpent, and the Lion. Also one other symbol, yet more secret.

Now I behold fiery swords of light. All this is upon a cosmic scale. When I say "Sword", I have a definite consciousness of a weapon many millions of miles in length. The field of my vision is as much enlarged as if I had been practicing Batrachophrenobookosmomachia for ten years.

*Cf. LIBER DCCCVI.*

Now follow numerous questions of O.S.V. to L.T.; indicated only by initials. The same question was asked repeatedly in different forms, but always answered in the same sense until the last question.

*This testing has been omitted in the TS in our possession.*

I have never seen such a lot of beautiful skylscapes. There are pink clouds like flights of birds, actually in flight, now they are like flying serpents; their colours are mingled with purple and green. Anhalonium visions must be very similar to this.

It is all over now.

He didn't go on, because he had come to tell us things, for a particular purpose.

The temple was then closed; Fra. L.T. was then clairvoyant, as he thinks, or obsessed, as O.S.V. thinks, and makes the following statements, which O.S.V. considers demonic, on the grounds that many of the statements are contrary to public morality.

*This, of course, is very clumsy irony; "public morality", specially in Christist societies, being more obscene now than it was at the time of*



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*pagan worship. Nevertheless, the majority of the preposterous statements produced by L.T.—we will indicate which are preposterous and which are not—are a curious mixture of early Judaism with other religious practices prevailing among Palestine peoples in so-called "biblical" times.*

L.T. begins by saying that this Rite is a huge force that we unloose. (*correct*) By the time we have twenty people all working at it, it will become very dangerous (*from the point of view of the "crapulous creeds", correct*). International complications are to be feared (*by Old Aeon die-hards, correct—and good*. Note by A.C.: The world war broke out just 6 months later.). This was the original form of worship. It is important not to initiate any persons under the age of thirty, unless for some special reason (*because people younger than that age will seldom have the necessary psychic balance to withstand the shock of the impinging energies*). The obvious dangers of the Rite appal L.T. (*meaning, they appeal to his Jewish sado-masochism to a point that frightens his conscious mind*). He says that those who adopt this Rite will either succeed completely or fail utterly (*false of anybody but himself, at least at the time he spoke*). There is no middle path, for it is impossible to escape the ring of divine Karma created (*undivine Hebrew bullshit and guilt-complex*).

In any series of Rites the roles of the celebrants should not be interchangeable. O.S.V. is to be priest only in invocations of feminine deities. The occult reason for this is that only black gods are hermaphrodite. (*ridiculous Jewish bak-bak, combined with Neuburg's double-standardized homosexuality. He did not feel guilty screwing, but felt "inferior" when he was getting screwed; hence this "divine recommendation". Crowley must not have been fooled, for he added an exclamation mark at this point*). The exception to this rule is in the cases of divine possession. (*meaning that Neuburg did not mind being screwed by God—were he not a Jew. Parodying a very immoral man, Quantum nobis prodest haec fabula Deil!*)

The supreme Rite would be to bring about a climax in the death of the victim (*initiatric death, certainly; if physical death, it would profit but the egregora's "vitality"—and the egregora is a machine to be used, not to use us!*). By this Rite one would attain the summit of the Magickal Art. (*this is not only profoundly sad, it is characteristic of all the madness and*



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*excess of religious persecution throughout the ages. Indeed, it is Christism at its worst—the sacrifice of someone else in our stead. Ritual murders continue to occur. Recently, more than twenty children have been sacrificed in just one American city, Atlanta, and the police are helpless to find the culprit. The children were black; very likely so is the culprit, and of an occupation, and perhaps sex, above suspicion on the part of the average police mind) Even better would be to slay a girl, preferably a willing victim (it should be remarked that a human victim MUST be willing, or sacrifice is impossible; anything else is murder. But leaving aside this aspect, the emphasis on a female dates the egregora: it was formed in the patriarchal Aeon of Osiris, for in the preceding Aeon, that of Isis, the precise opposite recommendation would have been made: a man should be slain, preferably a young, strong, handsome, virile one; either this, or a male chieftain at the height of his mature powers). After violating her, she would be cut into nine pieces. These should not be eaten, but divided as follows: head, arms, legs, and quadrisected trunk. The names of the gods appropriate are to be written on the skin, the arms are then to be flayed and burnt in the honour of Pan or Vesta; the legs (treated in the same manner) should be offered to Priapus, Hermes, or Juno. The right shoulder is sacred to Jupiter, the left shoulder to Saturn, the right buttock to Mars, the left buttock to Venus. The head should not be flayed, but burnt simply, and that in honour either of Juno or Minerva. (all this is perfectly standard, and was done in the days when those egregorae became powerful at the expense of this kind of waste; it is indeed a case of man—or woman—making God in his or her own image!)*

This Rite should not be employed on ordinary occasions, but rarely, and then for great purposes; it should not be disclosed to any man.

In the opinion of O.S.V. and L.T. (*here it is obvious that Crowley's moral force prevailed over Neuburg's atavic and qliphotic—these adjectives are often synonymous in such cases, anyway —obsession, since all these "precious secrets" came through Neuburg's mouth. What a foul cloaca the Jewish subconscious sometimes is!*), these instructions partake of the character of black, or at least grey, magic. The reader is requested to note that the Temple had been formally closed before they were obtained.

The following questions were then asked by O.S.V. and answered by



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L.T.

*It will be noticed that the overwhelming majority of the answers is incorrect; Neuburg was obsessed, not inspired.*

Q. What will be the result of Yardley's mission?

A. Successful on the whole, but not entirely.

Q. Shall I know soon?

A. Within fourteen days; say ten or eleven.

(Hermes returns; and kisses L.T. in lips, navel and phallus.)

Q. Will L. get K.'s dances on?

A. Yes.

Q. Big successes?

A. Yes.

Q. How soon?

A. Within three months. L.T. will be released within two months from everything: he will get into a new stratum of Karma. He is going away eastwards. In June he marries; but returns to the Great Work in September. (P.S. All quite wrong without a single exception.) Its conditions are quite altered, L.T. having acquired a great fortune.

O.S.V. goes away on a long journey to the East, leaving L.T. in charge (*Here Crowley added, as well he might, an exclamation mark again*). This results in serious trouble with regard to Krishnamurti.

Let O.S.V. not allow 493 to enter into Scorpio.

O.S.V. What is 493?

*A numerical cypher always caught Crowley's attention at once, since serious entities often use them to prove their reliability as messengers. Notice how he tries to extract a concrete answer from the babble.*

Connected with water and with Cremers. It is she that stirs up strife.

*Ironically enough, Neuburg, after he failed his Task, would spend the rest of his life helplessly entangled in a web of black magic in which Cremers was one of the foci; a web formed by Toshosophic puppets. The "Black Brethren", foiled in their attempt to set up Krishnamurti as "World Saviour", hit where they could.*

Q. What is 493?

A. It is connected with O.S.V.'s dealings with Cremers. O.S.V. has told her too much.



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Q. What is 493?

A. A book, of a mercurial nature, stolen by Cremers. Don't let *that* get into Scorpio.

(The questioner, in a fit of despair, abandons the unequal contest.)

*The above note is A.C.'s, not ours. Neuburg must have sensed that Crowley had given up trying to take him seriously, for he insists: Cremers will either write to L.T. or communicate indirectly with him. (P.S. All this is entirely wrong.)*

*Not entirely, but Crowley could not be expected to foresee it at that time. He wrote a further speculative note: (?Energized Enthusiasm which got into Scorpio) before giving up.*

*The enigma yields to hindsight, as usual. Crowley had destroyed all chances of Besant and Leadbeater, those two sorcerers, setting up their wretched puppet, Krishnamurti, as "World Teacher", "Lord Maitreya", or whatnot. In so doing, he earned the persistent hatred of the Besant and Leadbeater followers, instigated by their leaders. To the poisonous fury of the Christist churches and the Zionists was added the malice of the corrupted Theosophical Society. Not being able to entrap Crowley personally, they bit at his ankles for the rest of his life, and waylaid his pupils whenever they could. Cremers, among others, was their instrument—a foul woman, as can be perceived even through Jean Overton Fuller's (another Toshosophical dupe) totally biased account. To keep Neuburg away from Crowley was a task that took several incarnated demons the rest of their lives. They may have thought it mattered. Their success was only possible due to Neuburg's moral weakness.*

Hermes now gives a gold ring to L.T. for O.S.V. The bezel of this ring is a ruby, with a white fleur-de-lys on each side of it. The ring is gold. Opposite the ruby are the initials S.T.R. This ring is the crown of the Phallus, the Yoni of Thoth, the collar of the Ape of Thoth.

Concerning the Rites, O.S.V. is always to be the first to skry. L.T. is to write down the skrying. L.T. always to be the priest. These Rites are never to be done for more than six successive nights, and four is a better number.

*Later Crowley added the following note to this:*

(Note: Evidently the Rite of Mercury is exceptional; for it asks 8 nights, Wednesday to Wednesday. O.M.)



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The Rites should never begin earlier than nine o'clock at night, and should never last longer than three hours and a half.

These are the colours of certain gods:

Priapus: Yellow and purple.

Iacchus: Scarlet and green.

Venus: Blue, white and gold.

Minerva: White and silver, with a little dark blue.

Pan: Crimson.

The floor should be white, but, on festivals and special occasions, black and white, or red and white, squares.

Further instructions will be given from time to time.

Music may be employed in the Rite, but in a subordinate manner. It should be soft and stringed.

Celebrants of the Rite should not be bare-headed, but should wear headdresses of white, or such other colour as may be indicated.

After five weeks other directions will be given. Until then, work as aforesaid.

I now see the figure drawn hereunder. (*in original, only*). It is familiar to O.S.V. as the sign of a certain grade, and the name of it is S.T.R.

Hermes now touches L.T.'s lips with his Caduceus, and gives this last message to O.S.V.: "Beyond nothing is everything."

Cf. **LIBER H vel 5**, *the Ritual of the Mark of the Beast*.

He then kisses Lampada Tradam, and departs.

*We return now to the exoteric record of the Paris Working, and will remain with it to the end of it, only then returning to the esoteric record; for this, from then on, was mostly a list of remembered past incarnations with little directly expressed connection with the ceremonies executed by the two experimenters.*

## THE FIFTH WORKING

The Temple was opened at about 9.30, the Rite performed ut ordinatur, and the closing accomplished by 10.30. Deus adest. Fatur: "Sparge verba; opus fiat. Hodie est verbum in nomine Dei: cras est opus." Et postea "O



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beati qui haec verba noscunt! Ego sum Deus hodie; aurea dona cras vobis feram.” “Accipe Dei verba, atque vobis bene erit. Benignus sum in hominum mundo semper.” Deinde: “Phallum ejaculantem tibi feram in nomine patri”. Verbum tibi refert ad fratrem O.S.V., ditto patri. In nomine—in the Name. (P.S.: This promise was very amply fulfilled.)

## THE SIXTH WORKING

The Temple opened about 9, the Rite performed orally by O.S.V., and the closing accomplished at 9.45. O.S.V. thinks that L.T. has failed in due banqueting.

## THE SEVENTH WORKING

Hitherto, so far as we are aware, nothing great of the result of the operation of Jupiter is obtained. Yet, tonight I feel more confidence than usual: I am in a highly nervous or electric state. My cold was better, and I went a fairly long walk and dined out. Am tired, excited, feverish: I think a slight relapse. Jupiter bring all to a good end!

The Temple opened about 10; and, the Rite being done ut ordinatur, we beheld a universe of the most brilliant purple with golden stars, and Jupiter seated on his throne surrounded by the Four Beasts upon thick clouds borne upon a phalanx of eagles. In the Book did we find LXV v 9 or 10—the passage 8-13.

*No book has been mentioned before. We do not know if there was a book in the Vision, or if they took an Oracle about it and got those particular verses. But since they seemed in doubt about which verses, perhaps this was part of the Vision.*

Subsequently there appeared a great peacock, meaning (according to Frater L.T.) Change-Journeys-Motion-Excitement-Improvement—? some word unknown, להיכמ עפי לו.

The peacock is now crowned, and regards himself in a mirror. This word is summarised in “Breaking”, i.e., of all old conditions. Fra. L.T. connects



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this with the word of the Equinox of Libra, An IX. The Temple was closed about 11.20.

Received several visitors, the Art-Bachelor Walter Duranty, the fair damozel Jane Chéron and the good Knight my brother in arms Sir Lionel Trilling. Sculptured a sacred Phallus till nigh 2. 4.15 A.M., die Venus: a wonderful and repeated dream. I wake up, at last able to get down the truth I have seen. Aelfrida Tillyard and one "Clairbelle" (Lady Walsokie) figure in it. "Mental images leave no trace when destroyed." Conservation of matter and energy are not paralleled by thought. (I had kept on reducing symbols to the Lingam and the Yoni, and thence destroying them, much to the expressed wonder and alarm of Aelfrida Tillyard. Of course, the Lingam and Yoni are only convenient standards of reduction: the point is that illusions destroyed leave no trace or effect, but merely vanish. As this process becomes general in one's life, it really diminishes one's universe. The bourgeois is subconsciously aware that this must result, and is therefore right in his own way in refusing to destroy even one illusion, and in persecuting those who shatter them...

*Perhaps; but we cannot help enjoying Ambrose Bierce's definition of iconoclast in THE DEVIL'S DICTIONARY:*

*"Iconoclast, n. A breaker of idols, the worshippers whereof are imperfectly gratified by the performance, and most strenuously protest that he unbuildeth but doth not re-edify, that he pulleth down but pileth not up. For the poor things would have other idols in place of those he thwacketh upon the mazzard and dispelleth. But the iconoclast saith: 'Ye shall have none at all, for ye need them not; and if the rebuilder fooleth round hereabout, behold I will depress the head of him and sit thereon till he squawk it.'"*

... Also, there is only one right path: to either side leads not merely off, but to the abyss. I remember in my dream mimicking the bourgeois a-tiptoe marking time, trembling and blind. This idea was also presented in many other ways, intensely vivid, which I now forget. Moreover, as I wake myself thoroughly by writing this note, the lens of my intellectual comprehension of the great truth seems to dim, and I find myself fearing in the morning I should find the words obscure. "The destruction of mental images is the only possible real annihilation" is my dream-idea.



## THE PARIS WORKING

“(Destroyed) mental images leave no trace is close to, if not quite the wording. My contrast with matter and energy (set forth above) was a waking rational comment. I remember catching up an old felt hat, and explaining to Aelfrida Tillyard Saraswati the beloved disciple that it was only to be destroyed by first perceiving it as a disguise for the Yoni—I think the dream ran thus. But much I fail to recapture. Let me sleep again, and may the Holy One give again (if it be His will) to His beloved in sleep!

9.30. The post has brought 3 things of the nature of Jupiter; a letter from my lawyers, a pot of opium, and a love-poem of a religious type (Chicago May). Some readers may boggle at the attribution, but such readers are dull.

## THE EIGHTH WORKING

Sunday, Jan 11. I saw a most remarkable fulfillment of the prophecy of Hermes. Also two other excellent matters have come to fruition. Further, one of the Brethren of O.S.V. and L.T. has inherited money, which is a great indirect benefit to that cause we have at heart. We then invoked Hermes, and obtained a good result.

On Monday Jan. 12, Fra. L.T. was indisposed; on Tuesday, the Brethren performed the Mass of the Phoenix in the House of a friend, P.D.F. An instruction was moreover given to Frater O.S.V. to which he will duly pay heed.

On Wednesday, Fra. L.T. being again indisposed, O.S.V. decided to go on Thursday to the forest with him to seek health. This they did, and by the favour of the Gods obtained it. Now, therefore, on Monday Jan. 19, according to the counsel and reproof of Hermes, did they again address themselves to the invocation of Jupiter; and this is

## THE NINTH WORKING

11.45 P.M.-12.30 A.M. Die Martis.

A most admirable working, the best we have done for Jupiter. During



## THE EQUINOX

O.S.V.'s invocation of Amoun, his vibration of the Name Divine was echoed in second by a voice audible to the ear. Now then fair omens dexter prosper ye the Work. During the Quia Patris, Fra. L.T., at the Altar of the East being genuflected, beheld the colossal form of Jupiter our Father, manibus plenis! Yea, with gold were His hands full; praise unto our Father and our God!

*How very foolish indeed, this anxiety for Jupiterian bribes. It would have been easier for O.S.V. to turn out tripe in G.K. Chesterton's style, and for L.T. to join the Rothschilds in usury, if what they wanted was gold—and then what? Cf. LIBER 418, 14th and 6th Aethyrs.*

In the morning Fra. O.S.V. awoke early, having (as hath only occurred once to him before) dreamed a story which he remembered. He therefore spent the day from 8 A.M. to 3 P.M. in writing down this story which he called "The Stratagem". May it bring fame and fortune! (P.S. July 31, 1914 e.v.: This story is the first thing he ever did to be accepted instantly (*by the English Review*), and to attract real applause from all quarters.)

## THE TENTH WORKING

Die Martis, 11.30 P.M.—die Mercurii 12.15 A.M. The Ceremony as usual. Fra. O.S.V. saw Jupiter in His form of Ammon-Ra, plumed and phallic, standing in the East, during the verbal invocation of Amoun; this became much intensified during the versicle. He lost all sense of the physical, and was only recalled to it by its climax. Subsequently he heard (and so did Fra. L.T.) clear and distinct "astral" bells.

## THE ELEVENTH WORKING

During the day the Brethren were out of harmony, but conquered the feeling of animosity by Will. A full banquet as ordained being consumed, the Brethren repaired to the Temple; Fra. O.S.V. opened the same at 11 P.M. die Mercurii. To the sight of O.S.V. (during the Versicle) Ammon-Ra appeared in the East, Jupiter Himself filling the Temple. This also ap-



## THE PARIS WORKING

peared as a cone of white light whirling about the Image of the All-One that is upon the Altar of the Elements. After the Versicle, Fra. L.T. obtained a message in Angelic to the effect that the Gods wish to regain Their dominion upon earth, these initiated Brethren being as Fiery Arrows shot by them in Their war against the slave-gods. A fourfold Sacrifice was demanded, and that a sacrifice of cruelty.

*Naturally! The egregorae getting stronger, they were becoming vampires; this was possible specially due to Neuburg's natural propensity to negativity and fifth.*

Therefore did ...i.... and ultimately ה-מ-פ. The Temple was closed at 1.45 A.M. die Jovis, Fra. L.T. still (1.55) lying entranced. The God is now effective. And with a single Sacrifice on His Night (early, to close before midnight) will that equilibration of the 4 and the 7 be accomplished.

Die Jovis 2 A.M. Fra. L.T. says 'tetelestai' (N.B., this is the formula of  $7^\circ = 4^\square \cdot \cdot \cdot$  thus making 4 either way, yet 7 in all. And on this third night  $\cdot \cdot \cdot$ , forming the Sacred Tau). During this Working, Fra. L.T. again heard astral bells.

Also concerning the sacrifices it was revealed in the night, during the sleep of exhaustion, to Fra. O.S.V. that the essence of the Operation is the freeing of the elemental spirit of an animal soul. This may be done by *death* or by *complete exhaustion* either though pleasure or pain. In this death-like trance the spirit becomes free to wander, and is united to the invoked God. In the case of death, this is permanent, and goes to increase the Body of the God on the planet.

*That is to say, the egregora. The desirability of this kind of operation is, to put it mildly, relative.*

We should therefore, when we can, obtain a closed and inviolable precinct, and slay therein victims daily.

*Nothing would make the egregora happier; as to the God, It is beyond such offerings. Their desirability is only to the worshippers, since it intensifies the link with the Divine Essence through the egregora; but the danger of obsession through leaks in the circle increases in proportion to the number of victims slain. The Old Testament Jews sacrificed their firstborns to Jehovah, and eventually started sacrificing animals instead;*



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*this latter type of sacrifice is probably still done, privately, by at least some Jews. But the stories of Jews slaying "Christian" children in sacrifice, so common in the Middle Ages, were in all probability lies spread by "noblemen" in order to justify their confiscation of Jewish wealth in the eyes of the common man. Naturally, making the Jews the villains of the "Gospel" fabrication was a great help.*

In the meantime, let one of the Brethren at least be reduced always to exhaustion by wine, and by the infliction of wounds, and by the ceremony itself. And if he utters oracles, let them not be consciously given. And if the true God be duly invoked, they will be divine. And this is the oracle which Jupiter gave unto Fra. O.S.V. in the night, or early morning of His Day.

During all this day Fra. L.T. is overshadowed by Jupiter. The world about him appears a *vision of the future*. His eyes are dilated; he cannot read; his manner is as one stupefied or entranced.

## THE TWELFTH WORKING

The banquet restored Fra. L.T. to a comparatively normal condition. At 9.55 P.M. Die Jovis the Temple was opened as usual. The sacrifice was offered, Fra. O.S.V. *perinde ac cadaver*, and the Temple closed at 11 P.M. Fra. O.S.V. was completely exhausted. Thus ended the First Series of the Complete Working of Jupiter.

Friday A.M. There is certainly *some* result of these invocations; for matters move strangely. Five people who arranged to come to see me in Paris all failed; and both business letters (urgent) and private letters remain unanswered. I assume that this is the fallow period which follows the sowing of the seed. But Hermes produced instantly a direct result. I take it that Jupiter, being a slow and steady God, moves not so easily but with far more power.

*At least to produce material results.*

P.M. Mentioned this matter to Fra. L.T. As regards letters, his experience is precisely similar to my own.



## THE PARIS WORKING

### THE THIRTEENTH WORKING

On Saturday the drought of result broke up suddenly; both letters and visitors appeared.

*It is interesting that this should have happened on the day of Saturn, traditionally Jupiter's astrological "enemy". (Although, Initiatically, in what sense Binah is enmical to Chesed I for one should like to know. This holds true even astrologically, if the names of the planets mean anything. It is not Saturn who is enmical to Jupiter; after all, isn't Saturn Jupiter's father? And wasn't Saturn slain by Jupiter?...)*

All things that have occurred have been of the nature of Jupiter, but so far there has been no plentiful harvest, naught as it were but green shoots peeping through the earth.

The Temple opened at about 11.30. Quia Patris 12.30 closing 2 A.M. die Martis. Fra. O.S.V. became inspired in a Terpsychorean manner after the Accendat and Tu qui es. Much god-force was obtained, and two Jatak stories.

*That is, stories of past lives of Crowley. These are recounted in the esoteric record.*

During the day Fra. L.T. obtained a small Jupiterian result. Fra. O.S.V. kept an appointment which may conceivably lead to vast Jupiterian results.

### THE FOURTEENTH WORKING

The Temple was opened on the stroke of midnight, and closed at 1.07 A.M. die Mercurii, Fra. O.S.V. being completely exhausted. The Jovian phenomena continue with steadiness, but not with such force as to enable us to say that the success of the operation is assured. During the afternoon, we went to the house of a lay sister, and invoked the Lord Jupiter by incense of His sacred herb.

*Opium. In those happy days, you could still get opium cheaply, and enjoy yourself harmlessly for a few hours. Nowadays, thanks to restrictive idiotic laws, you have to content yourself with morphine, or heroine instead—and ruin your health and your purse.*



## THE EQUINOX

This rested us mentally and physically, but caused some illness of a slight and temporary order.

### THE FIFTEENTH WORKING

The Temple opened at 11.15 P.M., and closed at 12.10. But the versicle was prolonged and very quiet, probably owing to the experience of the afternoon. Hence the force was coherent, crescent in a flat curve, but very strong in its culmination. The atmosphere of the Temple is now extremely good, not only in the ceremonies, when it is mellow, rich, velvety, luminous (purple, gold, green are the chief colours), strong without violence, calm, opulent, etc., etc., but throughout the day. We are excluding loose women and the like.

*Meaning, that such women and their like—presumably certain homosexual types—would offend the Gods, and therefore ruin the aura.*

The principal physical things are a green chameleon-like dancer named Ahanael (762) and the usual elementals darting about. Ahanael is under Bethor.

*"Physical things" means physical, material manifestations. Naturally, the definition of "material" is open to discussion here. The beings seen were not necessarily material as you and me; they might just have seemed so to Crowley's and Neuburg's senses. Could they tip a scale in a physics laboratory as they were when Crowley and Neuburg saw them? Could a biopsy slide be taken from one of them and put under the microscope?*

*Who knows? Future generations may know.*

### THE SIXTEENTH WORKING

The Temple opened at about 10.20. After the Haud secus—again of the soft steady water type—the God demanded blood. O.S.V. cut a 4 on L.T.'s breast and offered thereof. L.T. then did a wonderful dance, O.S.V. in Shivasana. O.S.V. became inspired. The planetary spirits, by the way, are now plain to see. Next week the God demands that the Image shall be



## THE PARIS WORKING

placed in a Vesica, and a sparrow (or if not, a pigeon) shall be slain therein before the Accendat, with these words: "Nunc flavi Jovi spumantem sanguine saevo Passerem..." or such other words as may be suggested by the Art-Bachelor W.D., who has been sent by Jupiter from London on this account. The blood only of the sparrow is to remain in the Vesica, and to be connected (after the Versicle) with the Magi by the Sigil 4 on L.T.'s heart, right breast, left breast and navel on the four nights. The body is to be burnt. For the last 4 nights, both flesh and blood are to be sacrificed. The Temple closed at midnight exactly. I omitted one other instruction. From Sunday midnight to Thursday midnight no other food is to be taken but the banquets; no drink, save only pure water.

*The banquets, therefore, were supposed to be definite magickal acts, not gluttonry. Exactly like orgies.*

It is to be noted that since the beginning of this operation the Bank Rate has fallen to 3 per cent and Consols improved from 71.5 to 76.25, a gain of over £1,400 to O.S.V. On Saturday, O.S.V. received a letter which should bring in £500 within the next two months.

I should mention that the possession of O.S.V. on Thursday night was the most complete and material possession, and has occurred to him most rarely. The directions were obtained with difficulty, and his whole consciousness was wrapped up in the God, the only expression being in these words, "Sanguis et Semen".

*The pitiful Symonds, in his "biography", states at this point that Crowley somnambulated through the Temple, babbling the words "Blood and Semen". Nevertheless, it is stated above that Crowley was seated in Shivasana. What really happened is that he became conscious of how the energies called "Jupiterian" course through both semen and blood. Also, the egregora was reviving—thanks precisely to these offerings.*

## THE SEVENTEENTH WORKING

The Temple was opened about 10.30 and closed at 12.50 A.M. on March 2 1914 e.v. O.S.V. dedicated the bird to Jupiter and set it free.

*Meaning, he was supposed to sacrifice it to the God, which was called*



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*"setting the bird free"; but he actually did set it free, instead of sacrificing it to the God, which was what the egregora had requested he do. This indeed was the trick through which many a demon increased its power: masquerading through an egregora. The blood that ran in the torture of heretics, and the posterior burning of them, during the Middle Ages, is a very acute example of this type of mechanism. But obviously Crowley should have sacrificed the sparrow as instructed—at least as an experiment.*

During the Versicle, O.S.V. lost consciousness. After the Quia Patris, L.T., the 4 cut on his right breast, was to have acted as Virgo. A marvellous matter followed, but no further rite was accomplished. At 1 A.M. Fra. L.T. was still too exhausted to speak. O.S.V. doubts if he did well to avoid the apparent and obvious meaning of the instruction vouchsafed last Thursday night. This should be decided by the events of Tuesday—Thursday. If unsatisfactory, the birds let lose 2 on Tuesday, 2 on Wednesday, should all 4 be slain on the last night of this series.

*The reader is reminded that either the God through the egregora, or the egregora mechanically by itself, had already requested blood sacrifices. The two experimenters have been complaining of poor results; but they have not been keeping to the letter of their instructions, not even the seemingly more harmless ones, very well. Are they really in a position to complain? Who can tell without trying? Success is your proof. So is your definition of success. Cf. AL iii 16.*

## THE EIGHTEENTH WORKING

The Banquet of Jupiter began at lunch. Then we bade Br. Sir B.S. Hammond the Good Knight God-speed.

*This may have been your normal everyday kind of English knight, or even baronet; but more likely it was an O.T.O. title. If deserved, much more illustrious.*

At the conclusion of the banquet, the spirit of Mars waxed strong, and O.S.V. tare L.T. with bitter words, to which Fra. L.T., like a good brother as he is, replied with modesty, humility, courtesy, forbearance and brotherly love. (The averse Mercury also seized upon Fra. O.S.V. during



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the writing of this last sentence!)

*Crowley's sense of humor and his capacity to laugh at himself—one of his many saving graces.*

However, the Brethren embraced in the name of Jupiter, and opened the Temple at 10.30. A lengthy ceremony followed, the usual rite being followed by ... vatem .... virgo ... orally. The image of the Most High was thus richly adorned with due ornament. The Temple closed at 1.5. A.M. die Mercurii, the forces being completely absorbed.

## THE NINETEENTH WORKING

Fra. O.S.V. during the day had a feverish attack resembling influenza; but receiving the remedy of Jupiter from the hands of the Lay Sister Jane Chéron, was miraculously made whole, though the aftermath still slightly inconveniences him, he having perhaps taken the Remedy in excess.

The Temple opened at 11.28 and closed at 12.50 A.M. die Jovis, the ceremony being most magnificent. (Query: this represents the West Wind as last night the East, and the first night of this series the North?) During the versicle, O.S.V. saw the Sarcophagus of Ankh-f-n-khonsu, a misty dawn of gold at the East of the Altar, erect. At the climax it flooded the room with white radiance. The ceremony raised Fra. O.S.V. from discomfort, sleepiness, and fever to the top of his form.

L.T. gets a white elephant with the word LEX: Labor est + (the phallus in its sense of the completed Work). Also Baphomet spelt כפמח, 1082 (Note, 1081 = Tiphareth, add 1 for the נ therein. No! O.M.). The atmosphere is marvellous calm and sweet, soft as the kisses of Zephyros—a perfect peace and joy.

During the day, by the way, Fra. O.S.V. got the idea that Fra. L.T. would make a perfect low comedian, and thus gain much gold.

*Neuburg must have said something that amused him very much; possibly, even deliberately joking, and playing the low comedian. In hindsight, it is melancholy that Neuburg did not try to become a low comedian indeed. He might have made much money for himself and the Work. As it is, he ran back to Mom—or rather, Mom grabbed him back. And*



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*everybody knows about Jewish mothers—or at least, so say Jewish sons.*

### THE TWENTIETH WORKING

Temple opened at 10, closed 11 P.M. die Jovis.

On Friday, Fra. O.S.V. got a letter making a most valuable introduction: also full confirmation of the other matter. Praise Him! Fra. O.S.V.'s malady now reasserted itself, however, with great force. He has much fever and bronchitis and is obliged to take to his bed. Today, of the Moon, he is still very ill, but yet determined to continue the Operation as well as he may, though with maimed rites.

### THE TWENTY-FIRST WORKING

The Temple was opened mentally by O.S.V. at about 9.10, and closed at 9.25. In spite of all the handicap, the ceremony went exceedingly well. An excellent atmosphere was obtained, and O.S.V.'s temperature went down .4 degrees!!!

### THE TWENTY-SECOND WORKING

Fra. O.S.V. is now recovered, and is ungrateful enough to the doctor—an excellent and clever practitioner—to give yet greater thanks to Jupiter. His temperature went down .3 C during the actual ceremony, which opened at 9.30 and closed at 10.15.

This was in some respects the best we have yet done. Fra. L.T. "got Jupiter", in his own pregnant phrase, and went on with the mechanism of the Accendat and the preparations for the performance of the Versicle before O.S.V. had finished his hexagram ritual (done after the verbal invocation of Amoun); but the Haud secus itself was brilliant and inspired, and the result overwhelming—a glow of stupendous success.

*The mechanisms of the psyche are interesting. "Got Jupiter", in his*



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*own pregnant phrase, and went on with the mechanism of the Accendat and the preparations for the performance of the Versicle before O.S.V. had finished his hexagram ritual; this means that before Crowley had gone through the preliminaries of opening the Temple completely Neuburg, excited, was caressing him and trying to penetrate him; which does not augur well for Neuburg's self-control, but we already know he had none to write home about. "In his own pregnant phrase"—Crowley, the buggered, emphasizes his own essential maleness, or at least Neuburg's essential femininity, in the use of the word "pregnant". But the whole of this was really done on three different levels: one, the personality asserting itself as male; two, the scientist skeptically examining the whole thing. ( Had Neuburg really got Jupiter? Or was he just horny? If the doubt did not exist, the situation would not have been expressed as it was, for Crowley had minimal, if any, sexual self-doubts by this time). And finally the third: the advanced magician balancing the pairs of opposites: for Neuburg manifested the God's essential maleness by becoming femininely open to Him.*

## THE TWENTY-THIRD WORKING

Fra. O.S.V. worked very hard from 6.30 A.M. after a bad night, yet was well and strong in the ceremony, which went magnificently. At the Quia Patris, he saw his shadow plainly on the dim reddish wall in the East, although at the West there was but another such wall, and the firelight (in the North) was without effective radiance. The ceremony was more brilliant and ecstatic even than last night. Fra. L.T. is even more completely exhausted than before.

3.18 A.M. Message for A.G.: "Without pity, act. Guests dally on couches of mother of pearl in the garden. Go to the Holy House of Hathor and offer the five jewels of the cow on her altar. Then go under the night stars in the desert and invoke Nuit." Result: establishment of Nuit cult. A previous divination had given (two days before) "Is not the Nile a beautiful water?", the question being, should I go to Tunis for A.G.? (Tunis being nearer the Pillars of Hercules and the Ocean of the West. The



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Jupiterian events of a minor character are now so frequent that they are too many to record without tedium. Contrary events do not occur at all.

### THE TWENTY-FOURTH WORKING

Fra. O.S.V. had a sleepless night and had to work all day. Yet, opening the Temple at 6.15 and closing it at 7, this great Operation was brought to a successful end. The ceremony was calm and deep, the very aroma of earth in spring. After the Work, Fra. L.T. performed divination by Thelema and obtained this versicle:

"I am thou, and the Pillar is 'stablished in the Void."

During the Haud secus, Fra. L.T. was taken by Jupiter to be His cup-bearer. Fra. O.S.V. beheld the Violet, formless and of Dhyanic intensity.

P.S. Result: Fra. O.S.V. obtained the gifts of Jupiter as he asked, and was further made like Jupiter in his aspect as Amoun. During the whole summer he had but to ask to obtain.

Fra. L.T., on the contrary, became Jupiter the bestower, and many unworthy folk became his guests.

*We return to the esoteric record of the Workings.*

Die Lunae, Jan. 19, 11.45. The Rites of Jupiter were duly performed on this and the next two days. With regard to the ceremony of Wednesday, I have to add to the esoteric record that Fra. O.S.V. was at one time a consecrated prostitute in the Temple of the Sun at Agrigentum. This Temple had a "long square" (2 x 1) outer court. In the upper square was a square Temple—with facade and pillars. O.S.V., whose name was at that time Asteris (or something similar) used to sit on the steps and receive sacrifices. I think the name was Astarte, but am afraid of having been rational. (*Later note:* Asteria is the exact name of the Great Mother Goddess in Tyre. I did not know this. I regard this as a historical proof of the accuracy of the vision. O.M.)

*Not by itself, certainly. But the historical accuracy of such visions is important only to parapsychologists. To the individual involved, they are as*



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*useful to the discovery of his or her True Will as are his or her dreams; which is to say, very useful.*

The great sacrifice of Spring was to cut open a bull, and lay a virgin in the hot carcass, there to be violated by the High Priest. She was finally choked in the bull's blood (in orgasmo).

*Now, this is an obvious contradiction in terms, and the kind of feminine reaction that nasty-minded or disturbed adolescent males dream of while masturbating: that a woman can be raped, and yet the rapist be so adroit in the use of his appendage, or the appendage itself so big and thick and hot and hard, you know, that she will experience an orgasm. Add to that the fact that she experiences the orgasm while choking in bull's blood inside a bleeding, freshly open carcass, and you have a very peculiar woman indeed (to say nothing of a very peculiar man).*

*Nevertheless, many things are simply a matter of cultural conditioning. The average sensitive woman, for instance, might have a hard time reaching an orgasm under Masters and Johnson's laboratory conditions; at least on the first try. True, sensitive women probably would not even volunteer for such sessions, unless their intelligence was as high as their sensitivity, and they perceived the importance of obtaining scientific data in these matters.*

*Undeniably, in the days when human sacrifice was more rampant than it is now (if you think we don't have it officially these days, think of wars, revolutions, terrorism, political and financial assassinations, for instance), quite a lot of the victims went willingly to the sacrifice (as quite a lot go today, in the name of patriotism, for instance); and also, undoubtedly, many of those victims were skilfully drugged beforehand, so as to dull the pain and the horror and increase the mystical ecstasy of the annihilation of the individual consciousness in the God's—or at least the egregora's.*

*But it is jejune to suppose that, under the conditions above described, a normal woman, in a normal mental state, would reach an orgasm every time, or even most of the times. Specially a virgin. The whole thing is a very unwholesome male dream of sadistic power; and this kind of dream, we repeat, is still, in milder variations, very common in masturbating men. The women in masturbatory visualizations always "come". And, as you know, if you treat them badly, they keep dragging themselves back to your*



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*mighty feet, begging for more.*

*We may add a seemingly cynical, and certainly sad reservation: there are masochistic women, and "normality", in the sense of mental and moral health, is almost as rare as genius. "Macho" men always seem to find company; not always male company, either. If the average woman in America were healthy and in her right mind, and if the average man in America were in the equivalent state, the E.R.A. would have gone through quickly. It might even not have become necessary. And the feminists would not be a minority, which they undoubtedly are. Don't worry, girls. Quality is better than quantity—at least, to discriminating Gods; Phyllis Schlafly and Marabel Morgan would possibly have choked eagerly in bull's blood, having multiple vaginal orgasms.*

*Now that we have taken care of the psychological and social aspects of the problem, it might be well to remark on the religious aspect too: a devout woman, specially a young girl, in those days, might have felt it her duty to go willingly to the sacrifice, and might have felt genuine pleasure in the catharsis of it. After all, when a modern-day nun takes a vow of sexual abstinence for the rest of her life, and keeps it, is there much difference, except that the fate of the virgin in the bull's carcass was mercifully quicker?*

Within the Temple was a circular domed shrine about 40 feet across. The priestesses used to carry their offerings to the Altar of Incense in the East, while the blood of the victims went to a big font in the West. (The door of this shrine was in the North; in the South was a statue of a Sun-God of a Syrian type—rather more like Bacchus than Apollo.)

The secret of the Temple was the *midnight sun*. Globes of fire used to gather on the font, and from the other altar, and begin to revolve in the shrine. They would coalesce and then become one, which stood single and unmoving all night, only fading with dawn.

*If that was the price of the human sacrifices, a poor purchase indeed! For He shines at midnight, regardless of human sacrifice; and He does not shine in sectarian temples for a few, but everywhere for all.*

Astarte (Asteria?) surprised the secret, and penetrated into the shrine at the midnight sacrifice and adoration of this globe. She was slain instantly by the priests, who passed their words again and again through her body.



## THE PARIS WORKING

This death was extreme pleasure.

*Astarte, or Asteria, seems to have been a very mixed-up girl.*

*Again, however, there is a mystical meaning, and a true possibility: by surprising the secret, Asteria would have been challenging the entire social structure that this particular worship represented; and her death might have been an Initiation pleasing to her and therefore to Him of Whom we spoke above; every step is a death and a birth.*

The body was thrown out upon the court at the foot of the Temple steps, and made tabu, so that it might be "devoured by the Sun".

*Precisely what we mentioned before. "As above, so below."*

She had incurred this incarnation as the result of various misdemeanours in Greece about a hundred years before.

*Too bad he does not detail those "misdemeanors". Frankly, we find the whole theory of "bad" and "good" Karma, and "expiation" of past mistakes, errors, misdemeanors or whatnot, mostly a crock of ineffable bullshit.*

*"There is no Grace; there is no Guilt;*

*"This is the Law: DO WHAT THOU WILT!"*

Her incarnations had always been at short intervals. It appears that in the beginning most people cannot bear frequent incarnations, and need long restorative periods of rest and peace. But superior spirits take a great oath, and get on faster. They suffer more in proportion. You can recognise them by sensitiveness, which is sometimes in the painful or morbid degree. This is the case when the G.W. has been forgotten for an incarnation, or part of it; the idea is to impress the fact of the oath upon the sufferer.

*Astarte (he obviously settled for Astarte, rather than Asteria, after all) in her Grecian avatar had been a rather worldly priest.*

*Ah!*

Her childhood was one of great misery. She had been taken by pirates and ill-treated. She came from Leghorn or its neighborhood. A ship-wreck let her on the coast of Sicily. People found her, and finding her an expert prostitute (she was now fourteen), put her in a brothel. She hated the life. At a spring festival she was lucky enough to attract a young priest who took her, put her through a year's purification, and added her to the Temple staff. But she only saw a dull routine, through applying herself to advance-



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ment in her profession by the skill of her embraces.

*It was customary then for temples of certain deities to have sacred prostitutes on their staff, of either sex. The custom was also common among the biblical Hebrews, as can be seen from their own accounts. Civilization has progressed beyond such immorality, at least in America. Here, all prostitutes end up on the Mafia staff, including the ones on Capitol Hill.*

However, at the age of 20 or thereabouts, she "got religion" and began to act "con amore". From this time she was rather the terror of the Temple. She used to do strange things, excesses, record-breaking acts, and so on. In fact, she was a little mad; had a *touch of the sun*, as it were. However, she got the name of being inspired now and then, and was used in some of the public ceremonies. She made a young priest fall madly in love with her on one such occasion, and they violated their vows by carnal copulation of an irreligious character.

*You really can't keep a good girl up, it seems.*

In this way she made him tell her the secret of the Temple; she then killed him the same night, so that he should never betray the fact that he had betrayed the Mysteries.

*Nice, political girl; really on line for the Vatican boss seat, where she later sat.*

She was a slim, lean, nervous girl with a long face, a Roman nose, rather full lips, a very strong body from constant exercise, a habit of wriggling as if consumed by an inward itch, abundant and very wiry black hair which she sometimes dyed, very strong and very sharp and white and regular teeth, deep violet eyes, very wide apart, and set obliquely like Chinese eyes. Her cheek-bones were high, and her expression fierce. Her breasts were quite undeveloped, and her body like a man's, or rather, like a boy's. Her vulva was lean and muscular, the nymphae hardly developed at all.

Astarte was her Temple name; her own was Felicia. Her parents were peasants, vine dressers, in winter woodcutters. (This description is most strangely like Alostrael.)

*Not where full lips are concerned.*

Working Jan. 26 1914 e.v.

Began about 11.30, ended about 12.30.



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*Rather short time.*

After the Accendat, O.S.V. did an inspired dance of the seductive-fugitive order.

After the Haud Secus the Brethren revelled in the atmosphere, and then, in talking about this, O.S.V. remembered he had been a priestess in what he thought was Greece of an orientalised type. L.T. recognised this as Crete. O.S.V. agreed.

L.T. saw a green figure constantly dancing round the altar.

*This was not Abanael; it is part of the memory of the past incarnation now to be detailed.*

The ceremony was of initiation; this dance was the temptation. Neophytes were accepted if laughingly indifferent, or if, on the other hand, they refused to be played with, and violated the woman no matter how she struggled. Half measures were punished by having their testicles removed by a special instrument on the principle of a candle-snuffer, but with a regular cup instead of a guard.

*We suppose that the ones who laughed became theologians, and the ones who raped became sacrificers. A neat anachronic take-off on natural selection—as interpreted in Iowa.*

After the operation the instrument was thrust into the brazier, and the man thrust into the earthquake fissure, where he perished miserably.

*No earthquake fissure has been mentioned; obviously, the record was jotted down later, and details that were in the memory were not all set down. But the two magicians were becoming sloppy by this time; the records lose detail and analysis. Drunk on too much atmosphere, perhaps; or yearning too much for gold; or simply exhausted by the magickal strain. Cf. AL ii 70 and the Commentaries thereon. We must not forget, either, that they had been avoiding blood sacrifice, although the God himself—or at least the egregora—was repeatedly asking for it.*

When all the flesh was gone, and the bones had dropped to the bottom, the next initiation could take place.

*Not a very practical arrangement, if you want frequent initiations; as you will, if you are that kind of priest, running that kind of worship. Billy Graham would never have made money that way.*

This Temple had pillars, a black floor shining like glass, mirrors to



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render the chase difficult. There were three priests, the lion-mask, the bull-mask, and the eagle-mask.

The initiate himself was the Fourth Kerub. These mysteries are the same—or very nearly the same—as the Samothracian mysteries.

O.S.V. had twenty-eight handmaidens. She was dressed in silver tissues, representing the way in which the moon slips away from the sun, and then falls back into his embraces; that is the idea of the dance.

*We remind the reader that this memory came after he became inspired into the dance of a "seductive-fugitive kind" mentioned at the beginning of the Working.*

O.S.V.'s name was Aia, which is really Gaia.

Twelve virgins were sacrificed annually, one a month.

*How easier it was to find virgins in those uncivilized days! I suppose the women got wise to it, after a while, and decided to alter the conditions.*

Released on menstruation, because they became impure, and so could not live in the Temple.

This is the great idea of magicians in all time: To obtain a Messiah by some adaptation of the sexual process.

*This is totally incorrect, and Crowley should have known better, were he not under Neuburg's influence, the egregorae's influence, etc. Magicians are not trying to obtain "Saviours"; we are just trying to improve Humankind as a whole; and Crowley himself, later on, defined this ideal to himself and others in a Masterly way. Cf. the Essay on "Mastery" in*  
**LITTLE ESSAYS TOWARD TRUTH.**

*Nevertheless, civilization, as anything else, progresses by steps. We should not blame the Alchemists for not being geneticists, since Genetic Chemistry would have been impossible without those pioneers; and in the days of which Crowley is speaking above, perhaps the Initiates defined civilization as obtaining Savors. Was not Crowley the Incarnation of a Savior, himself? Indeed, perhaps the greatest one to date?*

In Assyria they tried incest; also in Egypt; the Egyptians tried brothers and sisters, the Assyrians mothers and sons. Phoenicians tried fathers and daughters; Greeks and Syrians mostly bestiality. This idea came from India. The Jews sought to do this by invocation methods...

*Certainly, the most intelligent, most sophisticated way, if so; but*



## THE PARIS WORKING

*Crowley remembered in time, and added in a note: "Also by paedicatis feminatum." Too bad they haven't tried it more often, since it is—for worshippers of the Jehovah of the Old Testament, at any rate—the very crown of sophistication at the present Time-Space Node for them!*

The Mohammedans tried homosexuality; mediaeval philosophers tried to produce homunculi by making chemical experiments with semen.

But the root idea is that any form of procreation other than normal is likely to produce results of a magickal character.

*This absolutely does not mean that the results would be desirable, either in a relative or a general sense.*

Either the father of the child should be a symbol of the sun, or the mother a symbol of the moon.

*This again is egregoric obsession—if one may coin an unhappy adjective. The Sun was considered female in matriarchal times, and the Moon male—cf. "Sin", for instance; so, any symbology in which the Sun is "male" and the Moon "female" would necessarily date from the Aeon of Osiris. The entire point, as far as Thelemic considerations go, is that BOTH the Sun and the Moon are necessary to produce... whatever will be produced in the next few thousand, or—optimistically—next few hundred years.*

*In short, we are looking for a FREE, SPONTANEOUS association of Male and Female; not for slavery of one by the other, no matter how the roles would be distributed in such a case. Nor, from the point of view of Magick, is the physical sex of the participants the essential or dominating factor. Cf. LXV v 44 and the Commentaries thereon.*

## SPRING CEREMONIES IN CRETE

There was a labyrinth there; they had the worship of Apis from Egypt. (See Frazer and others on bull-worship; Shiva, etc.)

There was a sacred bull in this labyrinth, quite white. At the spring festival they sacrificed twelve virgins to him.

*Et crudelis amor tauri et supposite furto,  
Pasiphae ..... Aeneid VI.*

They wanted to get a Minotaur, an incarnation of the Sun, a Messiah. They said they had one, but they hadn't.



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*Well, the Roman-Alexandrinians did the same; but they, unfortunately, did not live on an island, so they harmed many more people with their lie.*

L.T. was named Mardocles. Fair, very handsome, squarish golden beard. A very noble edition of Rudolph Cyriax.

*A popular leading-man then, forgotten now.*

Hair curled in Assyrian manner, wore Chiton.

O.S.V. killed him by dancing badly.

L.T. being initiated, O.S.V. and handmaidens came out and danced. O.S.V. fell in love and spoiled her dancing.

L.T. knew what to do, and couldn't remain indifferent, but couldn't be brutal. And so, at the last moment, L.T. spared O.S.V. and was thrust out of the Temple; but neither killed nor castrated. She was also expelled.

*If true, the priests watching had standards of a sort, after all. Cf. LIBER 333, Ch. 60, and the Commentary thereon.*

L.T. and O.S.V. went penniless and sad into a town.

O.S.V. did up L.T.'s sandals, which had come undone.

*This type of detail is much more telling in this kind of memory, much more impressive, than remembering that you were Cleopatra, or Elizabeth I, or Saint Germain, or Jesus Christ.*

L.T. despised O.S.V. for ruining his career; he had been a merchant, a very wealthy corn-merchant (with a very rich father), and he had given up everything for initiation. L.T. was a special favourite of the high priest, the high priest being a friend of his father.

*A worldly priest, certes.*

L.T. was about 24 or 25, but much older than his years.

L.T. hated O.S.V., but was too chivalrous to leave her.

L.T. only cared for O.S.V. while she danced; he felt he had ruined O.S.V.'s career as well as his own.

We sat down, two doors away from the cobbler's, on a stone.

O.S.V. did up L.T.'s sandal strap. The cobbler offered to do it free; L.T. was so handsome. We were asked to the evening meal.

The cobbler had an ugly scolding wife looking like "Billiken", or the Duchess in "Alice."

A tiny little black room with children, including a boy of twelve or so.



## THE PARIS WORKING

The cobbler wanted us to go on the staff. This was, perhaps, in Ephesus; a sea-side place, anyhow.

His proposal was the only hope to avoid being sold for slaves by the magistrates.

*Then, as now, if you were poor you did not have a chance. Either you proved you could support yourself, or you had to be supported by someone. If not a parent or a relative, then by a friend; if not by a friend, then by an owner. The only difference in Communist countries is that you get supported by the State—provided you make faithful Marxist-Leninist, or Maoist, or Castrist, or whatever, sounds.*

But we were too proud, and said we would be sold for slaves, and we were.

*Meaning that a man who could afford slaves (not a woman, in those days, unless she were a courtesan) would be a higher class person than a cobbler, and be able to afford them a better living. Everything is relative, as Einstein used to say. (Was not it he who said, at the end of his life, that if he had known what life was like in the U.S.A., he would have become a plumber, and had some freedom of expression and time for thought? Naturally, it is only in the U.S.A. that plumbers are so rich in leisured money as all that. In Russia, for instance, he might have preferred to become a Commissar. Oh well, I'm letting my wit carry me away again.)*

A man with a country house and a beautiful wife bought us.

*Hmn. There are possibilities for the script of an Emanuelle IV here. Shut up, Mark Motta!*

His name was Demetrius, more like Demephorius? Demephorus.

We were employed about the house.

It was part of the ordinary duty of a servant to amuse the family, by various copulations. Only beautiful slaves were chosen for this purpose.

*Not always. Then, as today, dwarfs and deformed people were highly prized by the jaded connoisseurs.*

O.S.V. died of pneumonia some few months after.

Mistress a really classic type. Syro-Phoenician beauty. Grecian nose; coal black curls, beautiful anklets, bracelets, etc. Swathed in purple nearly always. Thin mouth; smile like Gioconda, but with corners turned down. The man was a fool; easy-going; rather like Bourcier.



## THE EQUINOX

*A hotel-keeper who put up with Crowley for years after everybody else had given up on him—and is being called a fool for thanks. A.C.'s last years may have been a requital for this kind of easy evaluation of people who were kind to him when they did not have to be. But then, when he wrote this, he had not yet reached the point when he depended on Bourcier's easy-goingness for shelter.*

All this was long before the Trojan war. Very civilized; before the Greek civilization we know of. Or perhaps more Assyrian, or Phoenician.

*More likely Phoenician.*

Asia-Minor the scene of this.

They used oared galleys.

"I shall never forget the look you gave me in the slave market".  
(O.S.V.)

"I am always unlucky for you, you know; you always have to sacrifice everything for my love. You don't want to in the least; that is because we both have hold of the wrong end of the stick. If only I could leave you, and you could love me. It would be lucky. But that has apparently never happened. Mutual indifference and mutual passion, and so on."

*There follows the memory of still another incarnation; we do not know if got on this occasion or another, for by this time they were not bothering, apparently, with such details as accurate record-keeping.*

.....

We played instruments in Corinth as girls.

? (L.T.'s name is not remembered) had white skin. Chryssipe had yellow hair (O.S.V.).

We made popular Lesbian songs all day.

We went on for years, and years, and years. We were sixty, and terribly famous... Like Zena and Phyllis Dare.

*Or like Lillian Gish and whoever was her companion at the time; except that Gish put up such a good front of being not only "straight" but "virtuous" that she fooled fools for half a century, at least.*

This devotion of ours became proverbial in Corinth; we had to keep it up, exactly like a vicar and his wife in public.



## THE PARIS WORKING

After forty-three and a half years it got awful; then we retired to our country estates; but we had the habit over there. We turned into old maids. We had really loved with the most intense and true passion for a year or so; and then kept it up for profit.

*Like most married couples, if they are lucky.*

But we were not cynical about it; we really fancied ourselves as the ideal lovers of Corinth.

*They were not even intelligent, then; just cunning. Or perhaps, very adept at* **LIBER III**, *Section iii.*

Incarnation about wolves forgotten. Diana of Ephesus. We went on a mission, a business mission, of a Temple nature. *Not* L.T. (thank God)

*This is probably the funniest comment in this whole Record.*

There were wolves, a plague of them.

.....

### Inspection of Cakkras

O.S.V. ?3-5 A.M. Feb. 8.

Muladhara: Blood-red, velvety, deep-bell shape. Around it the Kundalini coiled, but in constant spiral motion.

Luminous triangle—mirror-like—opens at base (very small). I looked down through infinite stages of these triangles; at the bottom glitters a pearl-like (but self-luminous and most intense) phallus. Presently this goes, and up the tunnel march millions of men of every race, creed, caste and colour—not a single woman.

*The "tunnel" IS Woman.*

Svadhasthana: Very large, flattish white lotus; greenish tips to edges, very pale and fair; it floats in pale blue.

Manipura: A chrysanthemum of rainbow petals, active-like folding and refolding, comprehending alternatively microcosm and the macrocosm.

Anahata: Mostly gold and pearls with rubies and sapphires, I think, but this fades in memory.

Visuddhi: Myriad radiating knives of pure golden light; in all directions.

*These descriptions should be compared to "Bishop" Leadbeater's description of the Cakkras; and compared with the serious student's personal experience as well.*

.....



## THE EQUINOX

*Here ends the Record of this series of Workings. It will be noticed that the Record becomes fragmentary towards the end; also, it will be noticed that the two experimenters concentrated mainly on Hermes and Jupiter—the first to get the second, and the second to get gold...*

*Nevertheless, Crowley had prepared, with Walter Duranty's help, the whole series of Mantras necessary for the invocation of the Greco-Roman Pantheon. These have been translated by Mr. Martin P. Starr, and we append the original Latin version and the translation for those who may want to continue this line of research and magickal Work (the Invocations should, of course, be done in the Latin version).*



## THE PARIS WORKING

### THE HOLY HYMNS TO THE GREAT GODS OF HEAVEN

#### 1. Jupiter

Haud secus ac puerum spumanti semine vates  
Lustrat; dum gaudens accipit alter aquas  
Sparge, precor, servis hominum rex atque deorum  
Juppiter omnipotens, aurea dona, tuis.

And just as when the priest purifies the boy  
With foaming seed, while the other rejoicing accepts the waters,  
Sprinkle, I pray, Jupiter, king of gods and men, all powerful,  
Golden gifts upon thy servants.

#### 2. Mercury.

Jungitur en vati vates; rex inclyte παῖδου,  
Hermes tu venias, verba nefanda ferens.

Priest is joined with priest; renowned king of the wand,  
Come thou, Hermes, bearing the unutterable words.

#### 3. Venus.

Tu Venus orta mari venias, tu filia Patris,  
Exaudi penis carmina blanda, precor.  
Ne sit culpa nates nobis futuisse viriles,  
Sed caleat cunnus semper amore meo.

Come thou, Venus, born of the sea, daughter of the Father.  
Hear the seductive songs of the penis, I pray.  
May our sin not be to have fucked male asses,  
But let the cunt always flame with my love.



## THE EQUINOX

### 4. Iuppiter Ammon.

Per regni sancti signum da Iuppiter Ammon;  
Da nobis plena munera plena manu.

Through the mark of the holy kingdom, give, o Jupiter Ammon,  
Give to us abounding gifts with a full hand.

### 5. Vesta.

Vesta beata adsis, virgo da lampada nobis.  
Det semen dominus terque quaterque suo suae.  
Det semen flammam vitalem vinumque deorum  
Omnia quae redeant, Vesta beata, tibi.

O blessed Vesta, be present, O virgin, give us the torch.

Let the Lord give semen to his/her own three and four  
times.

Let the semen give the fire of life and the wine of the gods  
So that all things return to you, O blessed Vesta.

### 6. Iacchus.

En templo resonat nunc mystica vannus Iacchi;  
Accedas adyto Sancta Columba tuo.  
Intra dum nates agitat thyrsus pueriles  
Vates; omne actum est; Sancta Columba, veni!

Lo! Now the mystical fan of Iacchus resounds in the temple;  
Holy Dove, draw near your sanctuary.

While within the boyish buttocks the priest drives on the  
thyrsus;

All is done; O Holy Dove, come!



## THE PARIS WORKING

### 7. Priapus.

Semina nunc molli dat mentula saeva cinaedo.

Aspectu gaudens ipse Priapus adest  
Gaudens exaudi; nobis sit mentula semper  
Et rigida et roseo semen ab ore jacens.

The mentula gives harsh semen to the soft cinaede.

Rejoicing at the sight, Priapus himself is present,  
Rejoicing hear us: may our mentula always be  
Hurling forth semen from its rigid and rosy mouth.

### 8. Mars.

Hoc solet ad Martem ritu coluisse ferocem

Vir purus cunni sic placet omne deo

Hostis fac collum nostro subuisse triumpho

Numina tum Martis carmine saeva canam.

It is customary to have given worship to fierce Mars with this rite.

Thus a man pure of cunt is wholly pleasing to the god.  
Make us lead the enemy under the yoke in our triumph;  
Then may I sing of the fierce powers of Mars in song.

*This interpretation of Mars as favoring homosexual over heterosexual behavior is open to question; Mars was traditionally infatuated with Venus, and Rome, a city dedicated to Mars, was founded on rape of women, not of men.*

*Here follows Mr. Starr's learned comment on the Hymns:*

*"These Hymns by Aleister Crowley were written for use in Invocations, as can be seen from the preliminary account of THE PARIS WORKING: 'Thereby he being brought to the end of his resources, he bethought himself to pray to the Great Gods of Heaven that they should bestow favour upon him—for even as did Job, he cursed God not at all—that he might make a new sacrifice unto the Magnum Opus.'*



## THE EQUINOX

*"This translation of these Hymns was made from a copy in Crowley's hand preserved in the Humanities Research Center, University of Texas at Austin. Although it is stated that the first Hymn was 'made with my friend the Art-Bachelor Walter Duranty', all the rough notes and the finished copy are in A.C.'s hand alone.*

*"A static analysis of the Hymns shows a mastery of rules of quantity surprising in a man who claimed that 'I had the makings of a sound classical scholar, but I could not bring myself to memorize Greek and Latin poetry... the rules of scansion meant nothing to me, because no one explained their connection with the way a poem should be read.' (Autohagiography, I, 92) A comparison of these Hymns with the 'Introductory Pindaric Ode' in Alexandra will demonstrate A.C.'s poetic abilities in Latin, a language he was capable of using for both serious and silly ends.*

MARTIN P. STARR"



## AND NOW...

# WHAT A LOT OF YOU

# HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR

## TURN THE PAGE!



## THE EQUINOX

*"The translation of these Hymns was made from a copy in Crowley's hand preserved in the Humanities Research Center, University of Texas at Austin. Although it is noted that the first Hymn was 'made with my friend the Art-Scholar Walter Dugan', all the rough notes and the finished copy are in A. C.'s hand alone.*

*A close analysis of the Hymns shows a mastery of rules of quantity surprising in a man who claimed to be a门外汉 of a sound classical scholar, but I could not bring myself to dismiss the Greek and Latin poetry. The rules of scansion meant nothing to me, because no one explained their connection with the way a poem should be read. (Autobiography, p. 1, 92) A comparison of these Hymns with the 'introduction' by the 'Ode on Alexandria' will show that A. C.'s poetic abilities are not only not dead, but are still alive.*

## THE BAGH-I-MUATTAR

KARTIN P. STARR

BUT FIRST...



## INTRODUCTION

*Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.*

The present edition of this Crowley masterpiece is based on the copy at the Warburg Institute in London. Mr. Jeremy Charles Ellis, at that time English Director of the Society Ordo Templi Orientis, copied it page per page, adding the following biographical note:

"On the front cover of the book is written:

1. *The Scented Garden* deals entirely with paederasty, of which the author saw much evidence in India. It is an attempt to understand the mind of the Persian, while the Preliminary Essay does the same for the English clergyman. 100 copies printed, many of these purposely destroyed.

2. From A.C.'s diary for April An XX (1924 e.v.): 'B-i-M serious. A practical joke, yet with the object of presenting mystical truths in the Oriental style so as to deceive experts. Also, to guard those truths from those people shallow enough to be put off by the symbolism. 200, £3.00. A few only sold by Probsthain or self. Many burnt and no trace of evil.'<sup>1</sup>

3. Extract from an unpublished letter of A.C. to Norman Mudd received 6 Oct. 1924 e.v.: "'Obscene" character of B-i-M: No man shall penetrate the mystic secret of this book if he can either be excited or shocked by its symbolism.'

'There are irrelevant "frills", some to complete the camouflage, some for more personal convenience. (e.g. the 99 names of God, etc. etc.) The whole is an artistic masterpiece— and so difficult to see as a sacred textbook because I was (and am) young, foolish, and a poet.' "

Mr. Ellis adds: "These are all written in the hand of A.C. in pencil in the front cover of the book. It was His personal copy, G.J. Yorke bought it in 1929 e.v. and gave it to Him. On His death, G.J. Yorke took it back again as it was among his effects. So says a note by G.J. Yorke."

1. Irony, of course. The excessive reaction to the book was not from the general public, who did not buy it, but from those many elements in British government and bureaucracy who had violently suppressed homosexual tendencies—or were very closeted faggots.



## THE EQUINOX

*It can be seen that Mr. Yorke was what Americans call an Indian giver. The book belonged, of course, to the O.T.O., and should have been sent to Mr. Karl Johannes Germer in New York along with the rest of Crowley's literary effects, as per his last will and testament. The only possible explanation for Mr. Yorke not having done so was personal feelings of irritation at Mr. Germer (a damned Hun, to boot!) having been chosen as Successor rather than Mr. Yorke or some dear friend of Mr. Yorke's. This kind of attitude has been reflected in many others since. Instead of sending the book over, Mr. Yorke sent a typewritten copy which we had an opportunity to study in 1956 e.v. in Barstow, California, where Mr. Germer was then living and where he initiated us (a little prematurely, in our opinion; but he was always very kindly disposed towards his pupils, something that he often had reasons to regret) in the Sanctuary of the Gnosis.*

*To write notes or commentaries on a book like the Bagh-i-Muattur is a very difficult task, for one must measure carefully what to say and what not to say. Secrets do exist, and ought to be respected; but not because the profane are "unworthy". The intention is not to shield the Holy of Holies from the uninitiated, but to shield the uninitiated from blunders or pitfalls. When dealing with the mind and its training, one must avoid with utmost carefulness the possibility of auto-suggestion or hypnosis. These can be totally unconscious, which makes them even more tiresome. Many is the patient who, undergoing psychoanalysis, developed precisely the set of symptoms the analyst expected the patient to have. Telepathy, empathy and subliminal suggestion must always be considered in any prolonged relationship between human beings. Sometimes my students complain that I expect certain modes of behavior from them, but do not tell them of my expectations. The point is, they should either show the desired behavior spontaneously or they will be slaves, not free agents. A person who behaves honestly because told to do so, or because afraid of sanctions (human or "divine") in this world or another, is not truly honest at all. Indeed, from the Initiates's point of view, is not better than a dog, and sometimes is worse.*

*Therefore one refrains from talking too much, or explaining too much; and one makes severe the Ordeals. Hasty thinkers then accuse us of snobishness or selfish hoarding of information to better our fortunes (either*



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

*interpreted as power or as money). Indeed, our behavior seems to contradict the first tenet of the Method of Science, which the A.'. A.'. claims to follow: to wit, free and full imparting of information to all. But here we are caught on the horns of a dilemma. Should we tell people "If you do this and that, you can expect such and such results," and the this and the that involve mind states, it is very possible that they will auto-suggest a simulacrum of the desired result; and be deceived by their false triumph for the rest of their lives, accusing us of unfairness or hogging, to boot, if we refuse to accept their "trance" or whatever as genuine. Also (and this is worse), sometimes a desired result can be genuinely achieved by auto-suggestion; but the overall needs of one's desvelopment demanded that the result should not be the outcome of deliberate cultivation, but the spontaneous offspring of a series of delicate shifts in the experimenter's psychosoma which (in appearance) had nothing to do with their by-product. In short, it is much more important to be a decent human being than to be an "Adept". The race is not always to the swift; it all depends on the character of the tortoise.*

*Dealing with a book like the "B-i-M" (as A.C. used affectionately to refer to it), then, one must be careful about what to say and what not to say. This is not one of the Holy Books, where one does this anyway; but it directly and indirectly matters where the dividing line between debauch, perversion, sado-masochism on one side and purity, moral integrity and balanced sexuality on the other is like a razor's edge. (We do not refer to so-called "sex magic"; indeed, there is no such thing. Magic is the outcome of volition in any form of activity which involves more than any one plane of existence; and "sex magic" is but an especial aspect of overall magical activity. As A.C. himself said, in an addendum to his brilliant commentary to AL i 52, and any act soever may be used to attain any end soever by the magician who knows how to make the necessary links.*

*First and foremost, then, we must state categorically that this book will be just as useful to female as to male readers, insofar as the mystic (or spiritual) aspect of it is concerned; and will be of very slight use to most homosexuals.<sup>1</sup> Why? Because the human soul is androgyne, not monosex-*

1. We understand that a pirated edition of the Bagh was planned by the ineffable Macfarlane in Canada, and that a "gay" book club had agreed to market it. No further comment!



## THE EQUINOX

*ual, as the so-called Rosicrucians were at pains to hint in some of their symbolic pictures, and as the Alchemists themselves explained again and again, not only in engravings but in writing. This aspect of the polarization of the vehicles is precisely one of the matters we must be very guarded when talking about; for the psychosoma of the Aspirant, man or woman, must pass through the necessary stages of "occult" development without undue meddling on our part.*

*Second, we must declare that there obviously is one aspect of the Bagh in which it will affect men more directly than women: and this is the physical homosexual aspect. Notwithstanding the fact that the soul is androgyne, on the plane of matter, normally, the physical body is monosexual; and one's physical personality is in many senses either swayed or restricted by purely anatomical considerations. The Formula of the Male is Thrust and the Formula of the Female is Enfold, for clinical reasons having to do, respectively, with the shape of the penis and the shape of the vagina; and this is one of those rude facts of life that even Gloria Steinem cannot change, although she may decry. Men and women may be equal in intelligence, in social value, or in spiritual importance; but on this plane there is, as Frenchmen might say, a leetle difference which, at least so far as this writer is concerned, is part of the joy (and the confusion!) of life.*

*Third, the above accepted and understood (with good grace if possible), women will still be able to extract useful magical information from the Bagh; the more so as they may have, in their psychic development, approached that ideal intimated in LXV v 44. Also, should they need any consolation for the unavoidable limitations of the book, they may be glad to know that men, equally, are unlikely to extract any knowledge from it beyond the most banal (on the level of "gay" book clubs!) unless they, also, approach that ideal.*

*Fourth—and not the least important—there is a corollary to all the above, to wit, that female homosexuals may profit from the purely homosexual aspects of the Bagh in ways that this commentator, at least, is unable to foresee, due to his personal limitations of physical sex, experience, and intelligence. It is to be hoped that eventually some Initiate incarnated in a female body may provide a treatise as useful on so many (or more) levels of discourse as the Bagh; we, for one, will be grateful when*



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*that occurs.*

*We hope we have written enough to make clear to the wise what may seem incredible to fools: that the Bagh can have uses beyond the affectation of heavy balls, huge erections, and hairy chests; or the mincing step of the avowed catamite; or the wistful throwing-about of the word "gay" by a sub-section of males who usually are anything but gay—indeed whose noses, behind their melancholy mask of cheerfulness, are often as long as the penises they covet or boast of. This done, and what used to be called the "delicately nurtured" or "gentle" sex being sure of a place at our feast (should they so will), let us pass to more immediate matters.*

*Our personal experience with homosexuality has been much meagerer than rumor would have it. When we were about three years old we were discovered by the gardener trying to insert our "thing" in the "thing" of a neighbor girl of about our age, whom we still remember with all the affection due to her willing and amiable cooperation. The gardener told our mother of our horrible deed, and our mother inquisitioned us, in our father's presence: she wanted to know what had led us to this abomination. We told her candidly that we had merely been trying to reproduce an activity that we had observed her and Daddy at through the bedroom keyhole. Our father almost fainted on the spot, but our mother was made of sterner stuff, and could have out-nixed Nixon or Idi Amin or Rabbi Kahane or any Romish pope: she told us very seriously and solemnly, looking us straight in the eye, that we were mistaken, that she and Daddy had never done such a thing; and we were such a trusting child that we believed her completely, and felt chagrined at our mistake. She made us promise not to do it again; however, the neighbor girl was never allowed on the grounds since. It may have been a prudent measure; although even as a child we never willingly broke a promise, this temptation might have spoiled our record.*

*Some time before this, or some time after (the chronological sequence is obviously important; but our parents' stubborn reluctance to discuss such dreadful matters has left us unable to supply correct dates), we had to live for a while with our mother's father and stepmother, who had a son older and wiler (though not wiser) than ourself, who used to play with us, and once proposed a game, in which he would stick his "thing" in us and we*



## THE EQUINOX

would stick our "thing" in him. We accepted the new game with the same amiable good will that had been displayed by the neighbor girl, but did not much enjoy our part in it: first, because it felt much like an enema, which we had had before and disliked; second, because we felt our partner had urinated inside us. To crown the outrage, he refused to let us stick our "thing" in him when it was our turn (he, of course, was "first"); and as a result, the next time he approached us and proposed the game, we told him no, and threatened to tell our mother if he insisted.<sup>1</sup>

We have a recollection, which may be imaginary (we think not), that this unwillingness of ours to play caused us to be assaulted by a gang of boys of which our stepcousin was a member; the recollection is hazy, perhaps due to enormous shock. At any rate, as a result of the entire incident we developed an intestinal infection that we now believe was of venereal origin, but which, of course, our parents never dreamed—or the doctor they called in—could be such; and to this day our rectum shows scars that baffled physicians on the one or two occasions we have undergone prostate gland examinations.

All those events acquired a changed<sup>2</sup> signification upon our reaching puberty and being subjected to the cultural hang-ups of a Roman Catholic society in the matter of sex. Our emotional development was stunted even in terms of that society, for our father (who by then had been discarded by our mother) had been brought up in a seminary, and not only refused to have pretty or young maids in the house but also scolded us hotly for our

1. On the particular occasion we played the "game", he had locked the door; a short time after we had finished, or rather he had finished, our mother tried to open the door. Finding it locked, she demanded it be opened at once, and extremely angry asked her son what the two of us had been doing. Her anger was her undoing: we remember we were so frightened by it, without understanding it, that we answered we hadn't been doing anything. Had she asked us with calm and gentleness, we would have told her candidly about the new game; for, as the readers may have begun to suspect, we were a very innocent child.

It was our mother's anger that led us to threaten our ex-playmate with it, should he persist in propositioning us; but we did not refuse to play again with him because we feared our mother; we refused because we felt he had cheated us when promising we would have our turn to play the game after he did, and we no longer trusted or liked him.

2. It was, indeed, a puzzled comment on the scarring by the first physician who palpated our prostate that led us to trace back this entire sequence of happenings, up to the gang-bang, the circumstances of which still remain uncertain.



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

*occasional lame attempts at seducing, or rather courting, neighborhood girls. However, he was not averse to our having boys in the house to play with; and to our dishonor, at around this time of our adolescence, we played a pitiful trick on a neighbor black boy. By dint of masturbation, reading cheap porn and talking to our age peers, we had acquired the usual Latin-American mystique of maleness. We remembered vividly that we had been had—literally and otherwise—by our stepcousin (although we did not remember having been gangbanged by his mates)—and we decided to “balance things” by fucking the black, but refusing him the right to do the same to us. This little ego trip was successfully accomplished, and is one of the many incidents of our life that we remember with shame to this day.*

*This introit has had as its purpose to acquaint readers with our private bias on homosexuality. Our experiences with it stopped around this time, although we were boarders at a boy's military school in Rio. It was only much later, after we became acquainted with Crowley's writings, that we once again had a go at it; but our experiences at that stage must be only sketchily accounted for, least we influence others unduly, either pro or against imitating us.*

*Our interest in occultism started when we were around eleven years old, and did not cease henceforwards. We constantly sought for a reliable Instructor in those matters. How we eventually got in touch with Mr. Karl Johannes Germer is too long a subject to deal with here; nor does it bear on the purpose of this Introduction.*

*Mr. Germer was one of the most genuinely masculine men we have ever met: a thorough heterosexual by temperament and training. However, at the time we met him—and this may sound comical to anybody with the slightest experience of homosexuality—he wanted to learn. He had reached a stage in his Going in which he felt he had restricted his consciousness on one level of activity, and he wanted to remedy this fault. We do not know if he succeeded; we do know he was willing to try. He asked us to fuck him; unfortunately, by this time we had developed a father fixation on him, and our personal bias did not allow us to even conceive of doing that. He told us sadly that Crowley had loved him, and had wanted to have sex with him, but he had refused his Instructor's advances all his*



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*life. We read in his face and tone of voice that now, in his late sixties, he regretted having denied his beloved mentor this joy. And there were we, aping (although on a much smaller scale, to be sure!) the entire situation. This was karma!...*

*It should be remarked here that Mr. Germer did not ask us to fuck him because he desired to be fucked by us; no, what he desired was to complete his training and to practice a certain type of magic—or magick. Although we are sure that he felt some affection for us, he did not desire us in any homosexual sense; we were merely an available instrument towards an Operation to which he aspired. We have had sufficient contact with homosexuals to be sure that this was his attitude. The sensual and emotional aspects of homosexual intercourse were immaterial to him; probably, even repelled him. It was the magickal, mystical and spiritual results that he was after. He was trying to put the **Bagh-i-Muattur** into practice.*

*We regret to this day that we were not sufficiently advanced or grown up to grant him his wish. The fact is, our personal attitude towards homosexuality differs a little from his. We experimented enough to know that we are perfectly capable of fucking another man, although we have not done so in many years; and we would certainly be willing to let a man whom we admired and respected fuck us. The point is, that we have not met such men; and what boys we have met and liked we have eschewed because of magickal reasons. We also know ourselves sufficiently to realize that, although we are by preference heterosexual, we will fuck anything at a pinch. Most homosexuals, however, would understandably dislike to be referred to as "anything"—and here is where we resemble Mr. Germer. We feel no special enjoyment in homosexuality. It is, at most, an occasionally interesting variation of our usual fare. We have not loved, or yearned to be loved by, the homosexuals we have dealt with (a handful, at most) in our many years of life. To us, they were merely tools. We treated them kindly, and yielded our body to some of them; but our purpose had nothing to do with the act itself. We regret not having let that little black boy of long ago fuck us; but this is not because we "love" him in a material sense; it is because we feel we wronged him, and would like to redress the balance.*

*Crowley, however, did enjoy homosexual contact. We do not know if*



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*this makes the use of homosexuality for magickal purposes easier or harder; in our experiments with homosexual sex magic we have achieved results, even though we did not enjoy the proceedings on the material plane very much. Crowley wanted to be fucked, felt enjoyment in being fucked. (We cannot go deeply into this, for the reasons already expounded, beyond saying that it is part of the Enfold formula.) And Crowley loved, and deeply desired sexually, his disciple Karl Johannes Germer. This has never happened to us with any of our male disciples.*

*We are obviously not, however, a heterosexual in the sense that Mr. Germer was. Put us along with a man on a desert island, and sooner or later you will find us inviting him to help the relief of the hydraulic pressure in our balls. Should he demand reciprocity, we are grown up enough now to acquiesce without qualms. Masturbation is an activity that we consider a very poor substitute for any kind of sexual contact.*

*But Mr. Germer, in his youth, would have spent years in the island without either masturbating or propositioning the other fellow. This is the kind of man he was. He was not better than I, or Crowley, or Ms. Steinem. He was merely thoroughly heterosexual, which made his fumbling attempts at balancing his (deleted for the reasons already explained) almost comical. I could have laughed, were it not that I knew he took it very seriously, and now I understand better why he tried, and am somewhat sorry I could not be of help. But he probably could have excited me (I was in my early twenties then) into fulfilling his wishes. It is merely that he did not even know how to get started.*

*It is known, by Crowley's own admission in the autobiographical sketch in Book Four Part IV, that his first sexual intercourse was with a man, possibly a tutor. He was probably seduced. This was shortly followed by heterosexual intercourse; we do not know if of his own devising or some girl's, but that is immaterial insofar as this study goes. What must be admitted is, the man was bisexual, and perfectly capable of enjoying both forms of intercourse. Some of his writings seem to be biased towards homosexuality, and critical of women; this does not detract from the evidence that he was one of the most responsive and sensitive heterosexual partners of his time. Indeed, available writings show he understood woman and her needs better than the women of his days understood*



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*themselves: for instance, his advice in letters to male pupils on how to please a woman in bed included an emphasis on clitoral stimulation that took thirty years more to percolate to the world at large. Further, he absolutely decried the super-macho mystique. He consistently advised that men should always show utmost gentleness with women in bed. Even in the case of women who apparently were excited by brutality, this brutality should be merely feigned, and kept under the strictest control. In our experience also, women do not really like to be beaten up, even the masochists; and masochists come appavelled with both kinds of external genitalia. It is the suggestion of pain that stimulates certain imaginations, not pain itself, which weakens the body and distracts the mind. The touch of the whip is never so exciting as when it feels like the touch of a feather. Love bites can draw blood at times, no doubt; but they should not draw flesh, lest the pleasure be smothered in trite horror.<sup>1</sup>*

*In an interesting interview to Playboy Magazine,<sup>1</sup> Germaine Greer, the well-known feminist writer, stated that in her opinion a man, in order to become a genuinely good heterosexual lover, should first be fucked in the ass by another man or men a few times. The interviewer demurred, at which Ms. Greer gently mocked him: "You big man, you!" Or words to that effect.*

*Whether or not Ms. Greer's recommendation is universally valid, it has been practice in religions and some initiatic societies throughout history. We have no space to deal at length with the matter, and refer our readers to the essay **The Field-Theory of Sex** elsewhere in this volume. To be sure, if a man wants to fathom a woman's responses in sex, the closest he can approach fulfillment of this aspiration is by abandoning himself passively in intercourse; and if he does so to another man, it is likely that the insight will be more pointed. He will still be hopelessly limited by that little difference already mentioned; but at least he will learn that rudeness, brutality, and exclusive preoccupation with his own pleasure, are not exactly what the average woman seeks in the male!*

1. Exceptions to this rule, if any, deviate too far from the norm to be anything but pathological. For instance, we had our teeth pulled out as a gesture of self-discipline during our sojourn in the Desert; but we made sure that this was done under anesthesia. Madness and religion are certainly kin; but not kind.



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

*Rudeness, severity, brutality, are accepted (kindly notice we do not say acceptable; we are dealing with facts, not ethics) kama-states of mankind. Many religions are obviously sado-masochistic at least in some of their aspects. Whom I love I chastise with many rods, says the Goat of the Spirit in Liber CCCLXX; and this attitude can also be found in female deities; one has merely to consider certain aspects of Cybele or Kali.*<sup>1</sup>

*When he realized that we were not going to fuck him, Mr. Germer spoke to us at length about homosexual magic; perhaps, to an extent, trying to justify himself (He did not realize that we had refused to fuck him out of respect for him, not out of scorn for his request; and we were too young, sensitive and awed to be able to explain the motives behind our refusal.). Among other things he told us (some of which cannot be openly mentioned, for the reasons already explained at the beginning of this Introduction), he mentioned that Crowley had told him that he, Crowley, had suffered a skiing accident in his early adolescence in which his anal sphincter and his perineum had been torn by one of the ski-sticks. Crowley had obviously ascribed a mystical meaning to the accident, parallel to that of the loss of the hymen in a woman. It was as if he were being enjoined to practice passive sodomy. We regret that we did not inquire whether the accident preceded or followed Crowley's first (homosexual) intercourse; at the time, we were barely able to sense some of the symbology and mysticism involved in Mr. Germer's explanation, and when we had become abler to understand he had already died. Perhaps this detail will be eventually cleared up by a Crowley scholar; recourse to Crowley's private correspondence may yield important data.*

*Beholding such accidents of life as a "particular dealing of God with one's soul" is a mystical attitude that can be decried, condemned even; but its sincerity should not be doubted. During that period when we were going through the Desert, we were crossing a street one night and were almost run over by a car. The motorist braked, stuck his head out and yelled at us: "Go get your ass fucked, you deer!" Had this happened at the present state of our development, we would take it as a mere un-*

1. Serious Thelemic students should study Libri 370 and 156 and compare one with the other. It is also a useful practice to learn both by heart.



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*necessary rudeness. But at that stage we took it as a message, being deeply worried about the stagnation of our progress; and went after opportunities to obey the recommendation as a religious duty, much in the lines along which Mr. Germer had requested—in vain—our cooperation in his own progress.*<sup>1</sup>

*The serious reader should not hastily conclude that we are merely saner now, or less of a faggot now, than we were then. Possibly this is so; but what we are now, sane or not, is the product of what we then were. We inflicted severity, shame, and deprivation on ourselves. These might have been unnecessary, had we been a greater, better, or healthier human being; but we weren't. There is a factor infinite and unknown in mystical progress, as in all things; and none can presume to foresee with perfect certainty in what ill-lit byway of another's being he or she will meet God. Whatever our definition of God.*

*Still at that time he was explaining those mystical processes to us, Mr. Germer recounted that, when in a Nazi concentration camp, he was ascribed a number which was the German symbolic number of the passive paederast, and his fellow prisoners mocked him for it.*<sup>2</sup> *He told us that previously he would have felt affronted; but at this time he took it as a message of his Angel to become passive (cf. LXV i 44-46). Soon afterwards he was put in solitary, and while in solitary applied himself to remembering the Holy Books of Thelema and reconstructing them, verse by verse, in his mind. What followed was the Adeptus Minor initiation.*<sup>3</sup>

*The way in which "particular dealings of God with one's soul" are interpreted varies, naturally, from one psychosoma to another, regardless of one's physical sex to a point; but influenced by one's physical sex to a*

1. "Deer" is the Portuguese slang for paederast, and comes from those ancient cults of the "Horned One" in Europe which are treated at length in Margaret Murray's *The Witch Cult in Western Europe*.

2. The equivalent number in Brasil is "24", which is the number ascribed to the Deer in the outlawed lottery game of animals.

3. He wrote a booklet relating his experiences; very few copies survive. We do not have one, and our descriptions are only from our memory of his talks.



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point, too, since, after all, one's bodily vehicle IS part of one's psychosoma. Some people can only reach Light by going through Darkness; or perhaps most people, or perhaps all people. We do not know, but would be inclined to consider the possible variations infinite in number. A person may be born who is perfectly integrated from birth—"without sin", in the silly Christist parlance—and need never undergo any personal questioning or training in order to be an Adept, or more. But should such cases occur (we do not know of any, although geniuses like Mozart and Wiener certainly approximate this ideal situation), the sceptic could still say that they were so because of work done in past incarnations—or because of the casual interplay of mankind's genes (which are carried in the ovaries or the testicles even of morons), with all their possible seventy-six trillion permutations.

And remember: those seventy-six trillion chances do not include the possible side effects from a stray cosmic ray, or some other subtle form of radiation. Ugly ducklings are always being born; some may be the one and only of their kind. Another argument in favor of the Law of Thelema and Liber OZ! We measure the worth of other individuals by how they affect our personal conveniences. It is unfortunate that consensus should often appear at such a low level that monsters are allowed to survive, and are worshipped, while geniuses are burnt alive or starve to death; but in this, as in everything, the herd always have the "saviors" of their own choice. We cannot teach The People; so we try to teach the ugly ducklings. They may leaven the mass.

The symbolism of the **Bagh-i-Muattur** is, therefore, as Crowley himself says through the persona of "Major Luty",<sup>1</sup> related to the Christist ideas of Sin, Repentance and Grace, with their respective concomitants of Punishment, Forgiveness and Blessing—these being interpreted in terms of sadism (for how else can one "punish"?), ego-gratification (for we only forgive behavior that flatters our conveniences), and fucking (for all demonstrations of affection are, as Freud, Adler, Stekel and even Jung admitted, originally sexual).

1. The origin of this pseudonym has puzzled annotators. It is an obvious pun on luteum; but also, according to the research of our colleague Mr. Martin P. Starr, in Persian it means literally 'people of Lot', or Sodom; its usual sense 'an impudent, forward fellow'. A triple pun, after all.



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*It follows from the above that unless the wretched pupil (read concubine or catamite) is lucky enough to find a Guru whose ego is big enough to include and transcend his own, she or he is going to suffer a lot of unnecessary restriction (read pain), and may eventually be forced to conform. Which is to say, to become a slave.*

*Since it is a lie, this folly against self, we must admit that only the Master whose consciousness is ample enough to understand exceptions will be of more than passing use to the Aspirant. You may need to serve at some stage of your Going; but to serve permanently may not be your Will as a Star.*

*The cruelty of the Phallus is intensified by homosexual activity. Hence the abominable crimes that once in a while (much less often than they occur) reach the newspapers, and can be traced back to male homosexuality.*

*It is quite possible that such sadism can also be found among tribades, especially of the "butch" type; more than possible, it is probable, for as we have already remarked the soul is androgynous, not monosexual.*

*All weapons that stab, pierce, club, are phallic symbols. The psychological aspects of this should be kept in mind. Ms. Susan Brownmiller's brilliant study, **Against Our Will**, covered to great effect the tendency of the male to be obsessed by his own physiology, and we advise any aspirants who intend to take up the **Bagh-i-Muattur** to read her book as an additional source of information. The accounts of prison homosexuality are especially enlightening; but not more so than the rest of Ms. Brownmiller's book as a whole.*

*However, Ms. Brownmiller is biased by her feminism, and fails to mention that those tendencies to domination and sadism are not exclusive property of the male sex. They can be found among women, especially the sort who are called "chaste" in **Liber AL**. The Female Formula is to Enfold: take it a little further, and it becomes to Strangle, or Stifle, or Stunt. In the end, the Phallus surrenders, and the Kteis receives its life. The male begins by possessing, and ends by being possessed. This exchange is part of Nature, and has been known to be pleasurable. The Formula does not*

1. Indeed, a schematic study of the male and female sex organs shows that one set is merely the reverse of the other! Cf. **Liber 370**



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*change psychologically, just because the semen is poured in the rectum, rather than the vagina.*

*Indeed, part of the brutality of some males may come from an inner fear and rejection of this "leetle death" which foreshadows the Final Surrender that awaits us all. It is useless to point out that women are just as subject to final humiliation as they are; sadism is either lack of control or unintelligence. The universality of the Last Result leads us to intimate that women—especially the unintelligent or the unself-controlled—can be just as sadistic as any male.<sup>2</sup>*

*Whatever the truth of the matter, from the occult point of view—and especially the Thelemic—we enjoin the Union of all Pairs of Opposites on every plane.<sup>3</sup> It should be suggestive to members of both sexes that while Shiva the Destroyer is shown dancing on the prostrate body of His devotee, His counterpart, Kali, holds in each of her myriad hands every weapon of death (including the ones that can be interpreted as phallic symbols) ever devised by the sick imagination of humankind.*

*We believe we have said enough as an introit, and will pronounce ourselves further in our notes only, observing all due caution. We shall dedicate the final part of this editorial to a brief critical evaluation of "Major Luty" 's Introduction and that superb tongue-in-cheek essay "by an English clergyman", entitled Peri Tes Paiderasteias.*

*"Luty" 's Introduction is a clever piece of spoofing, directed against scholars. One of these has recently expressed the view that Crowley was attempting to produce a parallel volume to Burton's translation of Nefzawi's **The Perfumed Garden**; hence the initial "mistake" of "Luty" in taking one book for the other. Whatever Crowley's true reasons, his work does have an inner mystical sense that Nefzawi's does not; or if it did, this did not survive the translators. It has been said that there was a second, unpublished volume of the Garden, dealing with paederasty; this we earnestly doubt. With the "gays" coming out of the closet, it has probably been*

1. We say nothing here of the magickal aspects.

2. Or more. It is well known that the Plains Indians of the United States, among whom ritual torture was a test of manhood, feared the squaws much more than the warriors, when they were captured.

3. It is this phrase, on every plane, that may be taken as an apology for homosexuality in either sex. Cf. *The Field Theory of Sex*.



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*thought useful to capitalize on Nefzawi's and Burton's fame. Shades of Piltdown.*

*The profuse discussions of the Persian text, as well as the annotations on the meaning of this or that word, must not be taken to imply that Crowley was a Persian scholar. Undoubtedly he got help. The Introduction to **Konx Om Pax** comes in several languages and scripts, and we once professed to Mr. Germer our admiration for Crowley's linguistic powers. He said, "It was silly of him, but he was young then. In his later days he wouldn't have shown off like that." The implication was that Crowley did not know as much about the subject as he advertised in **Konx Om Pax**, and we may infer that the same is true of the present opus. Undoubtedly he had some Persian; also undoubtedly, he had his script vetted by a specialist, or specialists, who remain unknown. Who but a mad poet would have wanted to be publicly associated with such a book in the times that had just seen the incarceration of Oscar Wilde for sodomy? Especially a university professor (the likely source of Crowley's help)? Even the author himself took care to publish the work under a series of pseudonyms.*

*On the other hand, in the introductory essay "by an English clergyman" we find Crowley at the full wealth of his immense psychological insight. He needed no help there, and could get no help, for he far surpassed his contemporaries. The essay exists on several levels at once: that of expressing the delicate feelings of a refined homosexual disguised with a family and children; that of expressing the homosexual-tinted religious impulses of Christist clergymen; and that of a half-serious discourse on the psychopathology of the urbane. What comes out is a thorough indictment, not of religion itself, but of the concept of religion that restricts a person's sexuality to the point of producing the moral cripple that we call a homosexual.<sup>1</sup> It will be good for mankind when a complementary work is produced about nuns or female parsons and preachers by some talented woman.*

*Love is the law, love under will*

*Marcelo Motta*

1. It should be abundantly clear, from our **The Field Theory of Sex**, that we consider homosexual activity healthy only when it is but a stage in one's development, or co-exists with other forms of sexual activity, heterosexuality included, as it did with Crowley.



An extract from the unpublished MS

## NOT THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF SIR ROGER BLOXHAM

— A NOVELISSIMA —

*We had an opportunity to handle this MS in Barstow, California, in 1956 e.v. We thought, at the time, that the "Not" had a Supernal, Qabalistic meaning, and that perhaps this was an autobiography of a past incarnation of A.C.'s or something even more subtle yet, a parallel incarnation. We queried Mr. Germer on this—he had given us the run of the archives—and he laughed uproariously, but told us nothing. It is only now that the following annotations by G. J. Yorke make the matter clearer:*

*Sir Roger Bloxham—A.C.*

*Porphyrria Poppoea—A.C.'s anus.*

*Hippolytus—Herbert Charles Jerome Pollitt*

*Signor Coglio the Florentine and brave Don Cojone de Legrono—A.C.'s balls.*

*Cardinal Mentula—A.C.'s penis.*

*But not completely clearer. It is an unfortunate consequence of magickal idleness in Aspirants that one's spiritual insight becomes stunted. After all, A.C.'s anus—as Mr. Yorke defines "Porphyrria Poppoea"—was just as much a part of A.C.—"Sir Roger Bloxham" by Mr. Yorke's definition—as A.C.'s balls or A.C.'s penis. "Sir Roger Bloxham" cannot be defined as A.C. unless one intends to castrate and disembowel that psychosoma who was incarnated as Aleister Crowley. The text here extracted from the "novelissima" should be read with the deepest concentration by any would-be initiate—of either sex!—and contrasted with the passage in the Autohagiography wherein Mr. Pollitt is mentioned.*



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*Reference to the symbols of the ancient so-called "Rosicrucians" may help. Cf. EQUINOX I 2, Diagram 33, called "The Garden of Eden". "Eve" is Porphyria Poppoea, "Adam" is Sir Roger Bloxham. The balls and penis (the ovaries and womb, including the latter's entrance, the vagina, in the case of a woman) we will not speak of. It is unfortunate that Mr. Yorke missed seeing the necessity of including the rest of the story, wherein these interesting characters, Cardinal Mentula and Signor Coglio and Don Cojone (respectively vernacular Italian and Spanish for testicles), play their part.*

I would I were Philomena for this one hour, to wound my breast upon this thorn, or Hyacinth to stain this one flower-page from my heart's heart. Pray, think not so ill of my Porphyria Poppoea; for in all her loves she had one love, and that for all her life. He was a man with golden hair so fine and pale, yet glowing, that one thought of sun-rays incarnate in gossamer; and his face was like the harvest moon. He came up to his old University (Trinity College, Cambridge) every year; and there he met Sir Roger Bloxham at a club called the Knights of the Round Table. I must not tell his name; besides, would it sound sweet to your ears also?...

*As small as this sample of objectivity is, the serious student must bear it in mind. The untrained Nephesch is obsessed by its passions; the normal relationship between lovers in this world is one where one party gives all and the other takes all. The usual love-affair is a battle of egos in which the loser should not hope for mercy. This is specially the case in homosexual love, where Nepheschs of the same polarity tend to increment each other's traits, rather than balance these.*

... When he divined the presence of Porphyria Poppoea, he fell instant in love with her...

*This is not correct, and Crowley is either being misled by vanity or by his own essential affectiveness. Pollitt was motivated by lust, not love.*

... and dared not speak because he feared to offend Sir Roger Bloxham! 'Twas in a week of revelry, and this man played and danced for a dramatic club. Will God not give me a name for him? Some name of angel, strength and sweetness? Surely Porphyria yearned for him as Phaedra for



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Hippolytus—let that, then, serve!...

*An obvious pun on Pollitt.*

Well, the week passed, and he did not see Sir Roger again. But when he left, he left a book, the *Legende des Sexes* of Edmond D'Haraucourt, the Sieur de Chamblay, and in it he wrote five words. These words meant nothing: a chess-player might have used them in beginning to enumerate his pieces; but when Sir Roger Bloxham read them, Porphyria Poppoea divined that Hippolytus loved her. She was a nymph of excellent modesty and impudence unmatched—oh paradox sublime of God's invention! She lusted nobly for all love, and gave herself utterly and shamelessly; yet, despite herself, she acted in true Panic fear at the approach of the god. Thus, urgently desiring Sir Roger Bloxham to take her to the Lake where Hippolytus had his palace, she forced the good Knight to fly with her to Amsterdam; thence only she dictated letters so fiercely burning that her whole soul was lost in them. Safe, she became bold. Yet by his letters, invoking and provoking, yet eager as hers, he drew her to him. Oh but she must turn to him, heliotrope! Thus she came back to England. And Sir Roger must perforce meet Hippolytus at the Queen's Hotel in Birmingham. "What a place for a romance! You jest!" Oh love knows not of time and space. *Always* the time and the place and the loved one all together! Sir Roger registered in the hotel book; at that moment Hippolytus walked in. "Hullo, monkey tricks!" cried he...

*A usual form of greeting of young college men of the times, in this case affecting a casual virile comradeship meant to deceive the landlord and staff; but since Pollitt was overshadowed, and a Messenger (LXV II 33-34) in Crowley's spiritual progress, there could not but be a Samadhic content in the words—LXV iii 9.*

... and Porphyria Poppoea's soul went into shuddering blackness, for in his manner was no hint of all he had written. She was not loved! And after dinner he sat talking in his room with Sir Roger—endlessly!...

*The power game, with all its sado-masochistic nuances. Crowley had fled and been coy, so Pollitt was determined to punish him. Also, they were in Pollitt's room, and the man would possess his prey in the latter's room, to add spice to his conquest. An added factor may have been the earliness of the evening: as we will see, Pollitt entered Crowley's room*



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*around midnight, when the risk of being seen by other guests or staff was reduced.*

*The power game is not always homosexual, to the contrary; but whenever it is present and evident, the gratification of ego, rather than love, is the purpose behind the affair. Hence our earlier statement that Pollitt was motivated by lust. In true love the ego surrenders itself—at least for a time—and the joy of union prevails over the pride of conquest.*

It was the last day of the Old Year—the last hour—Heaven and Hell in her heart. Sir Roger went to bed early, thank the Gods. And she—she could not sleep. But ere the midnight car of Helios crossed the nadir Hippolytus had come in the room where she was, and possessed her.

Of all her happiness I am quite unable to write; but pray you, weep with me, for now cometh an end. Alas! Alas! I will not speak of their joy by English lakes, of their passionate delight among the fells, of the terms they spent at Cambridge; for 'tis one monotone of honied music. But may Sir Roger Bloxham be forgiven that he slew this loveliness! When he came of age, he wished to be rid of his guardian and of handmaid; he thought them tyrants—and then Porphyria Poppoea, eternally chaste even in her wildest wantonness, resigned her lover...

*Two quotations from the Autohagiography will help clarify this very important point:*

"... He never manifested the slightest interest in any of my occupations. He had no sympathy with any of my ambitions, not even my poetry, except in a very peculiar way, which I have never thoroughly understood. He showed an instinctive distrust of my religious aspirations, because he realized that sooner or later they would take me out of his reach..."

"... He had made no mistake in divining that my spiritual aspirations were hostile to his acquiescence in despair of the universe. So I felt in my subconscious self that I must choose between my devotion to him and to the Secret Assembly of the Saints..."

"This determination developed gradually during that last May term. He fought most desperately against my increasing preoccupation with the aspiration in which he recognized the executioner of our friendship.

"Shortly after I went down, we had a last interview. I had gone down to the Bear at Maidenhead, on the quiet, to write *Jezebel*. I only told one per-



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son—in strict confidence—where I was going; but Pollitt found out that person and forced him to tell my secret. He walked into the room shortly after dinner, to my surprise and rage—for when I am writing a poem I would show Azrael himself the door!

“I told him frankly and firmly that I had given my life to religion and that he did not fit into the scheme.”

she bade him write “Did I say ‘Always?’” Thinking that Hippolytus would understand that she still loved him and—it may be—follow her...

*But in this instance the penis would not follow any more than the anus would. Crowley had yielded to love; when he sensed that love was one-sided, he tested it. Pollitt failed the test completely. The subsequent sighs of Porphyria Poppoea are, in the light of hindsight, intensely funny—to outsiders.*

... Did he ever get the letter? Did he interpret it right?...

*He must have; his head was clear from the beginning, since he was intent on intellectual and emotional rape, not on love, which implies surrender. Crowley was demanding reciprocity and—perhaps—beginning to play his own power game. Or, putting the situation in financial terms (which should be pleasing to the ‘Gods of the Copybook Headings’, the Lords of Karma), he had invested money—now he demanded an account of the investment. Pollitt welsed, or thought he did.*

... False friends had crept into their intimacy—and also fear.

*An emotion that only arises from egoic attachment.*

I do not know how it was; but Porphyria Poppoea never renewed these loves—that love—that infinite passion of Hippolytus. Sir Roger Bloxam heard later that he, musing deeply as was his wont when walking, had passed Hippolytus in Bond Street, and that Hippolytus thought that he had cut him purposely. Also, Porphyria Poppoea, fearful of a repulse, never followed up her letter from the Gare de Lyon...

*When such fears creep in, as we said, ego, not love, is foremost. The moment had passed with its beauty, and Crowley, after all, had profited more than Pollitt, since he had invested more. The “Lords of Karma” keep good accounts.*

... Seven times the Father of all Light whirled Earth about him through the Zodiac—and she knew surely that he was her true lover for all time and



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all eternity. So, weeping, she caused a great monument to be set up, with an inscription in the Persian language...

*Obviously, the Bagh-i-Muattur. Here it becomes clear why we say that Crowley profited more from the relationship than Pollitt. Crowley gave more to it, so learned more from it. Perhaps—let socialists foam at the mouth!—this was because Crowley's was the greater Star. The Bagh will be known and studied for centuries to come, its author reviled or praised; but who would remember Pollitt, but as the impurity that led the oyster to excrete a pearl?... And even this remembrance is the oyster's.*

... And now and again she sent him messages; but his great heart was broken—even as hers.

*Here the Nephesch is permitted to wallow in Kama. What great heart?... It must be remarked that when these illusions are permitted to dwell in consciousness, usually Mano and Udhakka are also involved. Crowley could allow himself the indulgence, however, since there was no chance of his falling in the clutches of one who, at a certain stage of Crowley's Going, had been a Messenger; but who would now have been a vampire.*

Many a lover has possessed her since Hippolytus; but she has scorned them even while she abandons herself to their caresses. She loves Hippolytus. Hippolytus!

*According to Mr. G. J. Yorke the above passage was written in New York, in 1917 e.v., the time when Crowley felt most lonely in America. He was then forty-two, and very depressed. We append the conclusion of the passage quoted previously from the Autohagiography:*

*"I see now how imbecile I was, how hideously wrong and weak it is to reject any part of one's personality. Yet these mistakes are not mistakes at the time: one has to pass through such periods; one must be ruthless in analysis and complete it, before one can proceed to synthesis. He understood that I was not to be turned from my purpose and we parted, never to meet again. I repented of my decision, my eyes having been enlightened, only a little later, but the reconciliation was not written! My letter miscarried; and in the autumn, when he passed me in Bond Street, I happened not to see him; he thought I meant to cut him and our destinies drew apart.*



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"It has been my lifelong regret, for a nobler and purer comradeship never existed on this earth, and his influence might have done much to temper my subsequent trials. Nevertheless, the fragrance of that friendship still lingers in the sanctuary of my soul. That eucharist of the spirit reminds me constantly that the one ingredient necessary to my aesthetic development was supplied by the gods at the one period in my life when it could profitably be introduced into my equipment."

*In the above analysis, written at a time of enormous psychic pressure on the Magus, Crowley may be excused for dwelling sentimentally on the beauty of the relationship, rather than on the flaws that led to its end. Indeed, when woven in the tapestry of a lifetime—or half a lifetime—even the ugliest moments will accentuate the beauty of the whole, even the most discordant colors will liven the overall design.*

*But this final beauty of the whole flows through Time as well as Space, and even more through Time than through Space, when the Atman—the Point of View—is considered in itself. The sage may exclaim, in a moment of insight, that All is Beautiful. But if this be the final conclusion, as in Goethe's play it heralds the arrival of Azrael, the last of the Death-Kisses. Cf. LXV v 64.*



❀ BAGH I MUATTAR ❀

❀ THE SCENTED GARDEN OF ❀  
❀ ABDULLAH THE SATIRIST ❀  
❀ OF SHIRAZ ❀

باغ معطر  
عبدالله الهاجی  
شیراز



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

TO

THOSE PERSONS

WHOSE UNBENDING UPRIGHTNESS,  
PENETRATION, RETENTIVENESS, CAPACITY  
FOR HARD WORK, OVERFLOWING ABILITY,  
AND INSIDE KNOWLEDGE HAVE SO MUCH ENLARGED  
THE FUNDAMENTAL BASIS OF  
MY PHILOSOPHY

I

DEDICATE THIS BOOK IN MEMORY  
OF THE MANY HAPPY HOURS THAT WE  
HAVE SPENT TOGETHER IN THE  
SCENTED GARDEN

“ALAIN LUTYI”

TO THE

MEMORY OF MY COLLEAGUE

“ALAIN LUTYI” TRUE FRIEND,

PUBLISHED SCHOLAR, GOOD SPORTSMAN,

GALLANT SOLDIER, AND CIVIL GALLANT,

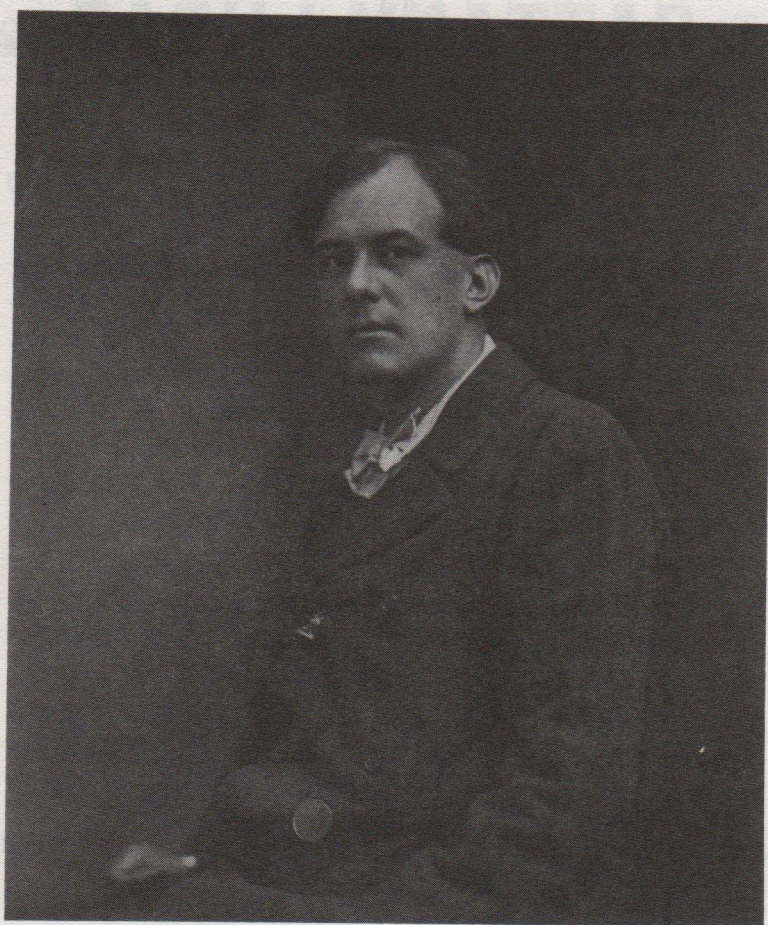
I WHO HAVE DONE SO LITTLE TO COMPLETE

HIS LABOURS DEDICATE MY SHARE THEREIN

ON THIS OCCASION OF OFFERING THEIR RESULTS TO THE WORLD



THE EQUINOX





## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

### INTRODUCTION

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## INTRODUCTION

As everybody nowadays is perfectly aware, a knowledge of the Persian language is practically a necessity for all sojourners in Mohammedan India. In the North-West, even more than Urdu, it is the lingua franca of the upper classes: it is the tongue spoken in the courts of the Believing Princes: it is the dialect alike of love and of literature: and its possession is a very talisman from Kabul to Yarkand.

As a subaltern stationed at R...P..., though in a British Regiment, I found it my first duty to acquire a thorough grounding in the tongue of Hafiz, for these as well as professional reasons. Thus I made the acquaintance of Munshi Mahbub Tantra, a Kashmiri from Bandipur, but one familiar with the ways, as well as the speech, of the 'Arami from a residence of nearly 30 years in Shiraz and Bushir. My knowledge of the writings of Richard Burton came in very handy, as also the vague studies of Oriental Mysticism with which I had amused my leisure hours: so that a genuine friendship soon sprang up between pupil and teacher.

After some months, indeed—and this is how I find myself transformed into that glorious being, an Editor—the munshi, with the childlike frankness of the Kashmiri, blurted out: The Sahib is not like other sahibs; they begin by casting dirt at my people for their bad life, and end by spitting upon my beard, bidding me to procure for them a fat and fair boy: but the Asylum of the World, who lives like a great Prince and a fakir (meaning: "You have illimitable resources but are abstemious") really understands the 'hikmat-i-Illahi' and will not jest if I myself bring to him the treasure of Iran.

What, I exclaimed, you mean to bring me a boy without asking? and dissolved in laughter.

He stammered, with the shamed smile of the Oriental, that he had a sacred and secret book treating of the 'hikmat' but that it was never shown to anyone but a Sufi of great and exceptional sanctity—such as "the Protector of the Poor, my father and mother, who glances at the earth in the hot season, and the fields are immediately tall and green".

Me.



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The MS., produced, bore on its front the legend Bagh-i-muattar, in all the glory of the finest Talik calligraphy.

Why! I exclaimed, this is the Scented Garden! the famous Arab treatise of the Sheik al Nefzawi, which Burton rendered into English and his silly wife destroyed.\* This is the Ars Amoris of the Bedawin! Mahbub, (who had never heard of all this) observed that Allah knew everything, and the Sahib *nearly* everything. The upshot of it all was that I started to read the work as part of my daily task. But it was not until a second perusal that I grasped what had happened. Some pedantic idiot had arranged the Ghazals in alphabetical order, according to the rhymes! A common practise in the diwan of the common poet! here a lamentable and fatal error. For there is a psychological order in the Odes: arrange them properly, and a complete story—nay! a complete system of philosophy issued therefrom, as the living water from the rock at the touch of Moses' wand. When, after long labour, I had made a provisional arrangement, and shewed my great discovery to Mahbub with open triumph, he calmly observed that oh yes! the Ruler of the World was wiser than Solomon, and the proper order could be checked by noticing that the first letter of the first Ode was Aleph, the second of the second Ba, the third of the third Jim. and so on! I take great credit to myself for the fact that with only six transpositions my provisional order became that of the poet.

\* The two books have nothing in common but the name. Garden is the almost universal glyph for a book of mystic lore, and Perfume for divine chrism. The Arab book is a treatise on the various methods of copulation, plus some obscene stories, and a collection of prescriptions against impotence, pregnancy, and the like.



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

### THE POEM

Abdullah el Haji flourished in circa 1600 A.D., well after the classic era of Persian poetry. But his style is highly praised by competent judges, though the older school regret the way in which he has broken away from tradition in:

- (a) the introduction of coarse expressions.
- (b) the undue exercise of poetic license: such as
  - (1) his extension of the usual license re the Genitive kasra to all kasra sounds.
  - (2) his occasional breach of the rule which forbids two inert consonants to occur together, though a friendly commentator ingeniously asserts that he does this only to add to the grimness describing anger, punishment, terror, death, or some unpleasant idea:
  - (3) his treatment of the Tarjiband; and
  - (4) his trick of inventing words to carry out some extravagant metaphor or paranomasia:
- (c) his novel symbolism, which they deplore as likely to confuse even the most pious:
- (d) per contra, his novel symbolism as likely to be understood of even the least instructed; and
- (e) his constant jibes at Sadi. (I must admit that I was quite unable to see the point of any single one of these, though Mahbub took a deal of pains to show me. They appear to depend on the subtle points of grammar and phraseology.)

It would be impertinent and useless for me to enumerate the various metres in which these Ghazals are written; but concerning the Ghazal itself, the remarks of Dr. Forbes (Persian Grammar, p. 144, par. 148.) are so luminous and concise that I cannot refrain from giving my readers the pleasure of their perusal.



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“This kind of composition corresponds, upon the whole, with the Ode of the Greeks and Romans, or the Sonetta of the Italians. The most common subjects of which it treats are, the beauty of a mistress, and the sufferings of the despairing lover from her absence or indifference. Frequently it treats of other matters, such as the delights of the season of Spring, the beauties of the flowers of the garden, and the tuneful notes of the nightingales as they warble their melodies among the rose bushes; the joys resulting from wine and hilarity are most particularly noticed at the same time; the whole interspersed with an occasional pithy allusion to the brevity of human life, and the vanity of sublunary matters in general. The more orthodox among the Musulman are rather scandalised at the eulogies bestowed upon the “juice of the grape” by their best poets, such as Hafiz for example; and they endeavour to make out that the text is to be taken in a mystic or spiritual sense, such as we apply to the “song of Solomon”. It appears to me however, that Hafiz writes upon this favourite theme just as naturally, and with as much gusto, as either Anacreon or Horace, who in this respect may be safely acquitted of the sins of mysticism. The first couplet of the Ghazal is called the Matla’ or “the place of rising” (of a heavenly body), which we may translate the “Opening”. It is a standard rule that both hemistichs of this couplet should have the same metre and rhyme. The remaining couplets must have the same metre, and the second hemistich of each (but not necessarily the first) must rhyme with the Matla’. The concluding couplet is called the Matka’, or “place of cutting short”—which we may translate the “Close”; hence the phrase, Az Matla’ ta makta’, “from beginning to end”. In the Makta’, or close, the poet manages to introduce his own name, or rather his assumed or poetic name, called the Takhallus, though few of the older poets paid strict attention to this rule previous to the time of Hakim Sanayi, between A.D. 1150 and 1180. Anwari occasionally introduces his own name in his Ghazals, but it is the exception and not the rule in his case. As a general law, the Ghazal must consist of at least five couplets, and not more than fifteen; but on this subject authors by no means agree, either with one another or with real facts. Hafiz, for example, has several Ghazals consisting of sixteen and even seventeen, couplets; and Hakim Sanayi has many that exceed the latter number”.



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

### THE MSS

Being myself admitted formally (in the course of my first few readings) to the joyous company of the Sufis, (I cannot here discuss the curiously patriarchal systems of mystic fraternity in vogue among Muslim, if only because I am a Freemason) I was enabled to use several fine MSS. for the translation, a privilege of which I availed myself without scruple or diffidence: without scruple, as knowing I was well entitled to them; and without diffidence, because of the invariable courtesy which adepts in these mysteries exhibit to their fellow workers in the divine Arcanum.

I was also permitted to order a copy to be made, which the calligraphist has still in hand.

It is the sort of order that acquits a man of the charge of doing nothing for posterity, for assuredly nobody who knows India will try to raise false hopes in me that I may live long enough to see it.

I would warn scholars that, unless they are in some way definitely mystics and truly acknowledged as such, they will do better to hunt for the lost books of Livy than for the Bagh-i-muattar. There is no copy in any public library here or in the East: not surprising, when one hears Platt in 1874 complain that of so famous a classic as the Gulistan there is no genuine Persian MS., but only the garbled Indian copies, in either the India Office Library or the British Museum.

If you question a Persian on the subject he will "begin to curse and to swear, saying: I know not the" book.

Of late I have amused myself by asking stray Persians "Have you ever heard of Abdullah el Haji?" and when they denied all knowledge of him, quoting:

"Forget an if thou wilt, the scribe!  
The lovely script to heart be laid!"



## THE EQUINOX

The reason is of course that it is held exquisitely sacred; and seeing that the nature of the symbolism renders it open to the prurient jest or prudish reproach of the notoriously foul-minded Anglo-Saxon, the Persian, who is nothing if not dignified, is justly chary of casting his pearls before swine. Indeed, a certain scent seller with whom I once argued against all this secrecy replied by begging my permission to depart, "for a Jew had promised to spit on his beard before as sohri (noon prayer), and he feared to miss the appointment".

But for all that, no well appointed private library but has one or more copies of the little masterpiece; no travelling merchant but carries at least some leaves of it under his dirty sheepskin. It is too sacred even to sell, whatever the extremity; the one copy—a mutilated and incorrect Indian—which by dint of infinite diplomacy I half cajoled, half forced from a drunken Afghan elephant-snarer in Ceylon, where I was shooting on leave, became the prey of the ants which help to make that devil-haunted Eden a House of Little Ease.

As, seriously, I expect to get my copy within twelve months or so (a brother officer, now at Q..., where the copyist lives, has promised me to stretch out—unofficially—the iron hand of the Sirkar on my behalf) I may say that I intend to issue the MS. in facsimile, as a pendant to the present volume.

For, when all is said and done, I do not believe in either the advisability or the efficacy of this secrecy business. The Apocalypse has been published for some years now, and I have yet to meet anyone who really knows how to extract the gold. Certainly no unworthy person. All arcana are indicable. A man whose formula is  $n$  may understand  $(n + 1)$ , but not  $(n + 101)$ . So that my Persian MS. is doubly safe from the profaning touch of the British Public. Even the Persians themselves hold that there are Guardians who know how to guard: without pandering to any such superstitious beliefs, I may say that as far as results go, I believe them to be right.

I should observe that the translation itself, as well as many of the notes, is due in the very greatest degree to the earnest help of my munshi, and of a certain dealer in furs, with whom I travelled through L...h, A...r, and G...t, as well as in the C...s country, during two successive summers.

Some two months after the completion of translation, I fell in with the



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

gentleman whose name appears with mine on the title page. He represented to me that a large class of scholars might be reached by a considerable extension of the notes to cover ethnographical, critical, and other interesting points. We went to work accordingly during my last leave in England, and accomplished (I think) a good deal.

(Major Luty's death left this paragraph incomplete. I need only add that on his departure for the front he sent the MSS., with numerous further additions, to me. I have retained the paragraph to explain the occasional diversity of opinion in reading or interpretation, and the way in which 'I' and 'we' are alternatively used in the notes. Ed.)

The verse renderings are in every case later paraphrases from the original drafts, and the prose has been carefully revised at leisure.

I wished to put the whole into verse: but the 'prodigious difficulties of the monorhyme', as Burton only too inadequately says, beat me as often as not.

Had I been able to obtain the aid of a professional poet, I might have made a better job of it, for my experience is confined to vers de société! But I have done my best.

## THE SUFI DOCTRINES

No apology is needed, since the publication of Sir William Jones's able monograph, for the gross symbolism of such Oriental poems as those of Hafiz, the Song of Songs, the Ghazals of 'Ismat of Bokhara—not to mention the obscene Chinese Aphorisms of Kwaw.

Yet no doubt though Hafiz sings chiefly of wine, Solomon of woman, and 'Ismat of Harlotry, we sooner pardon these freedoms because we ourselves can understand though we can never approve of them: but they seem innocent indeed when we compare them with the nameless bestialities of Kwaw, or the frank paederasty of Abdullah.

But, apart from the fact that paederasty : fornication :: 'St. George' : 'matrimonial' in Persia and England respectively, we may at least suspend judgement while we consider this symbolism in detail with a view to discovering why (unless from caprice) el Haji chose this particular indulgence to mirror that supreme passion of the human heart, the craving



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for unity with the All-One.

"Make room for me" quoth the poet of Salaman and Absal, "on that divan which is only large enough for one!"

Now I shall waste my time if I prove that something in the nature of sexual intercourse is the most fitting image of that passion; for our Christian theologians, anxious to avoid the reproach of the scoffer who quotes such passages as "My beloved put in his hand by the hole, and my bowels were moved in me" (Cant. v. 4), have built a great rampart of argument to that effect.\* But Abdullah no doubt considered that the specific differences between man and woman vitiated the symbol, since man is formed in the image of God, and in Muslim theology is not supposed to have forfeited the same. It may here be remarked (as a bulwark to this contention) that el Haji is conspicuous—in fact, incurs reproach in consequence—for his innovations in the matter of scientific precision. Hafiz uses his symbols vaguely: the tresses of his mistress are no doubt the Glories of God, but they are also at times the rays of the sun, the verse of the Q'uran and so on; wherefore an uninstructed pupil, or an inquisitive Sahib, or an unauthorized Sufi, one of those who 'creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold', cannot, by possession of the elementary keys, unlock the Holy of Holies of the 'hikmat-i-Illahi'. It is as a violator of the Magian secrecy, even more than as a Christianizer, that Abdullah is blamed. Mildly blamed, for none would dare express downright disapproval of so exalted an adept; but it is no doubt for this reason that the Bagh-i-muattar is only allowed to circulate in private, even among Persians themselves; bestowed rather upon

\* St. Augustine can find no better symbols than El Haji to express his love for God. "What is it then that I love, O my God, when I love you? It is not the beauty of bodies, nor the glory which passes, nor the light which our eyes love; it is not the varied harmony of sweet songs nor the aroma of perfumes and sweet flowers, nor the voluptuous joys of carnal embraces. No, it is more than these that I love when I love my God; and yet in this love I find light, an inner voice, a perfume, a savour, an embrace of a kind which does not leave the inmost of myself. There in the depths of the soul glows something which is not in space: there a word is heard which has no syllables; thence there breathes a perfume which no breezes waft away: there food is always savored and never eaten: there are embraces which never ask to end..."



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the already accomplished mystic than upon the mere inquirer into the 'hikmat', and denied existence to the question of the infidel.

Perhaps owing to some curious trick of my brain, I found myself (one fine day) in the state which, as far as I can gather, Hindu writers call Samadhi. (Compare the experiences of Burton in the Bombay Presidency, as hinted by Lady Sisted in her admirable sketch of his life.)

Hindus claim that advanced Yogis can always recognize at sight those who have ever attained this condition, just as the Freemasonry of Paederasts makes the formality of introduction superfluous among free companions of the Craft.

I must say that I attribute nine tenths of Burton's success with natives of Arabia, Africa, and Hindoostan to his mastery of their mystic systems, not only as a theoretician, valuable as that is, but as a craftsman. In my own case I am convinced that Mahbub would never have entrusted me with his precious MS. but for the fact that he recognized me as one of the 'illuminati'. Such a secret as that of Samadhi is absolutely safe, because the one who knows it cannot by any possibility divulge the same. It is real, not an artificial secret. One could expose Freemasonry—it has been done repeatedly by idiots who did not understand what it meant—by publishing the rituals and so on. But the secret remains and ever must remain the property of those worthy of it; nor does it necessarily follow that the highest mason living has a knowledge thereof. But the clothing of the secret, so to speak, can be studied; and for those whom the glorious garment may fit such study is truly illuminating.

This being understood, it may be granted without further discussion that the intelligent study of the Bagh-i-muattar will yield deeper knowledge—the husks for the scholar, the wheat for the elect—than any other known poem.

Now the revealing of one is the revealing of all: for from Fez to Nikko, there is one mysticism and not two. The fanatic followers of el Senussi can suck the pious honey from the obscene Aphorisms of Kwaw, and the twelve Buddhist sects of Japan would perfectly understand the inarticulate yells of the fire eaters of el Maghraby. Not that there is or has ever been a common religious tradition; but for the very much simpler reason that all the traditions are based on the same set of facts. Just as the festivals of



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Spring all the world round more or less suggest the story of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection, simply because the actual phenomena which every man is bound to observe in Nature are essentially the same in every clime; so also is Mysticism One, because the physiological constitution of mankind is practically identical the wide world over.

We have then the right to buy our pigs in the cheapest market, and the Bagh-i-muattar will certainly give us more reward for our trouble than any other work, the only possible competitors being the Bhagavad-gita, Bhagavad Purana,\* and the Chinese Aphorisms of Kwaw. El Haji then earns our gratitude in that he has adopted the principle 'One mystic grace one symbol', and if we have but the wit to interpret this simple cypher, the whole secret of the East is open to our eyes. In the notes (which I have by no means stinted) I have indicated clearly to what each allusion refers; and it is within the capacity of any reader of ordinary intelligence to erect a complete system of philosophy, practical and transcendental, on those slender foundations. True, Abdullah approaches Calvin (too closely to please most students of Eastern religion) by his insistence of the doctrines of Sin and Grace, Freewill and Discipline; but on the other hand, neither St. Francis nor Buddhaghosha can parallel his Devotion and his Phenomenalism. No doubt at times one is puzzled for a while: one picks up a loose word here and there: one doubts: one guesses: one is illumined in a moment.

One is rather reminded of the workings of a heliograph under unfavourable conditions. But (as with that instrument) by dint of repetition one gets the all-important message at last; and the situation is saved.

It is undoubtedly the importance he attaches to Sin, Repentance, Grace, as the means of raising the old to the new Adam that cost el Haji so much pains in persecution by the more orthodox Muslim: possibly the teachings of St. Paul had vaguely penetrated to the gulf with the merchants of Venice or Portugal, and their danger had been recognized by those who held to the simple grandeur of Islam. But clearly the belief in

\* The few who still suppose that Omar Khayyam was a libertine should read the exposition of Book xi of this Purana.



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Evil—perhaps even a modified Manichaeism\* ; we must not forget that this heresy is a legacy from the Guebres with their Aormuzd and Ahriman—had impressed itself profoundly on the mind of the young Abdullah. Or he may have attached an exaggerated importance to that mystic phenomena which Bulwer Lytton calls the ‘Dweller of the Threshold’, that moment of intensest agony which separates Work from Reward and serves as a sure diagnostic\* to discriminate between the happy-go-lucky ‘union with God’ of the mere church goer—an emotional glow of pious exhilaration—and the splendid and illuminating Union which constitutes Samadhi. Never forget that this great doctrine informs almost the whole of so called Christian literature; St. Paul’s apostrophe (I Thess. iv. 16) if translated literally into Sanskrit word by word, reads like a mutilated but unmistakeable passage from some lost Upanishad.

Such follies as Sri Parananda’s lunatic commentaries on Mathew and John could never have been perpetrated but for the fact that his fundamental theory—that Christ was a Yogi—is correct.

And our hymn:

“Forever with the Lord!  
Amen! so let it be!  
Life from the dead is in that word:  
Tis immortality”.

may be rendered by paraphrase:

For ever

Timeless: an epithet only used of  
the Atman.

\* Manes (Mani) the heresiarch was of course a Persian.

\* I cannot agree that such a moment necessarily intervenes between normal and Samadhi consciousness, or, as the Buddhists assert, that there is a long series of intervening states invariable and well-defined, though perhaps this may sometimes be so. Nor is the appearance of the ‘Dweller’ a sure earnest of success: on the contrary, many (even most) will fail to pass this terrible barrier.



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with the Lord	sam Adhi.
Amen	Aum.
Life from the dead	an expression constantly and exclusively employed to denote the yogic attainment.
that word	To Aum is attributed the great power of regeneration. It has the sense of the Greek Logos.
immortality	a-mrita, the same idea glyphed as a dew: the Christian Graal, cup, blood, etc.

In short, every single word in the verse is literally and even in two cases etymologically identical with a technical mystic Sanskrit phrase. This is not a carefully chosen and exceptional case; on the contrary, I challenge any orthodox divine to produce any passage of scripture or any decent hymn which is free from identities of this kind.

To return to the question of phallicism, I will not be so frivolous as to quote 'New every morning is the love Our waking and uprising prove' as an example of obscene symbolism in the Christian Church; for there is no lack of serious indentity. The cross itself is notoriously the lingam; the vesica piscis—Christ being  $\iota\chi\theta\upsilon\varsigma$ , the fish—the yoni. Now the vesica piscis is the foundation of all Christian architecture; that is to say, the female member lying open, and awaiting impregnation by the male, is the glyph of the church, and the divine invocations upon its altar. Similarly the figure of the bride of Christ has only been spiritualized in very recent days. Whoso doubts it may consult Payne Knight's essays 'On the Worship of Priapus'. The lady was usually represented by the 'Early Christians' (our models in all things) as a naked female with a lascivious grin; offering with her hands, apparently to the first comer, a vulva which is of the shape and relative size of a horse collar! Any ordinary man who attempted to indulge



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her fancy would find himself in the position of Baker's blue jay. But with God all things are possible.

I am tempted to add that even plain paederasty, without any question of symbol at all, is perhaps not so incompatible with the virtues, religious, social, moral and domestic, as my good compatriots make such a point of asserting with a fine show of disgust and indignation, thereby lending colour to the fixed idea which obtains on the Continent of Europe that all Englishmen are sodomites.

To my hand, as I write this, comes a strange essay *Περὶ τῆς Παιδεραστειᾶς* written by a well known clergyman. He is adored by his wife and children; his church is full when his brethren in the district are in despair; his poor are better looked after than any for fifty miles around; and his choir is incomparably the best in the kingdom. \* To a sincere and even rapturous piety he joins a passionate love for the pleasures of the table and the bed; and the reader will I think grant him both acuteness of intellect and elegance of diction.

It is instructive: indeed, beyond all comparison better than the laborious and pedantic exposition I had conceived it my duty to attempt: it gives the inside view, and references to the scholars and paederasts who have previously enlarged on this fascinating topic: the style is impassioned and the matter impeccable.

I therefore turn my readers over to it without further parley, for I feel that they must be (by this time) thoroughly tired of the prosing of one who is after all not a writer, but a soldier.

(In deference to the wishes of the widow of the gallant soldier who penned these lines and gave his life to his country in S. Africa, we do not carry out his intention of attaching his name to them (during her lifetime) and designate him only by his chosen nom de plume, Alain Luty. Ed.)

\* Crede experto? Ed.



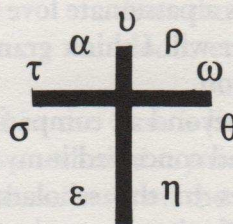
THE EQUINOX

Περι  
της  
Παιδεραστειας

μεγαλη πολις, ητις καλειται πνευματικως

Σοδομα και Αιγυπτος,

οπου και ο Κυριος ημων



Rev. XI. 8.

Χριστω συνεσταυρωμαι Gal. II. 20

AN ESSAY

by the

Reverend P. D. Carey



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

It is sunset, and the rose rays fall aslant the woodland; they trace patterns of wondrous witchery on the velvet of the glade. A ruddy glow lightens the marble leer of the all-glorious one, the child of Arcady, the ineffable Pan—Pan! Pan! Io Pan!—before whom I lie prostrate with my robes careless and freeflung, so that the red warmth of Apollon burns on my live quivering flesh, as I lie and yearn in utter worship towards the all glorious one, not daring to raise my eyes to yonder rosy shaft of Parian stone. The love in my heart melts all the winter of my body, and the warm salt springs gush from my eyes upon the ground—surely the latter spring shall see green violets grow thereon!

Then, in the hush of the sunset, come noiseless hoofs treading the enamelled turf; and ere I know it a fierce lithe hairy body has gripped mine, and the dread wand of magic shudders its live way into my being, so that the foundations of the soul are shaken. The heavy breath and the rank kisses of a faun are on my neck, and his teeth fasten in my flesh—a terrible heave flings our bodies into mid air with the athletic passion that unites us with the utmost God ‘hid i’ th’ middle o’ matter’—and the life of my strange lover boils within my bowels—there is a ronronnement as of myriad nymphs and fauns, satyrs and dryads,—a stirring of the waters of life—we fall back in an ecstasy—somewhat like death—with the gasping murmur Pan! Pan! Io Pan! while the marmorean splendour before us turns with the last ray of sunlight his goodly smile upon our still and stricken bodies—the heap of the slain of Priapus—perinde ac cadaver—ah! it is night, it is death.

Alas! it is not sunset; here is no glade, but a noisy London square; we cannot live, we must talk; we cannot love, we must dissect. We know that these people are not the gracious children of God, but the evil and laborious gnomes of hell; creatures whose lives are given to the senseless lust of gold, the infamous toil of coynte, counter and countinghouse. They understand us only enough to know that we are happy; therefore they hate us; therefore as they spat on Christ, forsaken of all but John, his sweet-voiced catamite, so does the cur today spit in the face of Oscar Wilde, as he goes from the judge to the prison. Ye were too childlike, too innocent, too hopeful of mankind, that ye did proclaim your pearly gospel to the swinish multitude!



## THE EQUINOX

The old law, silence is the master: therefore whoso looketh for my name,  
let him find it darkling in these lines of power!

R. is the Father, W. the Son,  
And E. the Holy Spirit, three and one:  
But if they esoterically are read,  
My equal name shall glitter out instead.

Yes! we must not sing hymns to Pan to-day; we must pretend to be German professors, with a keen scientific interest in these very remarkable phenomena which look so much like madness, and which our own perfect sanity and the effulgence (possibly a shade alto) of our discreet and legal passion for our Limburger-tainted hausfrau hide from our fuller comprehension.

As is right, therefore:

In nomine v. Krafft-Ebing, v. Schrenk-Notzing,  
et Havelock Ellis, Amen.

The Holy Trinity (invoked above) have brought within the knowledge of the English speaking races all those facts connected with 'sexual perversion' (in its infinite variety) which occur in the diseased.

The late Sir Richard Burton has informed us of all that need be known on the subject in the matter of its historical, geographical, and ethnographical distribution; and his *Priapeia*, and the verses of the *Hermaphrodite of Panormita*, form a valuable commentary on his remarks. Ulrichs and Symonds have treated the subject sympathetically (though rather timidly and as it were with the cold ardour of the special pleader) in its modern practical aspects; but with the exception of Verlaine in 'Hom-bres', Wilde in 'Teleny', the pseudonymous (as we suspect) author of 'White Stains', and the nameless Aristophanes who wrote the 'Nameless Novel', nobody in modern times has dared to voice openly the supreme sanity, the splendid athleticism, and the unutterable spirituality of the male rapture of the passion between man and man.

In treating of this matter I must first premise that by *paederasty* I mean



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

actual sodomy as defined by British law<sub>1</sub> immisio penis in corpus vivum.

“Arse makes life golden, want of it dull yellow;  
The rest is only leather and prunella”.

At least the rest is but *préliminaires*. An acute observer of my acquaintance remarked to me recently that it was the actual mess caused by emission, and the necessity of cleaning up, that, by allowing time for passion to cool, prevented a great deal of copulation which would otherwise take place. There is a great gulf fixed between the ‘short time’ and the ‘all night’, and that great gulf is filled with Condyl’s Fluid! This applies equally to sodomy. If the semen is safely bestowed in mouth or anus of the beloved one, the temptation is to begin all over again; bar the trifle of fatigue, one is in the same position as at first; its loss between the legs or in the hand rouses a sentiment of disgust<sub>2</sub> which is fatal to passion. Even the mouth, like the vagina, remains in a somewhat greasy condition after it has achieved the holy task, and we have no hesitation in plumping for the anus as the one vase into which the perfumed oil of manhood may be poured without exciting a reaction<sub>3</sub>.

This point being established, let me further<sub>4</sub> make a distinction between the two great classes of sodomites. Ulrichs has pedantically christened them Urning and Uranodioning; for the former we have no colloquial name: the latter we term Bimetallist. Being himself an Urning, he has naturally failed to grasp the vast gap that divides the classes, which is that between an indulgence and a morbid craving; between the insane delusion that one is Jesus Christ or Julius Caesar and the sane and healthy resolve to emulate the exploits of these worthies in mysticism and war respectively. We pity the Urning, as we pity the consumptive or the drunkard; but we do not pity him in any special sense, any more than a connoisseur of fine wines pities the drunkard above all other pitiable folk. We do not acknowledge any nervous weakness as having a peculiar claim on us, just because it lies in the same plane<sub>5</sub> as one of our hobbies.

Now this question of Bimetallism leads us to the subject of the reasons for our indulgence, since we are not (as some silly Germans would pretend) equally with the Urning the slaves of an uncontrollable paranoia, to use a



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somewhat discredited but useful term.

"Why, in short, (quoth Mr. Moses Monometallist) loving women as you do, sir, do you go to boys and men? Is it only for variety? If not, in what does the charm consist?"

I will enumerate the conditions, and that cheerfully, since it will incidentally enable me to justify that very remarkable phrase used above, the spirituality of Sodomy.

A woman can afford two pleasures to a man, which a boy cannot; namely:

- (1) the pleasure of the cunnilinge.
- (2) common copulation.

(both these either with or without 'Red and white roses' i.e., menses and leucorrhoea.)

Common to either sex (besides opifex and artifex) are obviously all forms of masturbation with the hand, mouth, breast, armpit, etc; active sodomy; most forms of sadism and masochism; nearly all forms of coprophilia; and so on. (These latter forms are so symbolic that sense of sex is a minor matter).

A man can afford to a man two pleasures which a woman cannot give him; namely:

- (1) passive sodomy. (pleasure of the pathic)
- (2) irrumation. (pleasure of the fellator),

The latter is a small matter, and we are justified in concluding that as far as gross gratifications go, the advantage, substantial though slight, rests with the woman. The supreme pleasures are common to both, except cunnilingism (especially during the monthly courses) on the one side, and passive sodomy on the other. Both are pleasures of a somewhat masochistic order, and if we had definitely to choose, it would be hard. Glory to the Creator whose bounty has not forced us to this alternative; aye! blessed for ever be His holy name, and thanksgiving in the highest for His loving kindness towards the Children of Men!

Why then do we so dearly cherish the passion of man and man, since of the myriad pleasures of love, two only are peculiar to it? Why, at the risk of liberty, do we pursue the shy kisses of silly English boys, often of the lower classes, when every type of woman (from the mustachioed and muscular



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belly dancer from Spain, with a constrictor cunni developed till the penis issues aching and bruised from her dangerous defile, to the soft and rosy maiden of our own dear land, with slender limbs and velvet flesh, whose pleasure is like a single slim petal of hyacinth) is at our disposal for sums ranging from half-a-crown to fifty guineas?

To ask the question is to acknowledge that one is still no better than the brutes; and to answer it is (consequently) to attempt to teach a dog dog-Latin!

O man! how can I hold talk with thee, who hast not lain upon a bed, expectant, fearful, of thou knowst not what; tremulous; stammering foolish words in pretence of conversation; thine eyes hard shut lest thou shouldst see thy lover move and perhaps (oh, worst of woes!), frighten him from thee; fearful, oh! infinitely fearful lest he should not love thee after all, fearful lest he should fear, lest he leave it for thee to say the soft words (oh! the burning cheeks, the bitten lips!) whose hidden fire shall kindle the great blaze? How talk with thee, whose quickened hearing has not known him creep ever closer, yet afraid to touch thee, has not heard the rushing of his heart, the shortening of his breath? How talk, if thou have not felt one trembling foot seek thine, one hand steal near thee and yet nearer? Till thou feel the tremor of his body; till his hot breath stir thine hair! Why, neither thou nor I can tell of that swift attack (is it a minute or an hour?) when without word spoken the bonds of conversation snap—hast thou seen a village, with its smug Swiss thieves, whelmed by the avalanche, the avalanche of elemental force, the avalanche of God? Nay, I remember nothing; I know I found myself naked in his naked arms, his giant member still throbbing and beating in my flooded bowels, and the world aswim before mine eyes.

I tell thee, man, that the first kiss of man to man is more than the most elaborately manipulated orgasm that the most accomplished and most passionate courtesan can devise. That is, it is not a physical, but a spiritual pleasure.

I tell thee, as I walk the sunsmitten streets of Mandalay, where lives a boy I love, that the very foundations of the soul tremble as mine eyes fall upon him.

I have never spoken to him; I doubt if I could command myself to speak



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to him. Have I faced death in a hundred forms, and never winced<sup>10</sup>, to fear (at last) the frown of a Nubian slave? Strange, friend monometallist! But true!

With sodomy, too, no children come, to cloud one's love with cares material and profane. I love my own children deeply, intensely; but they are rivals to my wife. Nothing can intervene between my boy and me but the slow foot of change, for sodomites are mortal; but that immortal longing in them which is παιδεραστεια—.That twins them with the Lord of Resurrection; and even as I plunge my member into the sarcophagus, the flesh eater, the podex of my lover, and withdraw it, its strength renewed as the eagles, so do I know that when the Eater of all flesh devours me altogether, I shall arise in my strength, through the blessed resurrection of our Lord Jesus, the lover of John the beautiful, into a world where erectio penis shall be the rule and not the exception. Where, please God, we shall all be Sapphists and Sodomites, joined each to each in one incredible spinthria, with the extreme orgasm (which is the Holy Ghost) abiding upon us and within us for ever and ever.

Shall I find you there, my lost darling? As I pass from the swoon of death to feel the fresh wind of Heaven blowing on my cheek, shall I find you first to meet me in those Elysian glades?

“In what ethereal dances?

By what eternal streams?”

shall I find you, sweet acolyte of Salmacis or of Terpsichore, of Bacchus or Sabrina? Will it be you on yonder bank of yellow moss by the sunspangled rivulet that tumbles noisily from the throne of God? Will it be you with your fine hair like spider's webs in the sun changed to an aureole, and your seductive face still as ever the incarnation of one single never-ending scarlet kiss? Will yours be the long pale hands to mould my body to your liking; and yours be the faithful, the unfailing member that never said me nay?

Oh come to me there darling! Lean upon the golden rampart, and watch for me to come! Be first to meet me, sweetheart! forgive me for all the wrong I did you here. I will try and be a good wife to you, darling, if you will give me one more chance to hold your love.

I had heaven in your kisses, and I went to seek it in the cloister<sup>11</sup>. I loved



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you always; it was but a boy's folly; forgive me! I may never cling to you on earth again: pray God that Heaven may be one long, long life of such bliss as we had of one another long ago by yon slow stream on whose banks I have wandered (many a time since) crying like a lost soul concerning you in the words of Milton lamenting his beauteous-buttocked Lycidas "Oh! who hath reft my dearest pledge?" Alas! neither fate nor God could I accuse: the dread hollow voice of my own stricken soul answered me: "Thine own folly, thou miserable of the fortunate of the sons of men!" Ah! but I beat my breast—in vain—in vain!

Ay! the joy we had of each other under those blue-grey hills! Do you remember the day of the storm, when we huddled under the rocks, and lit a fire of bracken and pine twigs? How you stripped me by force—for I was afraid, and jealous, and coquettish—and took your pleasure of me, thrice in the one delirious hour? By the memory of that cave, I conjure you, be first to meet me in the Elysian fields!

I must express regret for having intruded what may appear to be a personal matter into an essay on the German model, but the good Bimetallist will forgive me. He will know that the old poet was right who wrote:

"The passion of man for woman  
May serve a lad for a span.  
But utterly superhuman  
Is the passion of man for man.  
Let him but taste the wine!  
It grips him body and soul.  
Once and for all,  
Whatever befall,  
He is bound to the golden goal  
By the joy of his shuddering spine."

He will know that in the rites of sodomy duly done, even more than in the rites of heterosexual passion, lies the great secret of the Universe, the Key of the Gardens of God...

But I must not proselytize; many are called, but few chosen; a sodomite is born, not made; you can't make a silk sodomite out of an English



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grocer's boy; one sodomite doesn't make a scandal; take care of the boys, and the girls will take care of themselves; strike while the tool is hot; don't bugger in haste, or withdraw at leisure; a turd in the hand is worth two in the bush; a prick in time saves nine; it's a wise Wilde that knows his own Q.; one good turn deserves another; frig wise and fuck foolish; there's better boys in the choir than ever came out of it—all of which goes to show that it took no genius to write 'John Ploughman'. Not that if Charles Spurgeon had been<sub>12</sub> one of us, his style would have approximated to that of Walter Pater; a stylist is as direct a miracle of God as a sodomite. No! I must not proselytize! there are enough of us in the world; a select body of idealists, of men cleansed from gross passions, of poets and mystics linked in a perfect freemasonry of style and manner, of ships (as it were) who have dropped anchor in a safe harbour, of conquerors at ease in the towns they have captured, whose inhabitants are too crass and stupid even to know themselves slaves.

Yes, we are a goodly company, the blest; our lives are spent in sunny gardens and yours in subterranean sewers; we are so blissful that we rarely notice you; when we do, it is to say: God have mercy upon these blind and miserable slaves, and bring them out into His light and joy and liberty!

Wherefore I pray Him (Oh thou all-loving, all-transcending God!) that should this essay fall (as seed by the wayside) into the hands of the young and beautiful, the unspotted from the world, that He will bless it to them, that they may dwell with us in the Heaven that is Here and Now, and (after) in the Palace which of His lovingkindness He hath prepared for us in that Garden of Gardens which is approached only through the narrow postern gate of Death.



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1. There is of course not the most shadowy reason in ethics for the attitude of the law. The most confirmed sodomite (bimetallist) may beget quite as many children as another, while monogamy is the fashion. If man were expected to fertilize some dozens of women every night, like a stud ram, I don't say: but he is not. But on the positive side, a strict adherence to sodomy except for the practical purpose of begetting children, or for pacifying women, an object which a parallel development of Sapphism would more rationally fulfil, would avoid the numberless crimes and calamities inseparable from sexual intercourse—venereal diseases (almost entirely), seduction, abortion, concealment of birth, child murder, social tyranny—et omnis horrida cohors malorum.

As few people seem to know the fons et origo legis, I may here be permitted to sketch it in outline. When the power of the Crescent menaced that of the Cross, sodomy was put down with Draconic rigour because the Turks believed that the Messiah (a reincarnation of Jesus) would be born of the love between two men. Sodomy was thus a religious duty with the Turk; at any moment his passion might be used to bring about the millenium; so with the Christian it became heresy and was punished as such. People who were beyond suspicion, such as the Princes of the Church, could always obtain dispensations, and in fact habitually did so. The documents are extant. This was to the mediaeval mind a far more urgent matter than any mere persistence of Levitical tradition, founded as it was on a popular superstition scarcely less gross than their own.

But today no man can bring forward either the population nonsense or the heresy nonsense, so he brings up his dinner instead, under the equally absurd delusion that the process is physically dirty. In the interests of Light and Truth, one cannot too widely disseminate the grossly phrased, but noble, American proverb that "A turd jumps away from a live prick like a grasshopper from a snake". Anyway, one can wash!

The sole effect of the law as it stands is to make life in England insupportable for the wretched urning, and to expose every man, whether he be a sodomite or not, to the attacks of blackmailers of the vilest sort.

Suppose I am threatened by these gentry; suppose I catch them and prosecute them; suppose they get the maximum penalty, and I leave the court with applause and with the strongly expressed thanks of the judge for the courage and skill with which I have discharged so unpleasant, albeit so useful, a public duty?

Very well; does that convince my jealous wife?

Does that prevent people in the street pointing me out as "the man who was mixed up in that buggery business, don't you remember? Of course there was nothing against him; it's difficult to bring home these things, don't you know? But we think what we think, don't you know?"

While your admiring friends openly boast of you as a "dam clever bugger, by God! He had half the boys in London, and when they started to blackmail him, he turned right

i. The pathics of Laknau, when offering themselves for hire to British officers, draw long strips of muslin from their recta, whose perfect cleanliness is thus beyond suspicion. O si sic omnes! Ed.



## THE EQUINOX

round like that (gesture) before you could say "knife", by God! and didn't they get beans, by God!"

But could I fight an English election? How would my chiefs in the army look at it, when it came to the actual point of choosing one of two men for promotion? What price that fat tutorship?

There are dozens of weak innocent fools in London at this hour who, making these reflections, paid the first fatal moderate demand.

There are dozens of strong-minded men who have come to the conclusion that they may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, especially as the former is real and the latter imaginary, and so, a posteriori turned their thoughts ad posterioem. Some are born sodomites, some achieve sodomy and some have sodomy thrust upon them: the Urning, the Bimetallist, and the carcerophobe.

There are some sodomites which were so born from their mother's womb: and there are some sodomites which were made sodomites of men: and there are sodomites which have made themselves sodomites for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake. (The Urning, the Bimetallist, and the carcerophobe, and the holy sodomite to whom his passion is a sacrament, leading him on the straight road into the very arms of God). He that is able to receive it, let him receive it!

The law manufactures sodomites as it manufactures habitual criminals.

Legalize sodomy, and you will diminish it; or even if, as you seem to fear, you increase it, you will see no change in society but an advance in refinement, and possibly, parallel with the fall in the price of Mercury, Iodine, and Sandalwood oil, a slight increase in the demand for that preparation of the supra-renal capsules which is so useful in obstinate cases of internal haemorrhoids.

2. Pray analyse the sensation aroused in you by the story which ends (Mrs. Awkins, asleep, being awakened by the cup of tea which she has spilt over her lap). "There you are, Awkins! All over my stummick again!"

3. A skilful sodomite should be able to withdraw his penis nearly dry. The subsequent moisture of the anus will act as a pleasing lubricant, when the next round of preliminaries is over.

4. This has been already anticipated in the long note above. (Ed.)

5. I would suggest allopath, homaeopath, and eclectic, as a fitting classification of humanity.

6. A little obscure. I suppose the author means: a scientific whist player need not pity a gambler more than he does a drunkard; a father of twelve pity the raper more than the brawler; or the polo enthusiast pity the man who thinks he is a horse more than him who fancies himself a teapot. A.L.

Major Luty's note seems to us as obscure as the text. But the point clearly is that the sound apple does not pity the bad apple any more than the bad orange. (Ed.)

7. Conversely, it is interesting to observe that a woman can afford two pleasures to a woman, exclusively:



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(1) tribadism (cunus ad cunum)

(2) cunnilingism

A man can afford three pleasures to a woman exclusively:

(1) sodomy

(2) irrumation (pleasure of the fellatrix)

(3) copulation

Of these, tribadism is rather artificial, and hardly to be distinguished from ordinary masturbation; so that the balance is strongly in favour of man. This explains why very few women are exclusively Sapphists, but many bimetallists; and enables one to comprehend the hatred of woman for sodomy, and the toleration with which men regard Sapphism.

8. I cannot too strongly urge my readers to select their lovers from their equals in rank and fortune. It is the only safeguard against betrayal; further, it fulfils the Greek ideal, and silences the voice of adverse criticism. A.L.

Solon properly forbade the practice of sodomy to slaves; and perhaps after all the English, slaves at heart as they are, do well to observe this law. (Ed.)

9. Besides all this, there is the question of "nature" and "against nature".

"Praise Lacedaemon, and despise Corinth!  
God gave me Daphne; I won Hyacinth."

All our modern devices, though applications of nature, are against man and above nature; therefore of God. Nature's man is the cave-man. We take no paternal pride in the pariah dog, the product of nature; in the highly bred setter, the product of man's genius applied to nature's very raw material, through centuries and chiliads of struggle, we do. There is no poetry in the panting Puritan prone on his puffing and perspiring Priscilla: the love of Adrian and Antinous is a monument for all ages. Is there better poetry in the world than Wilde's "...on Adrian's gilded barge The laughter of Antinous" or F.....'s "the splendid Syrian youth with scarlet mouth Standing upon the summit of the world?" Why, to kiss my boy is a canzonet, and to suck him off a sonnet; his mouth is a madrigal, his lips are lyrics, and his eyes idylls; to be beneath him is an epithalamium, and on top of him an epic.

10. The author of this essay was with the force that captured Theebaw in 1886, and with the Soudan expeditions of recent years. A.L.

He was presented with a London living in 1900, and held it till his sudden conversion, and exodus, to Rome. (Ed.)

11. A high Anglican, he lived for three years, immediately after his ordination, in monastic seclusion at L.... A.L.

12. He was. A.L.



*The Material Basis of Spiritual Sensation<sub>1</sub>*

BAGH-I-MUATTAR

—I—

ABDULLAH EL HAJI<sub>1</sub>, called EL QA HAR<sub>3</sub>

I

THE ABYSS

As I placed the rigid pen<sub>4</sub> of my thought within the inkstand<sub>4</sub> of my imagination, I tasted the bliss of Allah; and withdrawing, beheld night and the Void like an hollow vortical shell<sub>5</sub>. But it was only Habib's podex<sub>6</sub>; and EL QA HAR would rather possess Habib's podex than the universe.

1. I am alone responsible for these capital summaries; but a well known lady mystic in London assures me that they are just.
2. حاجی satirist, not to be confused with حاجی pilgrim.
3. El Qahar—The Conqueror—Abdullah's 'Takhallus' or cognomen qua poeta.

*This is the first indication that Crowley is not here your usual faggot trying to extol the pleasures of his fare. We know that he favored the passive role in sodomy, for many reasons, some of them beyond the ken of your usual etc.; but here El Qahar represents that aspect of Deity which imposes itself upon the reluctant soul. For your usual heterosexual male this aspect is very forcibly equatable with an invading penis.*



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4. Common symbols for member and podex. See Burton, Priapeia.

*Or for member and cunt. This is a hint to the advanced (very advanced!) student of this EQUINOX number.*

5. Not the common cowrie...

*The choice of this word is a deliberate pun on "cow", and as this entire book it has meaning on several levels at once. Indeed, to go into the ramifications of practically any image here as deeply as it deserves would take several volumes of explanation. We will spare this boredom to the wise, and by our silence give a chance to the fools to learn by experience.*

... which would be more probably taken as an emblem of pudendum muliebre. صدف is the pearl-oyster shell; خرّمهره the cowrie, here the text reads صدقردان shell-whirlpool, which I took to mean the common spiral sea-shell. There may be a less fantastic phrase for this; to my Munshi, who had never studied the sea, all shells are alike and I could not explain my questions.

*Again a joke on several levels. To give only three: To the homosexual male, women are all the same, and animals to boot. To the healthy male living in our kind of society a docile woman is as irritating as a docile slave. To the Master of the Temple (who has studied the sea) all methods of attainment differ below the Abyss, but lead to the same result at the Crossing of it.*

6. It must be noted that kun (Be!) is the Arab Fiat or λογος, hence "podex" is a just symbol of the Noumenon or Essence, the knowledge of identity with which is the goal of all genuine religion.

*Again, a pun, this time on the word 'cunt', existing on multiple levels. He is saying, essentially, that the podex and the cunt are identical for the purposes of the present discourse.*

*We cannot keep elucidating details like this, no matter how much this might be helpful to beginners. These hints, deliberately inserted by Crowley in his very first chapter, should suffice those who pay close attention to what they read.*



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

### *The Spiritual Basis of Material Sensation*

#### II THE JINN-VISION

I plunged my stamen-shapen spud<sub>1</sub>  
Into a pool of crimson mud.

Yet stars<sub>2</sub> I saw; and camel-jinn<sub>3</sub>,  
And moons<sub>4</sub> upon the winds that scud<sub>5</sub>.

The sun<sub>6</sub> I saw; and night<sub>7</sub>, borne up  
Upon some dark eternal flood.

Ay! mine Habib! thy body's key  
Is like a scarlet poppy bud.

Strike in my bell thy clapper; wake  
The cosmic echo in my blood!

For El Qahar thy beauty broods,  
Of thy perfection chews the cud.

— سولي Suli, an impaling stake. A rare word of Sanskrit origin.

*With two possible roots: 'su', pig, and 'su', meaning 'good luck' and 'swastika'.*

2. Chokmah, the "emanation" referred to the Sphere of the Stars.

3. Geburah. Curiously reminiscent of Cazotte's conception of Asmodai. There may be a pun between ابل camel and ابليس the devil.

*There not just 'may' be a pun—there is a pun. The entire book is full of deliberate puns and double-entendres, all of them with occult significance.*



## THE EQUINOX

Demons are usually described as resembling animals or distortions of them. One may consult the descriptions of the 72 evil spirits of the Goetia, or the following actual results of the clairvoyance of a well known Irish lady.

*Himself, and not his wife Rose, as has been suggested by Mr. G. J. Yorke. Crowley fancied himself an Irishman.*

### THE SERVITORS OF BEELZEBUB

ALCANOR	A light-flash. Perhaps bird-like—swallow or dove.
AMATIA	A very black snake, wormy and wriggly.
BILIFARES	A great toad with a black head.
LAMARION	A donkey-headed beast the size of a spaniel with a long twisted tail.
DIRALISEN	A snake with six feet. Its head is like that of an enormous ferret, and the eyes very red.
LICAMEN	A very small long-eared monkey.
DUNIRAG	Like a sheep with the mange. It has straight horns and four black legs; the wool is in knots and patches.
ELPONEN	A whitish long-haired mouse.
ERGAMEN	A big black hairy spider.
GOTIFAN	A bat of light colour and red mixed.
NIMORUP	A stunted dwarf with large head and ears. His lips are greeny bronze and slobbery.
CARELENA	A long beaked owl, very big, grey, with no feathers.
LAMALON	Has human feet, thin legs, and a skinny body; the head is huge and a goats, the arms long and skinny.
IGURIM	Has a crocodiles head, a smooth fish's body, with white belly. Long is its tail and tapering, and it hath no feet but brownish fins.
AKIUM	Is a long-bodied black sphinx.
DORAK	Is a very misshapen monkey, of slate colour. The hands are very human, as also the ears. The body is like a woman.



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TACHAN	A red pelican's head, a shrunken brown four-legged body.
IKONOK	A very black toad with bright red eyes and much gold on his salient points.
KEMAL	A big bird, pigeons head, grey. The wings are very long with rosy tips.
BILICO	Skeleton in front of Set Beast's face.
TROMES	An enormous black beetle with lobsterlike mandibles.
BALFORI	A 7-pointed white star, with one point very long.
AROLEN	Enormous green locust.
LICROCHI	A cat's head, a dachshunds body, a long tufted tail. Brownish-yellow, dead looking.
NOMINON	A large red spongy jellyfish with one greenish luminous spot. Like a nasty mess.
IAMAI	A small light crested yellow bird, iridescent under the throat.
AROGOR	A black vulture with human ears, a very long beak, and very red eyes.
HOLASTRI	An enormous pink bug.
HACAMUBI	A monkey, black, with long hair and a white face.
SAMALO	An altogether black undersized ram with very long curling horns lying back along its back.
PLISON	Has two very thin legs, a black big belly, and arms stretched up and behind its very large and long seal's head. The mouth is human and enormous.
RADERAF	Has a rhinoceros' head, but the roof of the head is cut off. He hath no body or legs.
BOROL	An erect serpent coiled, with a crowned flat head.
SOROSINA	Like a lamb pierced from right shoulder to back with an arrow. Lamb (sideways on) lying down.
CORILLON	Is very strong, having the paws and body of a couchant lion. But its face is a woman's with her hair like an Egyptian Queen's.
GRAMON	Is a tortoise of light colour with a knobby shell.
MAGALAST	Like a very small green frog with a red, 4-pointed star



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	on his head.
ZAGALO	A big frog, green with dull yellow spots. It hath a rat-tail, very long.
PELLIPIS	Like a red flaming tapering Rod, with notches at the thick end.
NATALIS	A small black gnome. In his left hand is a grey pedestal surmounted by a white pyramid.
NAMIROS	Is formless, like a flood of yellow light more brilliant than the sun.
ADIRAEI	A very large gold fish with an enormous head.
KABADA	Is a fat frog, erect, with a green white chest.
KIPOKIS	A small figure, fox-headed, extending its left hand.
ORGOSIL	A very dark and very large tortoise.
ARCON	A smallish nude human bony figure. It has a square head with three large plumes.
AMBOLON	A hunched-up rabbit squatted on a pedestal.
LAMOLON	An enormous snail of very deep blue.
BILIFOR	An erect serpent with a flat head pointing forward.

4. Chesed and Jesod.

5. Cf. a 'windy and a watering moon' in *Atalanta*.

6. Tiphereth.

7. Binah. That is, in Man's innocence his devotion enables him to commune with all the Gods except Kether, the supreme. The symbols are identical with those of the Hebrews and the Bohemians.

*That is to say, the Tarot. The use of Man, in capitals, indicates once again that he is not addressing the male in particular, but our species as a whole. It is unfortunate that the English language does not have a word for humankind like the German mensch, for instance.*



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

### *The Innocence and Reputation of Man*

#### III

#### THE AMBASSADORS

White ships come over the sea from the Sultan of Ind<sub>1</sub>; it is their mission to enquire about the reputation of thy podex, O Habib!

Caravans of camels, laden with presents, come from Damascus and Samarkand, Bukhara and Baghdad; for rich men and men of war<sub>2</sub>, princes and amirs, wise men and even holly mullahs, having heard of the black-violet<sub>3</sub> mole upon thy buttocks, cannot endure the sweet pain, and lay all their homage below those twin crescents, thy curving feet, like the tusks of a young elephant.

But no crone in Shiraz can seduce thee, O virtuous one! Thou openest, it is true, thy podex, which appears like the sun through a dissolving mist upon Friday<sub>4</sub>, but it is only to admit the dragon of El Qahar. Then there is an eclipse<sub>5</sub> of all things: Allah is the uniter<sub>6</sub>.

1. About as vague a personage as we find in Mandeville, Malory, or Moore. It is a curious literary phenomenon that in all countries poets *will* talk about "Cashmere" and "Cathay" and so on without the smallest fact to guide them. Yet there is a certain consistency in the conception.

2. غازی Ghazi warrior; sometimes used only of one who has slain an infidel. A common piece of mild chaff to a harlot (male or female) is: "Why have you stuck rouge (غازه Ghaza) on your face? In order to stick a Ghazi to your bottom!"

3. Black-violet: so in text حال صیبه طین. A black mole, in Sufi cipher, means the "point of indivisible unity". But El Haji more scandalously and obviously chooses the podex itself throughout most of his masterpiece.

*Nevertheless fails, as the author cagily intimates, to distinguish between*



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*lunar and solar eclipses. 'Black and Violet'—the colors of the Exempt Adept who has taken the Oath of the Abyss, and thus is under the pull of Binah.*

4. Friday. This appears at first sight an obvious misreading. But (if you please) Mahbub says: "When a boy opens his podex, the hairs depart one from another like true believers quitting the mosque on Friday. >> (mist) also means a worm in Arabic and the passage implies that all Arabs have tape-worms!" As is well known, they pay respect to Abu Bekr and Omar, and make things very hot for the Arami every year at Mecca. The dragon is of course the universal one; Rahu in India; Caput Draconis and Cauda Draconis in the West, famed in Astrology as the powers of the Eclipse.

But I personally support the misreading theory for *حجرا* though I can offer no conjectural restoration. The text makes nonsense, and Abdullah, with all his puns and eccentricities, rarely does this. (In Morocco the appearance of hair on face or privates utterly disqualifies a boy for pathic).

*Friday, besides being the Moslem holy day, is the day sacred to Venus. The entire note is a mixture of occult information and homosexual trivia—the latter included to blind the sensual fag and the priggish 'straight' to the occult information imparted. This happens all the time in the book, both in the text and in the notes.*

5. *صوف* This is one of El Haji's "portmanteau" words. He will not specify *كسوف* (solar) or *حسوف* (lunar) eclipse; so calmly invented a word with the third possible guttural to include all kinds!

6. From the Q'uran. Used however to *reject* amorous advances, as they say "Allah is bountiful" to a beggar, meaning "I am not". But here it is meant seriously, or at worst to imply; "This is very disgraceful conduct—let us blame it on Allah"!

*Once I was talking to a young woman who asked me why I did not study the work of any Initiates (by her definition) but Crowley's, and why I did not even consider the constant proposals of "alliance" and "cooperation" I got from certain "occult" organizations. I told her: "It is because I am a faithful wife." She shut up.*



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

### *The Pleasure God hath in Man*

#### IV

#### AFLATUN<sub>1</sub>

Habib I sing, whose heart enslaving kun<sub>2</sub>  
Is like a rose on Ruknabad<sub>3</sub> in June.

Like to the soft throat of a nightingale  
It throbs and glows—O life-dissolving swoon!

But once my spear hath threaded the djirid<sub>4</sub>,  
It clutches as the dragon grips the moon.

Till all is dark but the Unlighted Light<sub>5</sub>,  
And all is still but the Unexampled Tune<sub>5</sub>.

So, when thou smilest on him, dearest lad,  
Is El Qahar wiser than Aflatun.

1. Aflatun—Plato.

*Meaning, of course, that Plato is a fart. At any rate, the philosopher's speculations on man's condition are a lot of hot air.*

2. Kun کون anus.

*We have already spoken of this pun. Equalling 'Habib' 's kun to a rose is a further hint.*

3. Ruknabad—A streamlet of Persia near Shiraz (Forbes).

4. Djirid. A ring at which Arabs tilt at full gallop. It is our Western "tent pegging" or the medieval "quintain", this latter perhaps brought by the Crusaders from Syria. (Tilting the ring? Ed.)



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5. Light—Tune. Trancendental phenomena known to the practical mystic.

*External Religion betrayeth man to Fate*

### V

## THE DEBAUCH

Wine is red, and so are thy lips; what wonder then if El Qahar is doubly intoxicated? Thy mouth brims over with laughter at the antics of thy lover, so that in thy mirth thy podex also brims over<sub>1</sub>. Then the guests cry shame; and fall down with laughing, until the feast is disordered and becomes a debauch, so that the decorous are embarrassed. So drunk am I, however, that I shamelessly demand thy love before them all. Then the officers rush in and lead us before the Qazi<sub>2</sub>.

But while I am punished, thou, the author of my offence, art bidden to sup. Go not, O sweet Habib! that ass-calibred Jew<sub>3</sub> 's as unsuited to thy tender podex as the elephant to the nightingale. By Allah, I say go not! 'twere shame, when thou returnest, that thou shouldest seem to thine El Qahar like Hatim Tai's<sub>4</sub> tunic to that Allah-forgotten hurchback<sub>5</sub>, Ali Bukhti<sub>6</sub>.



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1. To break wind is the worst breach of good taste possible to a Musalman. Witness the famous story translated by Burton.

*This is in a great part due to the hidden popularity of homosexuality in Muslin countries. Their reaction to a fart is as excessive as the reaction of certain 'straight' males to the overtures of a paederast.*

2. Qazi—magistrate.

3. It is exceedingly doubtful whether an actual Jew would be permitted to hold office, even if converted to Islam. The term is probably simple abuse. Ass-membered (khar nafsar, خارنفسار) is with most Persian writers a compliment. El Haji had certainly never heard the English rime "A gentleman's pin is long and thin"; yet he appears to share the prejudice, probably from personal reasons.

*Cagey again. "Ass-membered" Jew, the "Jesus" of the Christists. The reference to this mythical character as 'Magistrate' hints at the prevalence of Christism as the arbiter of morality at the time of writing.*

4. Hatim Tai. The Hercules of Persia, though his feasts are more famous than his feats or his stature. But here the bulk is clearly the important thing.

5. Hunchback—not merely an unfortunate, but a bad man. Witness "Expect 42 ills from the cripple, and 80 from the one-eyed man; but when the hunchback arrives, say Allah help us!"

6. Bukhti is the two-humped camel of Bactria. Ali is therefore the fellow's name; Bukhti his laqab or nickname—which none escape.

*All in all, the text is an appeal to the disciple not to let himself or herself be deviated by the apparent power or prosperity of other gurus, and specially by the established creeds—which, as the Lord of the Aeon explicitly and succinctly states, are crapulous; meaning, fraudulent and evil.*



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### *The Impotence of Thought to perceive Reality*

#### VI

#### THE CURTAIN

Thy podex like a rose, within  
Thy buttocks, sprays of jessamine,

Buds to my kisses; then the wine  
Sets this old head of mine aspin,

So that I push thee to thy knees—  
A worship, darling, not a sin.

Deep as I plunge, I do not break  
Within the velvet of thy skin.

Do what I will, thy self is hid  
From me by envy of the Jinn

So, when I think, I cannot pierce  
The truth of things; I cannot win

Unto the real; life's wheel is kept  
From turning by its axle-pin<sub>1</sub>.

But swing thine hips and smile upon  
The hideous world's malicious grin!

Then when we end, the task is light:  
Bid El Qahar once more begin!<sub>2</sub>



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1. The very cause of life—desire—is that which hinders its attaining to higher planes. A Buddhist and by no means a Mohammedan doctrine. I am a little uncertain of my translation. Literally هه زبیت یسر محور زنگ گرفته است.

The wheel of life stands still, the axis is rusty. (This line, pencilled faintly in Major Luty's MS. has been difficult to decipher: we doubt the accuracy of the above. It is not an MS. reading. Ed.)

2. Cf. Verlaine—c'est à recommencer. But "beginning" is here "maruk" ماروک not "rashid"; and Mahbub says that here is a punning reference to Marut ماروت (any connection with the Sanskrit Maruts?) and Harut, who are the Persian "Beni Elohim" going in to the daughters of men. To punish them, Allah hung them by their heels in a well at Babylon, where they wile away the time by giving magical instruction. The meaning therefore (argal!) of the whole passage is that unredeemed (i.e. uninitiated) man, however ordinarily devout, is liable to become a sorcerer! I cannot help thinking that Mahbub must have been hung up by his heels at one time: nobody could ever think all that out right way up!

*Again joking and instructing. The meaning is to be sought in Atu XII and our many references to it in EQUINOX V.*



## THE EQUINOX

### *The Unity of God*

#### VII

### THE DUSTSTORM

I was excessively drunk yesterday in the house of Husein<sub>1</sub>; thou didst appear to me (for there is no might nor any potency save in the Almighty!)<sub>2</sub> as having two podices like suns on the horizon in a duststorm; and four buttocks, shaking in a confused manner.

Therefore did I take council with Husein-i-Abdul<sub>1</sub> as to what it were fitting to do; and he bade me look upon my member; whether it were one or two. Now then my eyes gave the lie to my hand; but rushing upon thee like a bull, I did penetrate to the core of thy being; and great joy overcoming me I fell down, assured that there was but one.

Thus it is with the unbeliever<sub>3</sub> and his three gods; but whoso knoweth Allah knoweth Him to be one.

For all that, Habib, it is a great pity that thou art not double as to thy podex; I could more easily understand and excuse thy filthy dealings with the one-eyed Nubian yesterday. Of a surety thou stinkest yet of his sweat; go wash thyself before thou comest wooing to El Qahar.

Nay, darling, come now, and as thou art; I love thee, wert thou the bedfellow of every hog in Iran.

1. Husein—possibly represents the mystic teacher or Guru of the poet. The Nubian is perhaps Satan or the "Evil Genius". Abdul means Saints or Hermits, but also a class of being spoken of in the Oracles of Zoroaster as "Intelligibles", "Empyrean Rulers"; in short, Viceroys of the Demiourgos. They are the Mahayana "Dhyana-Buddhas" and the modern planetary gods Arathron, Bethor, Phaleg, Och, Hagith, Ophiel, Phul.



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The curious may consult Cornelius Agrippa for further details.

*There are many classifications of Angelic Hierarchies. Zoroaster's 'Intelligibles' may correspond to the 'Intelligences' of the Jewish Qabalah, and to lump 'Dhyana-Buddhas' and Planetary Gods together in this manner is a bit sloppy. Unfortunately, there is no careful study done at present of those Spiritual Hierarchies; the closest approximation we know is one done by us in Portuguese some time ago, as part of a book entitled "Astral Attack and Defense" which at the time of this writing remains unpublished.*

2. A common expression of surprise or shock. In such a connection it here becomes (to the Persian mind, at least) intensely ludicrous. As in the story of the King who climbed the wall (in the other "Scented Garden"—Ed.) where this form of jest is carried to its limit.

3. Unbeliever, i.e. the Christian, who ranks in Islam with the idolater and the polytheist.

*The entire chapter has to do with certain ordeals of a very high order. The general meaning is that reality is only attained by daring to experience.*



## THE EQUINOX

### *The Infidelity and Ingratitude of Man*

#### VIII

#### THE WHORE

Art thou one or many<sub>1</sub>, Habib? Surely thou hast need to be a thousand, since thou hast taken to prostituting thyself to Hindus and Afghans, Nubian slaves and immodest boys from Bushir<sub>2</sub>.

When they saw thee of old, with thy tunic hanging upon thy jutting buttocks, like the flowing draperies of the Caliph's tent, men said of thee: "The complexions of the women are well shaded from the sun". Now it is thin and transparent, that tunic of thine, and people are saying: "Please Allah it may not rain, else will the horses catch cold and die!"<sub>3</sub>

Every gossip comes to me and prates of thy misdemeanours; my beard waves with anger like an old goat's. Come to me, and I will beat thee soundly; and if thou offendest again, I will carry thee before this ass-calibred Qazi—Allah on him!—I know well what punishment he will give thee—love; but ever after thou shalt have no need to be a thousand, but accomodate thirty lovers at one time within thy podex.

So saith El Qahar, but I am not so sure that if thou comest to him with thine impudence and prettiness, he will not forgive thee. Allah is the Forgiver<sub>4</sub>.

1. In reference to the problems of Greek philosophy, I may refer students to Erdmann's History of Philosophy for an adequate and noble discussion of this fascinating theme.

2. Hindus, etc. The sins of the soul. Cf. Ezekiel XVI and XXIII —indeed the whole symbolism of the Hebrew prophets.

3. Meaning that his buttocks are now public; like a serai; while before they were private, like a harem.



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4. From the Q'uran. But possibly a threat equalling "God may forgive you but I never will", as our demi-virgin Astrea Redux told the treacherous Countess.

### *The Results of Sin*

## IX

### THE HAKIM<sub>1</sub>

Thy breast smells of all the jasmine in Iran, Habib, just as thy podex has the essence of all its roses. But it is too much like the bosom of a woman. Though thy buttocks are like nargis, they are no longer firm.

This is because thou lingerest in bawdy talk in taverns, drinking forbidden liquors; because thou dalliest all day with that camel backed monocular from Nubia.

He serveth thee without remission from the Wolf's Tail<sub>2</sub> to the Evening Star, O thou eaten up with beastliness! and for this thou forgettest the manly games of youth. When I first had thee, thou wast like a young deer, bounding over the grassy plains; now thou waddlest like a gravid she-ass. Puffy are thy cheeks and bloated, just as if the moon were turned by a sorcerer into a putrid cheese<sub>3</sub>.

Fie! thou art surely bewitched by this ugly fellow, with his lips like rotten bananas<sub>4</sub>. Because he has a member like an ass, why shouldst thou be in conduct like a mule? I shall anoint myself with camel's dung<sub>5</sub>, and drink many decoctions of chob-chini<sub>5</sub>, since nothing appeases thee but male vigour.

Alas! thou carest no more for riding, but only for tippling; Firdausi<sub>6</sub> pleases thee not, nor the Ghazals of thine El Qahar<sub>7</sub>. Thou art but an hog wallowing in Nubian mire; thou art fat; thou stinkest; thy voice is getting



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like a jackal's, while thy podex is no more elastic than a ten year old wineskin; in three years thou wilt be as foul as thy Nubian.

Come into my garden, boy! with true love and pure, with open air and swift riding thou mayest regain thy beauty. Then wilt thou be grateful to El Qahar, and faithful, if thou canst be faithful. The camel that hath learnt to bite furiously<sub>8</sub>—only Allah and the muzzle<sub>9</sub> avail.

1. حَكِيم —Hakim—doctor, not to be confused with حَاكِم Hakim—official.

2. Wolf's Tail—the false Dawn, or zodiacal light.

3. One MS. omits the sentence, and finishes the previous couplet "O flabby and withered lips!" لَشْفَةُ الصَّام lit. "lips of one who fasts".

4. Probably a pun. بوسیدن to kiss. پوسیده rotten.

5. Reputed aphrodisiacs. In reality of little more use than the boasted South American Damiana. Chob-chini (wood of China) is the "ginseng" of Sze-Chuen and Corea. The modern biological methods of restoring sexual vigour are interesting. Brown-Sequard prepared a testicular infusion, but his was not found—everywhen, everywhere, and by all, a success. To-day they kill a goat, obtain the semen while the animal is still not quite dead, and preserve by a special process. Such a decoction, even when a year old, exhibits live and active spermatozoa when warmed by an experienced microscopist on the stage of a good instrument. Injected under the skin, it produces magnificent results, both as a general tonic and a cure for impotence. Thus the goat, deposed from his satanic glory, and proved (like a young virgin) useless in gonorrhea, has at last found his *causa finalis* in the laboratories of Chicago. (The following addition to the above note was communicated to me by the able and learned M. Merryweather of Armours).

### ORCHITIC TESTICULAR SUBSTANCE

Prepared from the testicles of the ram. The value of the orchitic substance is stated to be assured in the treatment of well defined cases, particularly in cerebral depression, failure of reproductive power, premature senility, nervous asthenia, neurasthenia etc. In these complaints, the employment of the Orchitic substance gives good results by stimulating



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the nervous system, by increasing the power of work, and also the secretions, the proportions of haemoglobin and the vital resistance, etc. Such results are partially explained by the chemical composition of the Orchitic extracts which are extremely rich in organic phosphorus. The results are similar to those obtained by the use of Glycero-Phosphates and Lecithins.

Preparations—Orchitic desiccated powder (Armour). One part is equal to 80 parts of the raw material packed in one ounce bottles at 2/6d. Orchitic Tablets (Armour). Each tablet contains 2 grains of the desiccated substance packed in bottles of 100 tablets at 1/6d.

*At the time of writing, this kind of preparation was a breakthrough, amazing news in fact. Now, glandular extract therapy has advanced sufficiently for every endocrinologist to know that to feed patients male sexual hormones exclusively is dangerous: it may inhibit the pituitary. Normal aging males, for instance, when taking hormones to halt or retard old age, should combine them with a certain proportion of female hormones. Indeed, excessive absorption of male hormones by a physically normal man may result in atrophy of the testicles. Such treatments should be undertaken only under the care of an experienced and responsible—hakim.*

6. Firdausi, the epic poet of Persia.

7. Some MSS. end with this Takhallus. But the title seems hardly justified without what follows. At the same time, it must be remembered that the titles are all probably of late insertion and for convenience of reference only.

*A shameless lie; everything is a hint to the wise, a titillation to the pervert, and an affront to the prude.*

8. According to Mahbub, this is an attack on the Q'uran. (He being like so many Persians today not only a Sufi, but a follower in a sect of El Baab, delights to point out these things.) For furious *صايش* is a pun on *صالح* Salir, a prophet, who converted some of the Thamud tribe by producing a camel from a stone. (Q'uran Cap. VII) But even so the joke is not obvious to my mind.

*Cagey again. Cf. LIBER 333, Chs. 42 and 73. The stone is, of course, the Stone of the Philosophers, the Cornerstone, the Foundation, the Fundament, etc. etc.*

9. Very like Cromwell's famous retort to the officer who asked if his



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puritans should engage in prayer, as the enemy might attack at any moment. "Of a surety; and bid them keep well dry their powder".

### *The Reproaches of God*

## X

### THE BLACK STONE

I have kissed the Black Stone of the Ka'abah<sub>1</sub>, O Habib! but a thousand times the black mole upon thy buttocks. I have seen a thousand men kiss the black stone of the Ka'abah; but I hear that the pilgrims to thy house are even more numerous than the Hujjaj<sub>2</sub>.

Omar<sub>3</sub> was an ass; but he is buried—Allah curse him!—at El Medinah; only those with members like an ass find any permanent resting place in the mosque.

His<sub>4</sub> member is firmer than a rock, sayest thou? But I will bottle and drown him.<sub>5</sub>

It is disgraceful, Habib, that thou lettest that lousy little tailor into thy secret beauties; but I suppose thou needest his needle and thread to repair the rents made by thy boasted Qazi.

Often have I sung thy podex as the sun, and of a surety he shineth upon all.

Thy gait is the gait of a gravid sow; thou admittest every hog in Iran to thy sty; beware, sayeth El Qahar, lest thou bring forth a litter of pigs!<sub>6</sub>

1. Ka'abah—the Holy Place at Mecca. See Burton's Pilgrimage for a long description of this and of the Black Stone.



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2. Hujjaj—plural of Haji, a pilgrim to Mecca.
3. Omar—See Burton's Pilgrimage for facts about this caliph, highly honoured by the orthodox Muslim, but detested by the 'Arami' (Persians) who ever seek to defile his tomb, often risking their lives in the attempt. Frequent is the pun between Omar and Hhumar "ass". They are spelt nearly alike (حمر and عمر) and Persian pronunciation always slurs the difference between "ma'ajub" and "ma'aruf" o and u.

*Again we remind the serious reader of the Qabalistic and Egyptian meanings of the Ass—the pun is unintended, but quite apt.*

4. Whose? Presumably the Nubian's; but the text is ambiguous.
5. A pun. صخره means both "rock" and a jinn who offended King Solomon. The latter (as usual) imprisoned him in a brass globe and threw him into the sea.
6. All this is so much the more insulting as the woman and the pig are such unclean beasts. See Frazer "Adonis, Attis, Osiris" Book I. Cap. IV p. 36 in reference to a shrine of Hercules at Gades (Cadiz) an early Tyrian colony. "Neither women nor pigs might pollute the holy Place by their presence". So that we need not attribute the Mohammedan viewpoint to the Inspiration of Allah; others had noticed it before.

*This attitude towards woman is extremely common in homosexuals. They affect to be repelled by her normal body secretions, odors and sexual scents. However, a Frenchman living in Brasil (a country where people, water being available, sometimes bathe twice a day) complained to his mistress that he wished she would not wash so often, so she would have the odor de femina so common in his female compatriots, who traditionally wash very little.*

*It is inevitable that a woman who does not take scrupulous care of her body shall tend to smell stale or rancid under her breasts or around her vulva. On the other hand, the natural secretions of a healthy clean woman are a joy to any heterosexual male. Anyway, some of the rancid smells that may develop in the groin region are exactly the same for men or women. As Crowley says, one can always wash!*

*A careful differentiation should be established between the vulva and the vagina in this matter. The vulva can, and should, be carefully washed daily, just as the cleft of the buttocks should in both sexes. But the vagina,*



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*if it be healthy, does not smell. The offending smells are external, and the result of normal secretions and body oils that naturally will decompose and stink unless they are kept fresh by daily removal of excess and dirt.*

### *The Falsity of the Frank*

#### XI

#### AZIZ<sub>1</sub>

Of what have I sung, Habib? Of thy love. Of what do I sing now? Of thy faithfulness.

Thy presence or absence makes no difference, therefore, to me. In the same way, whether Allah be or be not is little odds so long as His devotees enjoy the mystic rapture.<sub>2</sub>

Yet as the podex of Aziz is inferior to thy podex<sub>3</sub>, both because it has two fistulae, and because it lacks thy heat, dryness and tightness, so also is the God of the Christian inferior to Allah, both because he has two cogods, and because he hath neither the power, the wisdom, nor the compassion of Him who is alone without equal, son, or companion.<sub>4</sub>

Whether He exist or no, whether He love him or no, El Qahar will love Him and sing His praises.<sub>5</sub>



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1. Aziz is a generic term—darling, sweetheart, etc., almost the French mignon, with a subcurrent of meaning—pathic. Joseph (ibn Yakub) says Palmer, is called “aziz i mist” implying that he was Pharaoh’s catamite; and his behaviour towards Potiphar’s wife is applauded in Persia not as virtue but as policy. But Platt attributes the title to Potiphar himself. (Q’uran XII ‘Joseph’). I think he is wrong.
2. Affirms the subjective value of devotion. Cf. Fuller “The Star in the West”, who speaks of “concious communion with God on the part of an Atheist”—and so on.
3. Again Habib represents Allah; the constant interchange is very confusing, and to Western minds a great blemish on the poem. But the childish subtlety of the Eastern mind regards this as a “veil” preventing the unbeliever from penetrating the allegory.
4. Q’uran CXII. Cf. Browning (Ring and Book, The Pope) for these 3 qualities.
5. Affirms the subjective value of Devotion.

*Sincerity of Aspiration is more valuable than a good Guru. “If the fool should persist in his folly...” as Blake said. This unfortunately sounds like an apology for the Maharishis and the Falwells and even for the Popes. We do not condone their dishonesty or their crapulousness; but to the truly pure at heart all Ways lead at last to the Result, so long as they Invoke Often, and are able to pierce the veil that the false guru, the idle guru, and the unscrupulous charlatan represent.*



## THE EQUINOX

### *The Wages of Sin*

#### XII

#### THE APPLES

In my garden are seven kinds of apples<sub>1</sub>; and there are seven kinds of louse<sub>2</sub> on the once velvet buttocks of my Habib.

The smooth whiteness is now become a red roughness; he is spotted like a leper.

He is no more fit for the desire of a clean man; even his seducers, the black-skinned swine! having found a boy with tulip cheeks and coralline; and a bosom of jessamine; and eyebrows like Karenian<sub>3</sub>, bows for beauty of line; and breath like wine; and buttocks fair and firm and fine; and a podex like a ruby mine; have cast him off<sub>4</sub>. Until Shahrava<sub>5</sub> return he will no more pass current. Let him buy a dildo, for his cry for members is ceaseless as the jackal's!

Nay! But come to me, Habib! I will cherish thee as my life; I will take thee in my garden and love thee ever as of old. El Qahar will make new songs for thee, till thy fame standeth for ever among men, as the sun standeth in the sky, not to be denied<sub>6</sub>. So sayeth El Qahar.

1. Often the case in Persia.
2. Often the case in Persia.
3. Karenian—proverbial expression. (Write this up fully). (Major Luty did not live long enough to accomplish this intention; and we cannot trace the phrase. Possibly it is more Indian than Persian. Ed.)
4. This passage means that "the devil always leaves you in the lurch" as Spurgeon said. However devoted one may be to vice, sooner or later it tires and gives no more pleasure. The same is of course true of virtue; but to the



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mystic, virtue, as such, is itself yice. Cf. "All your righteousness is as filthy rags".

5. Shahrava. A king who forced a leather currency on his subjects. Dildos in Persia being usually made of leather, the jest is double edged. To present a dildo, or anything which might by any possibility be used as such, to a courtesan is a deadly insult, implying "You cannot attract a live man", and she will assuredly have you murdered sooner or later if she can.

*This should be contrasted with the present situation in America, where to present a woman with a battery-powered dildo with all the newest electronic attachments is the "in" thing. Husbands buy them themselves. Oh healthy days!*

6. A proverb and a pun انكار denial انوار splendour.

### *The Pangs of Repentance*

## XIII

### THE BLIND BEGGAR

Thou hast come back to me Habib! but in sooth thou art a sorry sight! Fifteen<sub>1</sub> years since thy birth in Iran; yet thy flesh hangs on thee like his old clothes on Abdullah<sub>2</sub> the blind beggar. Seven days did the barber and the druggist toil upon thee; but thy foulness clings like musk.

Also I have been put to great charges for thee, having shut thee up to purge and salivate<sub>3</sub>. But oh! how that drooppeth that was straighter than a young palm! Furthermore thou poutest, bemoaning thy Nubian that I have not his vigour. Thou whose podex has become like the twat of one sixty years an whore!<sub>4</sub>



## THE EQUINOX

Therefore, I will put thee in my harem for the filthy slut thou art; the eunuchs shall beat thee soundly before the women; and this night I will go in to Laila, whom most thou hatest of all my concubines.

While thou wast away, I wooed thee with soft words and lamentations; now I have my will of thee, I will treat thee with great severity.

So also doth Allah entreat kindly the wicked; and upon the just raineth plagues. For thy desertion, Habib, and this thy ingratitude doth El Qahar give praise to the beloved One.

1. Again a long explanation from Mahbub. The soul (he says) falls from 66 (الله) to 45 (آدم) Adam, man. Then the twofold head of the dragon-camel divides it into 3 equal portions  $45 \div 3 = 15$ . But God transfixes the dragon-camel with an arrow (□ Samech 60 "Temperance" the 15th letter of the alphabet) and  $60 + 45 = 105 = 21 \times 5$ , or the Perfect Crown  $3 \times 7$  ۞ in the 5 quarters of the perfected Man, the Cross replaced by the Pentagram.

2. Abdullah—the unredeemed man; Cf. Rev. III. 17.

3. A common medical practice in the East.

4. The worst of insults. The great excuse for the podex is its superior tightness—supposing that the Persians thought an excuse necessary.

*This again entails a total lack of knowledge of, or experience with, female sexual physiology; for a woman who is excited is not only naturally tight around the penis, but will also have inner vaginal movements which the rectum, unless specially trained, is incapable of. Also, although the entrance of the rectum is naturally tighter, once you are past the threshold it is wide open, as any fool can see by looking at an atlas of anatomy. Frankly, we see no excuse for preferring the rectum over the vagina except for specialized magickal work. But we are prejudiced, we suppose.*

5. Laila—perhaps the Evil Jinn. Laila means "night"; and Lilith is the chief of the succubi, much feared by good Muslims. It was reserved for Mr. Thomas Lake Harris and his English dupe Berridge to cultivate of set purpose this abominable and disgusting variety of masturbation.

*Another important hint couched as a blind. Crowley's review of Thomas Lake Harris' work in EQUINOX I is couched in quite different terms.*



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### *The Shame of the Prodigal*

#### XIV

#### THE COMPARISONS

O Habib, I have compared thy figure to the cypress, and to a thousand other beautifully shapen things. Also I have said that thine eyes were like the sun for splendour; and like the gazelle's eyes for depth and softness; many other things very well composed have I sung concerning thee. I have even compared the perfume of thy podex to that of the rose, and I take Allah to witness that this is not so, except by favour of him in whom all is One<sub>2</sub>. I was faithful and diligent in love, and worshipped thee above all save Him to whom alone worship is due.

Thou didst cast me off for thy filthy lovers—Allah forget them!—and now thou comest back thou thinkest still to play the master. No, by Allah! thy podex doth not resemble the rose, or another flower; it resembles nothing but a podex, the podex of a peevish and filthy sodomite.

When thou didst veil thy buttocks with the spangled muslin of Egypt, we cried out that it was the face of Allah radiant through the stars of night—for we were excessively drunk, Habib!—But yesterday we laughed even louder when my women veiled thee as to thy face with a black veil, and Laila cried “Allah be praised, the Concealer, that He hath permitted us to conceal the podex of this pig.”

Thou didst not laugh, O spoiler of sport!

Nor did the rattans of the eunuchs move thee to mirth, falling like the first hard rain of summer upon thy back, and upon thy buttocks, and upon thy feet, Thou art no longer cheerful; Laila in the night bade me observe that in thy song, which thou sangest to the eunuchs, there was a note as of pain. Is it because thou hast not eaten for three days that thou hast lost thy good spirits? Or wast thou ashamed, shooting the peppercorns<sub>3</sub>? No, by Allah, for thou hast no shame. It may be because I have clothed the male ass of Abdullah the tailor in costly trappigs and made him pass throughout



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the whole city in charge of the pimp Mohammed Shaib the Maghraby<sup>4</sup>, saying: "I go to fetch Habib from the house of El Qahar as a beautiful bride to this my master Khar-i-zakar-i-asal"<sup>5</sup>.

The people of this city are laughing, Habib; it is at thee! Even thy Nubian called out in the Bazaar: "Beware, O presumptuous one! Remember the ass that fell into the pit!"<sup>6</sup>

I love thee, Habib; and that none the less that thou hast cured me of my folly for thee.

I am the master, and thou the slave. See to it that thou be the slave of love<sup>7</sup>, then wilt thou live ever happily with El Qahar, the despiser of Shahrava<sup>8</sup>.

1. This passage is a clever parody on a well known Ghazal of Hafiz.
2. That is to say, phenomena are all alike to who perceives the Noumenon.
3. To amuse oneself at the expense of another, one may fill his rectum with peppercorns, and apply a pinch of pepper to the nose. This causes the peppercorns to shoot forth, often noisily.

*The reader is reminded of our remarks on the sadism characteristic of homosexuality. This kind of "amusement" is still practised in the East—and with suitable variations, in the East Side as well.*

4. The Shaib are of the famous Riff tribe. The Moors are considered a very wild and boisterous crew, but very good-tempered. They are the Irish of Islam. Burton is, I think, a little hard on them when he writes: "what conscience has the murderous Moor, who slays his guest with felon blow?"

*Well, the Irish are doing the same kind of thing these days, and the English are far from being hard enough on them.*

5. Ass of the member of honey. خر ذكر عسل So Mahbub's expansion of the "portmanteau" text خد كعسل Khazk'asal.

6. Refers to a fable. An elephant had fallen into a pit, but managed to scramble out. Seeing an ass going in that direction, he kindly warned him. The ass disdainfully replied that he, being light, ran little danger. Ay! said the elephant, but small and without an hand, how wilt thou escape if thou dost fall? And in fact the ass fell and perished miserably.



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*The reader is referred to the story The Daughter of the Horseleech in EQUINOX I.*

(I think it far more likely that it refers to another fable, the following, told by Persians against Omar and Ayes Shah who as the daughter of Abu Bekr is supposed by the Shiahs to have influenced Mohammed's conduct for evil. There are numerous scandals concerning her. Yet the more decent Persian tells the story of Zuleikah (Potiphar's wife) and of Joseph.

A certain dog meeting an ass, greeted him cheerfully. "Why this glee, brother dog?" "Passing near a dunghill, (probably Abubekr's house is intended) I met a beautiful virgin named Ayesha who is as firm and as tight as it is impossible to believe." The ass trots off, all on fire, but suddenly falls headlong into a deep pit. He is about to bear witness that there is no God but God, and that Mohammed is his Prophet (i.e. about to resign himself to death), when he is lifted out by a woman's hand and set on solid earth again. "O ass! how dost thou dare awaken Ayesha the promised wife of the Prophet of Allah?" O Ayesha! I met a certain dog, who bore witness that thou wast tighter than it is possible to believe, the liar!" "Verily, o ass, but Omar hath passed by since then." Ed.)

*As you can see, the poor women have no chance with the mystique of the homosexual. If they are tight and snug, they will stop being so if the homosexual's ideal male member gets into them. Naturally, the militant leabians (miscalled feminists by people who should know better, feminists included) have their own tales to tell in the United States these days about the male appendage; tales which are probably just as funny and just as ribald.*

7. The same phrase is used in the story of this name in Alf Laylah wa Laylah. Possibly some satire is concealed; but my munshi failed to make me see the joke.

8. Shahrava was a despot who forced leather money into circulation. The passage means, according to Mahbub, that El Qahar will not use a leather dildo, but his own stout member, upon the podex of Habib; but I prefer to think that he simply means "I will not beat thee" i.e. with leather thongs. In all countries beating is jestingly spoken of as "payment". Besides, the whole ode concerns active punishment, not mere deprivation of pleasure. (See note to XII. Ed.)



## THE EQUINOX

### *The Pains and Pleasures of Redemption*

#### XV

#### THE COMPLAISANCES

It is a pleasure to be thy tutor<sub>1</sub>, Habib; thou learnest swiftly, and (I think) wilt not soon forget. When thou camest in to me at night thou wast all in tears; and clasping my feet didst moan exceedingly, and beseech pity.

Yet when I smote thy buttocks with the whip, bidding thee be cheerful, thou didst rise instant with laughter and smiles. Thou didst put on thy old provoking coquetry; though for many days thou hadst drunk nothing but water, thou didst comport thyself as one in whom the wine first blusheth<sub>2</sub>.

Also when my love revived for thee a little, thou didst not immodestly thrust out thy buttocks, and show bare a gaping and hungry podex. On the contrary, thou wast like a young girl, and there was much shame when thy hand led the camel to the well<sub>3</sub>.

Also there was embarrassment for thee when I bade thee act as thou didst act with thy Nubian; since, if thou didst too well, I should reproach thee with wantonness; but if ill, with coldness. So I praise thee that thou didst murmur that "Allah hath neither equal, son, nor companion<sub>4</sub>; how wilt thou, master, that I act with thee?"

Then I forgave thee, and love utterly revived, so that calling for wine, we debauched together for three days and nights. The debauch exceeded even all that I have ever done with thee or another<sub>5</sub>.

But thou art a fool, Habib, thou thoughtest that I was angry with thee. Never, by Allah! Nor, though He plagueth His lovers, is He ever wroth against them.

So eagerly did I kiss every red weal upon thy velvet buttocks that thou



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didst wish thy beating had been prolonged by a whole day. Also, for every peppercorn that did shoot from thy podex, thou hadst a balm. Wise art thou who badest me sell this my garden to buy more pepper therewithal.<sup>6</sup>

Repine not, therefore, O man! at the chastisements of Allah! Each of these will He a thousandfold repay.

And the pain that I suffered at thine infidelities is well repaid by this love restored. Thou shalt never leave the side of El Qahar, and Laila shall be sold to Haroun the goatfaced Jew.<sup>7</sup>

1. <sup>معلم</sup> the word used here has the value of 180 which is 4 times 45, so it means that his Guardian Angel is on all sides of him. So Mahbub!

2. All this implies that by now the adept has acquired the complete control of his mind and senses. If a camel is shewn to the ordinary man, he is compelled to see a camel and cannot persuade himself that it is a house or an ox. If a drum is beaten near him, he is obliged to hear a drum, not a fife or a viol. But the adept can easily put himself out of gear with his senses, and awake others; as, for instance, he can awake the supernal taste by concentrating his thought upon the center of his tongue; hearing, upon the root; and touch, upon the tip.

*Tongue in cheek, and making fun of so-called adepts who might spend, say, twenty years practicing Yoga in order to conquer a "power" that in a civilized society could be bought in any drugstore at the price of a psychedelic drug; which, in a civilized society, would be pretty cheap.*

*The real point of the above chapter is the docility and equanimity of the pupil when sternly tested by the Master. I would advise the average person, however, not to believe that God—whatever your name for Her, It, or Him—will repay you for your sorrows. Not unless you make friends with one of Her-His-Its accountants; and even then, there better be enough cash in the till. But Crowley is talking from the point of view of Jews (which includes Christists) and Muslims—and they are all of them believers in a sadistic homosexual male Godhead.*

3. There ought to be a proverb "You can lead the camel to the river; but you cannot make him swim" for impotence is in Persia, as everywhere, the penalty of age and excess. But as far as I know, there is not.



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4. The grave Persian literally screams with laughter whenever his poet quotes the Q'uran in a blasphemous sense; just as our own people with the Bible.

*To ridicule any religion is to affirm it. Curse them!—but in private.*

5. A last touch of the whip.

6. As a witty Irishman remarks, "There is only one argument that will convince a woman—the argument in a circle".

*Every country deserves the women it gets. And begets.*

7. A very profound allegory. Laila being the Jinn, this passage means that since the revelation of the Method of true communion between man and God, magic or dealings with Jinn should be left to Jews (and other heathen), stigmatized as goatfaced because of their materialistic or gross views of the universe. The Haji was however accused of Christianizing tendencies on account of this passage, since Christians repressed Magic so severely, and in spite of his stout denials. To this day many singers "mak' siccar" of the approval of the orthodox by altering the words to "Christian Jew".

*This is totally tongue in cheek, and meant to mislead the reader. We cannot go too far into the symbolism involved, except to advise the more stubborn students to take a look at EQUINOX I 10, Supplement, pp. 285-286.*



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### *The First Joy of Union*

#### XVI

#### THE JASMINE JAR

I am a bearded and a turbaned sar<sub>1</sub>;  
Thou art a boy more lovely than a star.

Thou art mine own; I beat thee sore indeed;  
More than thy beauty do I love the scar.

I mocked thee, shamed thee. Men despise thee now.  
Well, it is well! they come no more to mar

Our loves; we'll wing through universal space,  
Borne in the moon's chryselephantine car.

Nor shall the bounds of heaven nor the walls  
Of Allah's House<sub>2</sub> to love be bond or bar.

Nor shall the Thee make mischief with the Me,  
The Near be interrupted by the Far<sub>3</sub>.

See, how the roses bloom! How shine the pearls!  
The tulip buds, how beautiful they are!<sub>4</sub>

While in the deep and dark, thy podex gives



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The fragrance of some porcelain jasmine jar,

Our canopy is night; our fan the wind;  
Our bed some mountain's amethystine spar.

Thine arms close tighter; drain the cup of love  
(Which is the cup of death) with El Qahar!

1. The Sanskrit root Sar "head" has given to Europe and Asia the word for Ruler; as Sar, sir, sieur, Caesar, Sarah, Kaiser, Tsar, Shah, sirdar, sirkar, sire, signor, señor, seigneur and a host of others.

2. بيت الله the temple at Mecca. But I think here it means the House not made with hands. The letter ب itself (not ب but the Hebrew ב . Ed.) means house and connotes, (says Mahbub) a great Magus—"The Magus of Power". The passage means therefore that mystic union is the key to Practical Magic.

3. This sort of individualization of ideas is common in Eastern literature. We had a bad attack of it ourselves with Thomas Haines Bayley and Co.

"Though Custom may frown up on Boyhood and Beauty,  
And Ethics takes counsel with Prudence and Breeding,  
Morality smiles "But if Patience be Duty,  
Should Courage lament or Repentance lie bleeding?"  
And so though on Conscience' inviolate altar  
We strew the sad flowers of Repulsion and Shame,  
Religion and Justice must bid us not falter  
Till Purity mingles with Pleasure and Fame".

You go on till your stock of abstract nouns is exhausted.

(There is, the Qabalist may (perhaps too hypercritically) remark, a shade of lack of Equilibrium here. Why prefer the Near to the Far? Browning (Abt Vogler, IV) is better with his "Earth had attained to Heaven; there was no more near nor far". Yet even Browning in this passage discriminates against Earth in favour of Heaven: I suppose we are none of us perfect).

4. Roses, etc.—the cheeks, teeth, and lips.

5. I have heard the claim that the substance of porcelain can be so im-



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pregnated with perfume that "You may break, you may shatter—etc." But I never saw a piece that withstood honest washing with hot soap and water; and I don't believe it.

*Again deliberately misleading the reader from attaching any Qabalistic meaning to the images.*

### *The Origin of Evil*

## XVII

### THE COMPLAINTS

I am become like a skull at the feasts of my friends<sub>1</sub>; for no sooner am I pleased by anything than I am reminded of the excellencies of thy love, the perfections of thy podex. Upon these I discourse fluently, so that at last the guests are weary.

Only last night I was bidden by Yusuf<sub>2</sub>, that ill-conditioned<sub>3</sub> bastard! to hide my head therein, if so I loved it; adding that, thanks to the Qazi, there would be no difficulty in performing the task.

Both these reproaches are thy fault, Habib! O beautiful one! thou hast bewitched me and thou hast betrayed me. But as thy beauty excuses the former, so does thy return make an end of regret for the latter.

Now am I aware of the wisdom of my tutor, who bade me weary not of the length of the Book<sub>4</sub>; but bade me praise the compassion of Allah, who made men evil that He and they might rejoice together at the end.<sub>5</sub>

It is indeed the fact, O gazelle-eyed boy, that thy podex is excessively wide; but my member can fill it, pressing in to its length till the sun and moon are at rest upon the snow-hills. This (thou wilt remember) was not the case before thou didst forsake me.

Thou mayest doubtless ask why, if such were the case, I did not cause



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thee to be violently enlarged by the eunuchs with diverse fruits<sub>6</sub>. 'Twould have given thee more pain, O boy of buttocks more beautiful than the peaches of Shiraz!

Ask also, an thou wilt, why in the beginning I chose not a youth of vasty podex, having hips like a buffalo. Because the perfections of thy podex are perfect by reason of the imperfections of thy podex.<sub>7</sub> It is he who is lost in the darkness who rejoiceth at the rising of the moon.

There are two laws, joy and sorrow, and they are twin babes feeding at the breast of Allah. Could El Qahar not rejoice in his sorrow, he would need sorrow in his joy<sub>8</sub>.

1. This simile seems nigh universal; but in Persia it probably comes from Egypt rather than from India. Here the sense is of course altered.

2. Yusuf—probably represents that class of persons who ridicule and slander the Mystic. The epithets seem to uphold such a conclusion.

*Yusuf represents the Accuser. Cf. Job and The Book of the Dead.*

3. Ill-conditioned—The readings are here very various. We find ill-favoured, ill-mannered, infamous, ill-starred, ill-doing and so on. So I chose a word wide enough to include them all.

*The Qazi has already been mentioned in several chapters, in an a way that is intensely funny to anybody but the prurient. What it amounts to is that the pupil went 'a-whoring after strange gods'—or Gods. If his podex, which is to say, his Understanding, was enlarged thereby, only two alternatives are possible: either the Master must endeavor to fill it, or the pupil should find another Master. It is naturally annoying to the Master, that old crone, to have to strive to learn more at a time of life when one's laurels should be enjoyed in peace—or at least so thinks the Master... The axiom should never be forgotten, that the true Master always considers himself or herself a student.*

4. The Q'uran. Many Moslems know it by heart throughout. The interior riming of so many of the chapters makes this task curiously easy, even to a stranger. I found that I could readily master any of the short chapters in an hour or so, while the acquirement of a dozen stray words would last me the whole day.



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5. This attempt to reconcile all-Power and all-Benevolence is formally identical with that of the veriest Evangelical, and is none the less shamelessly casuistry for its Oriental phraseology.

6. This is a common practical joke among friends. The recalcitrant pathic is treated more severely by sharp tags on the coccyx with the knuckle, dagger hilt, or tent peg. Genuine obstinacy would lead to the slitting of the muscle, and the summoning of all bystanders to assist, each in his turn, at the resulting "sure thing".

*You can imagine what sort of bystander would be apt to get a hard-on under the circumstances—the same kind, no doubt, that gets a kick out of raping women. But there is a definite mystic meaning—as in anything in this world—and we remind the serious student of our remarks on Crowley's skiing accident, as conveyed by Mr. Germer to us.*

7. All this seems curious, since tightness is such a desideratum. But I take it that the ideal condition is a close fit, like a kid glove; and of course one which needs much stretching is best.

*Again a deliberate blind.*

8. All this is the orthodox Sufi method of explaining the origin of Evil, which, as monotheists, they are compelled to ascribe to Allah. We have much similar casuistry in the West.

*Yes—among Christists. It is comfortable to believe that Evil is necessary—you can relax and enjoy doing it to others, unctuously sure that in the end 'God' will redress all things. The concept of Karma has been vitiated to mean the same thing. Laziness is not a purely Western quality—the entire species shares it, and will display it whenever allowed.*



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### *The Peace, the Jealousy, and the Ecstasy of God*

#### XVIII

#### THE TRYST

There are no degrees in Allah, O boys with ears<sub>1</sub> like new moons! and there is no degree in the excellence of thy podex; nor is the joy of thy lover, when he delights therein, from day to day diminished or increased.

This is the sigillum of perfection in any work. The perfect lover is calm and equable; storms of thunder, quakings of the earth, losses of goods, punishment from great men, none of these things cause him to rise from his divan, or to remove the silken tube of the rose-perfumed huqqa from his mouth.

I can even take pleasure with Laila, O no longer jealous one! When thou was away from me, I was unable to regard her or her companions (the thunder-smitten bitches!<sub>2</sub>) without excessive sickness.

It was for thy sake, o mischievous one! that I caused the eunuchs<sub>3</sub> to fornicate with Zuleikah in a painful manner, while I beat her with whips of hide.

So that she became unconscious; and her reputation was of chastity and prudence<sub>4</sub>.

Therefore, as to-night is full moon, I will acquaint thee with a certain cherry-tree that hangs over a cool reach of Ruknabad. Under its blossom we will sit in our boat and listen to the water. Go therefore and anoint thee with rose; and besmear thy podex with jasmine mixed with ambergris in oil<sub>5</sub>; for not until the dawn breaks will El Qahar withdraw his member<sub>6</sub>.

The night is full of small breezes, blowing apple-blossoms hither and thither. All the stars will shine, and thou shalt have a caress for every star. But there is only one moon, and only once shall thy podex be invaded; for not until the dawn breaks will El Qahar withdraw his member.

Even so that happy one, who is united with Allah, shall never leave Him; so the crimson of the West shall fade into the blue of the whole sky,



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and the blue be illumined by the streamers of the false dawn, which is like death as the true dawn is like the last day. I hope, Habib, that thy podex is capable of a severe combat; for not until the dawn breaks will El Qahar withdraw his member.

1. So our best M.S. گوشت But گوشت flesh—meaning buttocks—sounds more likely. Considerations of prosody support the text.

*Again, dust in the eyes of the profane. Boys with ears—boys with spiritual understanding. Equating this with buttocks is a secret reference to the Eye of Hoor, q.v.*

2. Meteor-struck: meteors are the stones flung by the angels at the Jinn who pry into Heaven. This epithet confirms our view of the allegory.

*The Koran, like anything else of the past, was a compilation of previous texts. Muhammad adapted the gods of the Greeks, in war with the Titans, to angels at war with the Jinn.*

3. Eunuchs. Those from who the testicles only are removed can still copulate, and experience the sexual orgasm, though of course no fecundation results. Hence the possibility of Gibbon's remark that a certain lady "preferred the titillations of her favourite eunuch to the ponderous emballings of the Roman praetor"; and of Martial's epigram:

"Cur tantum eunuchos habeat tua Gellia, quaeris, Pannice? vult frui Gellia, non parere".

4. This jest depends on the pun—a somewhat significant one!—between مخدر unconscious, stupefied and مخدرة matron, a virtuous woman.

*"Virtuous" in Phyllis Schlafly definition, of course.*

5. An excellent prescription. Olive oil is of course meant.

*Maybe that is why oil of jasmine is so expensive.*

6. For the use of the refrain the reader may consult any manual on Persian prosody. El Haji has made several innovations.

7. How beautiful and touching are these similes! No artifice, no straining of the metaphor is involved; the poet rests in calm and beatific certitude of "a good death, and a joyful resurrection in His holy kingdom!" Yet there is no false piety, no arrogance; and like every straight-living man, he is capable of honest laughter, almost in the same breath.



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ward on the perfume of my adoration, being insulated from the world by my love (or the Holy Spirit) under That Tree." i.e. the Tree of Life.

3. Evidently refers to the physiological sensations experienced in some mystical practice—perhaps Pranayama or one of its congeners.

*Cf. Liber HHH, Section SSS.*

4. Kir—membrum virile.

5. This simile, like that of the lotus-leaf in India, is the invariable expression of the life "unspotted from the world".

*Nevertheless, cf. LXV i 32-39.*

6. Hajj—here used of the actual procession of pilgrims.

7. The official leader of the Hajj, usually appointed by the Padishah.

*Actually, of course, V.V.V.V.V.*



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

### *Free Will the reward of Union*

## XX

### THE QAZI

If I had ever been angry with thee, O luscious-buttocked tulip! I would have forgiven thee for thy device upon this cow-bellied Qazi. I am repaid for my trust, permitting thee to receive his letter, and the go-between to pouch the hundred dirhams<sub>1</sub> thereof. For, supping with him, thou didst make him exceedingly drunk. Then, introducing Abdullah Kaffur<sub>2</sub>, that catamite of our grandfathers, thou didst present to the besotted fellow that poxy podex with its heaped haemorrhoids, like a well whose wall has been broken down.

Now therefore that ass-membered one—Allah forget him!—is very sick. Neither from his nose nor from his member will men be able to read that he is a Jew<sub>3</sub>, O beloved one with a nose like a rose-tinted ivory statue and a member like a young almond tree in blossom! for both are dropped off.

Beware, if thou ridest in the bazaar, that thou dost not hurt the good Qazi, the just one, the incorruptible one, the wise one, the merciful to the afflictions of the poor<sub>4</sub>, by stepping upon his nose or his member! Beware! sayeth El Qahar the seer.

1. Dirham—a coin, equivalent according to Darmstetter to about 13s. 6d. of our money. But the word is used very loosely to imply a piece of money, so that 100 dirhams here probably stands for a shilling or less.

Just so in India “rupee” means any coin. “Jahanpana ghulamko rupaiye dijiye”. “May the Support of the Universe be pleased to bestow rupees upon (his) slave!” is adequately answered by any sum from a halfpenny upwards.



## THE EQUINOX

2. Kaffur means Camphor, white wax, and is a *lucus a non lucendo* insult given to unusually black slaves.

3. Though both Mohammedans and Jews are circumcised, there is a difference in the technique of the operation which would enable an expert to tell at a glance to which religion a man belonged. It is alleged by some that the toughening and hardening of the glans penis which results from the operation predisposes to sodomy, inasmuch as a greater intensity of friction is required to produce emission. True, but a moist and flabby vulva of gigantic size is poor fun for anybody. Undoubtedly, a hardened tool does (in mathematical language) "flatten the curve" of rising excitement, and this is the secret alike of giving and receiving pleasure. The Hindu bayadère compares the average Sahib to a village cock, and the passionate Englishwoman jeers at her brutal and hasty husband for his "two-puffs-and-a-spit" performances.

*Nevertheless, it is unnatural and unmanly to cut off your foreskin, unless you are a victim of disease. There is apparently a tacit conspiracy among Jewish doctors, at least in the United States of America, to circumcise all male children, so that Jews may not be recognized at first glance when naked. This is a remainder of Nazi paranoia. It is truly wasteful, for the man who keeps his prepuce intact, and yet acquires control, is infinitely more sensitive a lover, and enjoys sex much more for himself, than the average circumcised brute, be it Arab or Jewish.*

4. It is more than possible that the Haji had some unpleasant experience of the magistracy, or at least a personal spite against one of its members. For the symbolizing of Fate by human law is not so obvious to a Persian as to an Englishman: in Persia the defendant has plenty of free will, if he has plenty of cash.

But our poet flourished no doubt in a Golden Age.

*To anybody who knows the facts of Crowley's life, this is highly amusing. It can be observed, in passing, that he had been "chosen"—meaning, had become a favourite—of someone high in the Civil Service, and had excellent chances of making his way in diplomacy; but he suddenly got married, which cooled his patron's enthusiasm considerably. A common enough tragedy in England.*



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

### *God's constant affection*

#### XXI

#### THE LOVE-POTION

Whoso hath fair Habib to sing and play,<sub>1</sub>  
May scoff at all the jinseng of Cathay<sub>2</sub>.

That naked podex knows a sacred spell  
To exorcise the Jinn that bring decay.

One glance, one touch, and acorn springs to oak—  
God sees the daystar, and invokes the day.

If Suleiman<sub>3</sub> with all his concubines  
From dusk to dawn consecutively lay,

Yet at thy buttocks' velvet, O Habib,  
The man would rise erect from mudded clay.

Bid thou the Qazi to thine house; I ween  
That he would sprout a member on the way.

Or didst thou call upon him in the tomb  
Isa<sub>4</sub> would rise, as silly Christians say.

Thy podex being his, thine El Qahar  
Is always gold, and never rose and grey<sub>5</sub>.



## THE EQUINOX

1. The word used here is سماع 'hearing' and also "the song and Dance of the Mevliviyeh dervishes". Thus far Palmer; and I can learn no more. But probably the word is used to emphasize the purely religious nature of the passion.
2. Chob-chini, wood of China, a root highly reputed as an aphrodisiac. In China the jinseng of Sze-chuan and Korea is most esteemed. That of America is not so good, in the fatherland-dizzied eyes of the Celestial. (See note to IXth Ghazal. Ed.)
3. Suleiman—our King Solomon, as historical as King Brahmadata, who reigned 120,000 years in Benares.
4. Isa—Jesus. Muslim hold that a phantom was crucified in the place of Jesus. See Q'uran III.
5. Gold—noon, not sunrise or sunset, whose colours are rose and grey. A question of the clinometer.



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

*The Mystic happier than his fellows.*

### XXII

#### THE FOREHEAD-WRITING

On each man's brow hath Allah wrote his fate:—  
Many are destined to frequent my gate!

They catch a glimpse of thee upon the roof:—  
By fixed Necessity they masturbate<sub>1</sub>!

But thou and I are free<sub>2</sub>, as love is free;  
We smoke and drink and smile, content to wait<sub>3</sub>.

The Zahid-sage is bound by dogma's chain,  
Looks up and worships—let the donkey prate!

The wine-drawer and his beloved boy  
Unite above in the ecstatic state.

Nor doth the Sufi need a heaven in Heaven:—  
Earth's heaven to who hath God to heart for mate!

And if at first thy virgin podex bled<sub>4</sub>—  
He smiteth, for He is compassionate!

O Zahid, hear thou El Qahar<sub>5</sub>, the wise:  
“By love hate ends; hate never ends by hate<sub>6</sub>”.



## THE EQUINOX

1. They who worship Allah give pleasure to themselves, but He profiteth not at all thereby. (Mahbub's comment).

*For the Khabs is in the Khu, not the Khu in the Khabs.*

2. This doctrine of Freewill as the prize of Theurgy is curiously parallel to that of Zoroaster, "Theurgists fall not so as to be ranked among the herd that are in subjection to Fate." Lyd. De mensis. Taylor.

3. Once union with God is attained, the whole of life (or perhaps religion) becomes pleasant.

*Cf. LXV ii 64.*

4. May perhaps refer to the "horror of great darkness" which comes, say the Mystics, to an Aspirant on the Threshold of Illumination. (We must beg students to observe that Major Luty seems to have written these notes in two moods, one in which he admits his own personal knowledge of, and identification with, mysticism; the other in which (as here) he writes as a mere scholar. Ed.)

5. Obscure throughout, and the two last stanzas seem quite inconsequential. They may have been transferred from another Ghazal by some presumptuous scribe. A.L. Yet if so where is the Takhallus? Ed.

6. Identical with a phrase in Dhammapada, the Buddhist "Book of Proverbs".



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

*The Mystic the true support of all religion*

### XXIII

#### MIRRIKH<sub>1</sub>

Like Mars, red planet of the evening,  
Rising o'er breasts of tender earth in spring,

So gleams thy podex, beautiful Habib,  
My brother and my lover and my king!

For Mars is like a rose and full of fire<sub>2</sub>;  
For Mars is like a serpent with its sting.

There is a pain, an ecstasy, a woe,  
A joy, athrob within the wondrous thing.

The dull and boneless devotees of twat—  
Leave them to grovel; we are well a-wing.

Yet twitch that podex, like the wandering way  
Of Mars within the everlasting ring<sub>3</sub>.

So shall my member, like the nightingale<sub>4</sub>,  
Salute thee with melodious twittering.

I made thee famous throughout all Iran<sub>5</sub>,  
With these naughty Ghazals that I sing<sub>6</sub>.



## THE EQUINOX

In every caravanserai the boys,  
As to their lords they fierce or langorous cling,

Cry: "Lov'st thou me, dear master, as Habib  
Is loved by El Qahar the conquering?"

So, seeing man beloved of Allah, jinn  
Aim at that bliss; their crowns and jewels fling

From star to star before the crystal throne,  
And El Islam goes ever widening.

To Allah praise! and El Qahar his slave  
Taketh reward in offering thanksgiving.

1. Mirrikh. Mars the planet.

2. I have often seen Mars—in the Red Sea especially—with its apparent diameter something like a quarter that of the moon, and its brightness sufficient to wake me, who am the soundest of sleepers. Thus seen for the first time it is a stupendous and astounding phenomenon.

3. i.e., with a circular motion. The art of working the hips in coition, called by the Romans *Ars Crissandi* (*Ars Cevendi* in the case of a boy. Ed.) is in the East as complex and profound as that of music. It requires as much study as theology, and as much practice as billiards.

*And it is much more rewarding than theology.*

4. An hardly obvious analogy. Boccaccio's use of it is a curious coincidence.

5. Persia. Not to be confused with *إرم* Iram, the legendary Paradise which Sheddad ibn 'Ad is said to have established somewhere in Arabia.

6. That is, God has delivered the Means of Grace to all men; it is notorious. In one M.S. this ode ends here with the couplet

"Deceive me not; for El Qahar thy Lord  
Ripe is for cuddling—and for punishing".



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

But this is very inferior, and would have to be transferred to the early part of the odes. Which the secret key-number forbids. Habib is by now far too high an adept to fall away from Grace.

7. This is a very profane jest. Ostensibly, of course, the verse means that mystics are the salt of the faith. But Islam means "resignation" or "submission". In wooing a lover your conquest is his submission, and your penis widens out his anus. The old sodomite is as keen to promulgate his vice as his religion, the dog!

*Ecstasy overcometh Individuality.*

## XXIV

### THE BLASPHEMER

Hast thou never thought, O Habib of the athletic body, that when thou wrigglest thy velvet buttocks with immense vigour, and bitest hard with thy podex-muscle upon the member of El Qahar, that thou hast not remembrance of any circumstance connected with my personality or thine, but art completely absorbed in the act?

It causes me to remember an antient folly and blasphemy spoken to me—Allah purify mine ears! by a certain Sufi, who, being excessively drunk, had lost control over his tongue. For he said that in a certain holy meditation both Allah and himself were destroyed, and that nought remained, but only the consciousness of bliss<sub>1</sub>. This is contrary to reason, for how can bliss exist, except as the quality of some person or sensible thing?

Nevertheless, these experiments which I have performed upon thy podex, solely with a view to investigating these statements<sub>2</sub>, make for a similar conclusion.



## THE EQUINOX

It is excessively annoying to the pious that any analogy in Nature to their follies should seem to supply a base for these wild and irrational theories.

It is the call of the Muezzin; but I must purify myself, for during these reflections thy podex hath been active upon the member of thine happy El Qahar<sub>3</sub>.

1. A mystical fact. The rationalist objection is put satirically.
2. One of the few touches of satire in the work. But perhaps he is referring to the belief that Messiah is to be born of sodomitic connection. No doubt many Mussalmin would seduce boys on this transparent pretext.
3. Before prayer the Moslem must recite a prayer of purification. If he is ceremonially impure, as after copulation or other bodily function, he must in addition wash the parts.

*Which comes to show that the Moslem, like the Christist, is a pig. I have observed that most men in Western countries wash their hands after they touch their penis to urinate. They should wash their hands before they touch it, if their penises were as clean as mine. The member is concealed under clothing; the hands are in touch with all the dirt of so-called civilization.*

Excellent accounts of the two forms of both are given by Burton, Payne, Lane, Palmer, and others.



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

### *The Atheist*

#### XXV

#### THE ATHEIST

Nor thou, Habib, nor I are glad  
when rosy limbs and swart entwine;  
But rapture drowns the sense and self,  
the wine the drawer of the wine,

And Him that planted first the grape<sub>1</sub>—  
o podex<sub>2</sub>, in thy vault there dwells  
A charm to make the member mad,  
And shake the marrow of the spine.

O member, in thy stubborn strength  
a power avails on podex-sense  
To boil the blood in breast and brain;  
shudder the nerves incarnadine<sub>3</sub>!

From me thou drawest pearly drink—  
and in its pourings both are drunk.  
The Imam<sub>4</sub> drives forth the drunken man  
from out the marble prayer-shrine.

Blue Mushtari<sub>5</sub> strove with red Mirrikh  
which should be master of the night—  
But where is Mushtari, where Mirrikh  
when in the sky the sun doth shine?



## THE EQUINOX

Now El Qahar to Hafiz gives  
the worship unto poets due<sub>6</sub>:—  
But songs are nought and Music all;  
what poet music may define?

Allah's the atheist! He owns  
no Allah, Sneer, thou dullard churl!  
The Sufi worships not, but drinks,  
being himself the all-divine.

Come, my Habib, the roses blush,  
the waters gleam, the bulbul sings—  
To pierce thy podex El Qahar's  
urgent and imminent design<sub>7</sub>!

1. God—not Noah. But the grape here means the physical basis of Ecstasy.

2. The word used here is not كوت but جذر the square root (arithmetic).

Possibly a pun with the word جذبه jazbat, which I have translated "charm". However there is (according to Mahbub) a mystic truth concealed. Arithmetic like all sciences was at one time considered magical by the vulgar; to this day the "magic squares" of numbers of which the simplest case is:

492

357

816

are attributed to the planets, and credited with supernatural powers. There is an Arab saying—I think by Averrhoes—"God is the square root of man"; and a certain very holy Fakir (only recently dead) determined to discover the nature of God by working out the square root of three. He is said to have engraved over a thousand pounds weight of thin silver



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

plates—supplied by the faithful—with the minute characters of his calculations. At his death these plates were distributed and of course worked innumerable miracles. Should such a plate come into the possession of any Englishman, he will probably be puzzled; this note may enlighten him. The plate I saw—but could not buy—was some 18 inches square, nearly as flexible as platinum foil, and contained some 320,000 characters, at a rough estimate. The 1,000 pounds' weight seems to me an absurd overstatement.

3. Refers, in all probability, to the reddening of the buttocks. The Persians supposed the smaller capillary blood vessels to be nerves.

4. Imam—a leader of prayer. Muslim have no “priests” in the sense of paid mediators.

5. Mushtari—also Birjis برجیس is the planet Jupiter. Most nations seem to attribute a blue or violet colour to it; for mystical reasons, doubtless, but also because (to my eye at least) it actually has that colour.

6. I suspect, maugre Mahbub's head, that this is “writ sarcastic”. The pompous old dullard must have seemed to our lively Abdullah very much as Southey did to Byron. Yet the Eastern is a terrible slave to convention, and may perhaps acquiesce in Hafiz as the undergraduate of today acquiesces in Milton.

7. The central thought of these two chapters is represented in the Buddhist philosophy, perhaps; but in the Hindu practice, certainly. It is true that the Hindu claims the extinction of self in Parabrahm (Jivatma in Paramatma) as the phenomenon in question; but this is clearly a *petitio principii*, since we can always retort that any perception however glorious is less than the brain that perceives it. The Hindu would (idly) retort that this perception was not the phenomenon, but only one's very partial and imperfect memory thereof. And the logician would retort—and we should soon get quite beyond the limits of a note.



## THE EQUINOX

*Ecstasy stronger than work of man or wrath of God*

### XXVI

#### THE TOWER OF SHINAR<sub>1</sub>

On Shinar plain a tower was built  
By man's ambitious fear and guilt.

(But Allah smote it with his fire:—  
Who sees it yonder in the silt?)

But I have built a higher tower  
Of love and fame for thee, o jilt<sub>2</sub>!

And yet a higher<sub>3</sub>, this member firm,  
Fit for thy podex, an thou wilt.

Nor Allah smites it, nor the Jinn,  
Until its pearly wine is spilt.

Come in the cool of evening  
Beneath the figured goathair<sub>4</sub> quilt!

Then will I gallop through the vale  
My spear at thy djirid to tilt<sub>5</sub>.

Thy buttock-heaves to El Qahar  
Are of his song the lively lilt.



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1. This is the very same old fable we learnt about the Tower of Babel.
2. Jilt—the Persian has a coarser word—our English “cock-teaser”. But a translator must be allowed both latitude and modesty.
3. Surely Oriental exaggeration. A.L. We cannot agree. The member is the Mahalingam, whose dimensions are only to be expressed in astronomical terminology. Ed.

*The mystique of male member size is well established in many cultures, both among men and women—the bigger the member, the more envied the owner—or the owner of the owner—and so forth. Curiously enough, the mystique seems to be more observed in theory than in practice by many of its upholders—if you will pardon the pun. Being rather destitute in this regard, we used to have many qualms about our adequacy when we were young, and only started having a more positive attitude towards our poor member when we noticed that several of our bed partners were married to men more generously endowed than ourselves, but said to be not as active, or as diligent. But perhaps it was a matter of sexual magnetism. Even twelve inches pall after the first twelve years. And possibly five inches attached to an intelligent and sensitive male are likely to be more successful, on the long run, than twelve inches attached to a boor. Newfzawi's Perfumed Garden is rather worried about penis size, and gives several prescriptions to increase one's reach and girth; some, perhaps, dangerous to health. This shows that the Arabs are not very prominent in the crotch. Curiously enough, one of the great Hindu classics takes a rather different attitude, and claims that the smaller penis size or the shorter vagina size belong to superior human beings—more intelligent, more refined, etc. One should like to have measured the author before taking him (it is supposed to have been a him) seriously. However, it is a well known fact that the Chinese and the Japanese, as a rule, are smaller than the Westerners and the white race; and, also as a rule, are more intelligent than these. At the present time, the feminists sedulously affect a total disregard for penis size; the lesbians among them say that they would like to see this evil cut at the root. (Perhaps Cybele was originally a lesbian, and Attys the first “liberated male”?) The controversy is not likely to be solved in the near future; maybe just as well, since it gives occasion to examinations and experimentation on all sides, including front and back.*



## THE EQUINOX

4. Goathair—the “pashmina” of Kashmir; so says Mahbub the Kashmiri; but I suspect him of patriotism and believe the text to read ‘pustin’ پوستین a fur pelisse, spread out as a quilt.

*The goat is to be interpreted qabalistically and anthropologically, of course.*

(Of course one may cavil at “quilt”, which implies quilting, not any rug qua rug. But a wounded buffalo is a very mild animal compared to a translator in trouble with his monorhyme, so that we had perhaps better say nothing. Ed.)

5. This perhaps refers to a posture of coition described in the other “Scented Garden”. The lady is hung from the roof by a belly-band, while her husband (let us hope) stands on a stool, and swings her to and fro, catching her vulva from behind on his penis. This is continued until emission. The true sportsman refrains from guiding either the lady or his penis with his hands. The length of the swing shold not be less than 4 or 5 feet; under these rules the game is excellent. With a boy it would however be incomparably more difficult, if not impossible. The text suggests though that the boy is fixed, while the man swings. This should be easier of execution.

*Again, ribald but veiled hint. Remember at all times that the “boy” represents the would-be Initiate, and the poet represents several forms of Initiatic current; sometimes the Lord of the Aeon, sometimes the legendary founder of some religion, sometimes the guru, sometimes even the Holy Guardian Angel.*



BAGH-I-MUATTAR

*Ecstasy stronger than Death*

XXVII

THE CAMEL RIDER,<sub>1</sub>

The camel-rider swoops across  
the desert, with his howling Jinn,  
To wreck and ravage human life;  
insufferable Bedawin!<sub>2</sub>

But shall he ravish thee from me?  
I see the camel check and kneel,  
Vanquished by dread of the Unknown,  
appalled by fear of the Unseen!

To Death is Love impregnable;  
To Love seems Death desirable,  
Fixing the lightning flash of life  
and making permanent the scene.

The Zahid looks from Life to Death;  
the Sufi gathers Death from Life;  
They podex 'twixt thy buttocks lies,  
the Future and the Past between.

The Sufi pierces, gains and holds  
the Present; can the present fade?  
Never! through all the seas of time  
fares on the prow erect and keen.<sub>3</sub>



## THE EQUINOX

The keel a member fit to pierce  
the podices of ocean-lords,  
Clasped to thy gushing bosom-waves,  
o pearly amorous undine!

The 'Maybe' and the 'Letushope',  
the 'Allahknows; and 'I believe';  
The 'Sweetitwas' and 'Werecall',  
the 'Pitytis' and 'Mighthavebeen':<sub>4</sub>

These founder in the rushing tide,  
these bear a cargo black with fear,  
Heavy with hate and dull with woe,  
a miserable load of teen:

While we the 'Jolly Roger', sail  
whose freight is fairy<sub>6</sub> pearls of dew;  
The podex and the member locked,  
without a bar, without a screen.

Remembrance and regret we quash;  
we banish traitor hope and fear;  
The present ecstasy is all,  
the Middle Path, the Golden Mean.

And He endure, then love endures:  
—so El Qahar will ever sing,  
Till he the world from mil of prayer  
to wine of meditation wean.<sub>7</sub>

Like peacocks in a garden spread  
our thousand eyes of jewel-sheen.  
Though squawking with an eunuch's voice,  
our paederastic plumes we preen.<sub>8</sub>



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

For voice is sound, and dies with air;  
light is co-excellent with God;<sup>9</sup>  
As Hate's a poison for delight,  
so love's a physic for the spleen.

And El Qahar is Truth, and nought  
but Allah stuffs his gaberdine,<sup>10</sup>  
And Allah windeth he about  
with tarband gemmed<sup>11</sup> of gold and green.<sup>12</sup>

1. Death in the East rides a camel, not a white horse.

*There is an added meaning, beyond the Grade of any reader of these lines.*

2. Bedawin—any wanderers. But the homeless necessarily live by robbery. Hence the paradoxes of Socialism.

*The Wanderer of the Wastes is, of course, meant. The rest is jokes, and dust-throwing, as usual.*

3. Lit. sharp as ذوالفقار zu'l faqar, the sword of Mohammed which he captured on the field of Badr. A sort of Eastern Excalibur, by the usual mythopoetic process.

4. I confess to fantastic license in translation of this curious passage. But some of the words are not Persian or anything else, and two or three seemed me formed in this manner. For example, I have translated الخبير "Allah knows" reasonably enough; and شایدستان Shayadistan, Perhaps-country, is well for "maybe", while یادخوش "happy memory" justifies "Sweetitwas". But what shall I say of قاب زیان (?) and the rest—mangled though suggestive roots? Possibly the poet knew very little about ships and their names.

5. Jolly Roger—again a coarse expression, best untranslated. The notorious debauchery of pirate ships, and the slang verb "Roger" (futuere) suggested the present phrase.



## THE EQUINOX

6. The text would justify us in reading “rounded pearls” پَرّی fairy (peri of Moore) and پُرّی fullness. Where there was doubt, we have chosen what seemed the more poetical reading.

7. Some MSS. end with this Takhallus. See Note 12.

8. This and the following stanzas seem inconsequent. But they contain profound allusions. The thousand eyes of the peacock’s tail are equivalent to the thousand petals of the Sahasrara lotus in India; the divine lotus that only exists as a throne for the descending Shiva upon his devotee. The eunuch’s voice is the shrill sound heard by adepts at the moment of union with the divine. The garden is of course the sphere of the trained soul.

*The “eunuch” refers to that period in certain Initiatic Schools when abstinence is enforced by magickal incompetence. Cf. Parsifal’s description of his wanderings to Gurnemanz in Wagner’s mystery opera: although he carried the Sacred Lance throughout, he had been unable to wield it. One cannot go too deeply in these meanings, for the reasons explained in our Introduction to the Bagh, beyond stating that this “eunuch” is not to be confused with Klingsor. The planes must not be mixed. It should not be thought, however, that we can disassociate ourselves from the blunders of those who came before us, or their crimes. No; the penalty for doing this is the risk of becoming a Black Brother, which would lead to the repetition of the very blunders and crimes one were trying to avoid. Had not Klingsor castrated himself, Amfortas would not have been wounded, and Parsifal would not have had to carry the Sacred Lance without being capable of using it. This is Karma, and one of the many selfish reasons why the Masters serve. Let those who have ears—or buttocks like half moons—rede.*

9. This is a very literal translation; it is either an accident, or shows a high degree of scientific knowledge. The dependence of sound on air was discovered in Europe by Hawksbee in 1705.

(Hawksbee first performed the “bell in vacuo” experiment in 1705. Newton (Principia Vol. III. 1687) gave an inaccurate formula for Velocity of Sound in Air and other fluids. Laplace nearly 100 years later corrected this. But we do not wish to stake El Haji’s reputation as a prophet on this phrase. It is perfectly open to us to read “dies with breath” or “dies with mind” the root روح (Heb. רוּחַ) meaning originally wind, hence breath,



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

hence much later “spirit” or “ghost”. The Latin “spiritus” and Greek πνευμα have an identical history, the most complete case of metaphysical sophistication in language. The elevation of the Ruach Alhim (the wind of the elements), a poetic phrase for the actual wind stirring the surface of the unfathomable deep to life, to a Person neither made nor begotten but proceeding—and the rest of it—is a phenomenon unparalleled in the long history of human folly, especially when one considers the gorgeous way in which having got a ghost from a wind, they adduce the original passage as a proof that their forefathers believed in ghosts!

The secondary use of روح to mean “mind” is however reasonable enough, and possibly the Yogic process is responsible. Early mystics (or psychologists) would naturally observe the extreme instability of the consciousness as its most obvious characteristic, and name it from the most unstable phenomenon in nature known to the primitives, wind. But why not Woman? Ed.)

*As learned and interesting as this whole note is, especially its last tongue-in-cheek question, thrown in as a seemingly careless afterthought, it has nothing directly to do with the mystical (or the magickal) meaning of the verse or of the word in question. You will notice that he tries to take one's attention away from his statement about light, where the note number is, by talking about sound. The Akasha is meant, that deep darkness that is the true Light—or at least, so read the symbols of the ancient so-called “rosicrucians”. And as for the Spirit... let us be silent.*

10. V. 14 is the saying of Mansur el Hallaj, “I am Truth and in my coat is wrapped nothing but God”. He was stoned by more orthodox Arabs, and his blood traced “An’ el Haqq” on the ground.

*Mansur may have been a mythical character, like the Jesus of the Christist gospels who was treated in a similar manner for stating the same truism. But Nietzsche was put in an insane asylum for it, and a classmate of ours in high school as well. Nothing like civilization!*

11. Gem گهر Guhr. The Fable of the Cock and the Dunghill probably sprang from so childish a source as the pun between Guhr and گوه (dung). It is more obvious in the oblique Guh-ra and Guhr-ra.



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*And probably in the Hindu "guru", too.*

12. The last three verses are probably spurious. Verse 11 supplies a natural end, with the takhallus. A.L.

(It will be observed that some of these notes are redundant. We have not altered or cut any of Major Luty's notes, though we have added a small number of our own. On the rare occasions of disagreement, we have added his initials to his note, and added our own view in brackets. Ed.)

*Cute. Very cute.*

### *The Origin of Religion*

## XXVIII

### THE POTTER

The dew is on the rose; behold  
The sun illumine them with his gold!

My dew is on thy rose; what Light  
Their love with rapture doth enfold?

They are immune from Life and Death;  
From heat and hunger, thirst and cold.

The worn ascetics<sub>1</sub> of the mosque  
Guess not what joy the ages hold.

Seek we the tavern and the stream,  
The garden and the grassy wold!



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No potter fashioned thee, o man!  
'Tis thou that didst the Potter mould.

From Fear grew Hell, from Hope sprang Heaven;  
From Love our Ecstasy untold.<sub>2</sub>

Those are delusions, slow to live,  
This hath no death, the iron-souled.

(Therefore the podex of Habib  
To pierce am I, thy lover, bold.)<sub>3</sub>

Only from weariness of love  
Was death's unholy camel foaled.<sub>4</sub>

Be this the song of El Qahar  
In gold on ivory enscrolled.<sub>5</sub>

1. Ascetic. Zahid, indifferently to represent the fat easy-going, conventional materialist, self-styled orthodox, common to all religions, and the desperate devotee who does not set his life at a pin's fee when heaven is at stake. El Haji probably wishes to kill the two birds with the one stone.

*You know which Stone. Or perhaps, two stones?...*

2. Another hint that all Religion is subjective; and that consequently mean men are Evangelical, gross men Roman Catholics, cowards believers in Eternal Punishment, sensual and sentimental men Universalists, and so on. Such a rationalistic view of the Genesis of Creed is uncommon enough in Eastern literature, though the general Fichtean positing of the non-Ego by the Ego implied in the previous stanza is to be found openly or obscurely in most sacred books.

3. This stanza is almost certainly spurious.

*Naturally he would say so of the most important stanza in the hole—pardon me, the whole—poem. What is actually meant is that the Master should not doubt Himself (or Herself) and His (or Her) capacity to*



## THE EQUINOX

*teach. For actually, We teach nothing. The wretched pupil has to teach himself or herself throughout, and if in his or her opinion the Master mounts him or her too often for his or her own good, he or she has always the resource of seeking another Master or—hopefully—trying to become his or her own Master. There is nothing consoling about this statement, of course. There is nothing consoling about this further statement: that a sadistic Master is better than a masochistic one (always a false master, anyway), for as Blake said, curses brace and blessings relax. In other words, if you want to learn and grow, you will infallibly at some stage get screwed; so, if you want to avoid hemorrhoids, watch your ass!*

4. This is the old jest: "As long as you drink a drop of this medicine daily, you will not die." Though perhaps the erectio penis of the hanged man may give the lie to the jape.

*Being cute again. Cf. the Qabalistic correspondences.*

5. In fact, I saw a very beautiful copy so inlaid on thin sheets of ivory in the house of a very wealthy whoremaster.

*Undoubtedly the Vatican Museum.*



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

### *Ecstasy master of circumstance*

#### XXIX

#### THE MIRAGE

Thou art perfect, Habib, in love; for yesterday when as a test of thy virtue I had thee beaten by the eunuchs, there was no cry of pain.

Entirely lost in our love, thy knowledge was only of my member, and not of the blows; nor could any application of the staves, however vigorous, take away from thee that delight thou hast in me.

Thou wast indeed unconscious of thy beating, crying only: "Press harder and deeper, O master!", though my member was entirely remote from thy podex, being engulfed in the ambitious and muscular twat of a certain concubine with splendid breasts like erect members, so firm were they.

Such mirage, if it be mirage, is truer than truth, if it be truth.

Nothing can shake thee in love, any more than any affliction touches the Sufi. It is therefore of no service that I restore to thy sweet podex its accustomed guest.

Whether it be there or not, it is there for thee<sub>2</sub>; so that thou wilt never again bemoan thyself, saying: "Give me my Nubian! for without stiffness is the contemptible member of El Qahar the sage."

1. I have seen such women in Tehuantepec, Moharbhanj, and other places. But even an Englishwoman acquires the human figure if deprived of stays, and made to walk several hours a day for a number of months.

2. A very convenient doctrine: all this—(This note appears unfinished.) I wish one could teach it to the English wife, for ever on the groan as she is that she is neglected, and then crying out again when one gets her with child. The solution of the sex-problem is given in the Arab proverb, "Women for children, and boys for pleasure." I strongly advocate the put-



## THE EQUINOX

ting of women in their proper sphere; they should breed, nurse, educate, and perform those physical tasks for which their coarser nervous system and lack of intelligence fit them. But no woman is a fit companion for a man; she of necessity degrades him. Luckily, in the case of the best men, she disgusts him.

How many women have left any mark on history, save by the excess of their impudicities and whoredoms?

We must exclude those born to queendom.

I can think of but one, Jeanne d'Arc, an example of the opposite abnormality, frigidity.

*Now, this absolutely is not the expression of Crowley's personal point of view; witness for instance his essay on Joan of Arc, over-enthusiastic in my opinion. It is merely the position of the habitual homosexual who is not trying to be political towards the feminists, you know.*

*Also, if women were as wretched as he says here, they would still be wretched queens. The trouble is, they usually were wretched queens; but they had adapted themselves to what they had taught men to want in them. Until men demanded more, they would not change. They are trying to change now.*

*It is absolutely correct that no true man could stomach for a moment a Phyllis Schlafly or a Marabel Morgan; or a Xaviera Hollander for more than a few minutes—say five. But a Betty Friedan would be perfectly tolerable—even without a nose job. The trouble is, would she tolerate us?...*

*All this is neither here nor there: the real point of the story was to be explained in the "unfinished note"; but he decided to belabor our podices instead. Initiation means self-sufficiency; or, in simpler words, means that you are able to do what your enemies (curses brace!) are always advising you to do, namely, go fuck yourself. The child becomes an adult human only when it can part with the mother, and stand on its own two feet. There is still a further stage to be reached, though: to be an adult human, you must carry Mommy (or Daddy, or both—preferably both) inside you; but to become a Star you must kill them inside you.*

*This, also, is part of the point of this chapter.*

*A last observation, for the benefit of Orthodox Jews: what is the basic*



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

*difference between this chapter and Job? The answer is simple: it is mercifully shorter.*

*Ecstasy to content the mystic, without scientific enquiry into its nature. Pantheism.*

### XXX

#### THE SCRIBE

Wherefore, O Zahid, so afraid  
To see the Maker in the Made?

Some one-eyed cripple hunchback built  
Yon marble tower whose coolth and shade

Gladdens the lover. Take the fact  
And leave the cause! What joy or aid

Springs from thy searches for the cause?  
Thy cause thou dost to earth degrade,

Bounding its nature; shall Habib's  
Delicious podex be displayed

To weaklings whose erection lags  
For them to prate and make parade

Of tedious knowledge? Rather plunge  
To scabbard the impassioned blade!



## THE EQUINOX

Throughout the summer to indulge  
The sodomitic<sub>1</sub> accolade!

Forget, an if thou wilt, the scribe;  
The lovely script to heart be laid!<sub>2</sub>

Describe the script? The scribe adore?  
Perchance his podex is decayed.

The garden quit? Frequent the mosque?  
By Allah, 'twas an ass that brayed.

Allah, if Allah be, indwells  
All beauty.<sub>3</sub> He is best repaid

By who loves jade as jade, nor asks  
Some might Jaker for the Jade.<sub>4</sub>

Thy garden-podex wants, methinks,  
No worship, but a member-spade.<sub>5</sub>

1. The Sodom-fable is to be found in the XVth chapter of the Q'uran. Moslems accept the Bible, so far as it goes. Only, they regard the Christian as the Christian regards the Jew: as one not up-to-date. Big fleas have small fleas, etc., quoth the bard; and the modern follower of El Baab and the Baha-i-Ullah says the same to the orthodox Muslim.

2. An allusion to a well-known tale, perhaps to be identified in Alf Laylah wa Laylah. A chief returning from some expedition finds his favourite wife in the embraces of one of his sons. He reproaches her, saying: Am I not the maker superior to whom I made? (quoting, I fancy, the Q'uran) She replied that women might lawfully treasure the poem and press it to their hearts, but that it would be highly scandalous if they treated the poets in that manner.



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*Now, that was a woman that a man could stand for at least twenty minutes. However, he is again trying to put us off. The verse means that the Work of the Master is what the true Master wants cherished, not Himself or Herself.*

3. We are not inclined to regard the 'if' as sceptical, but as a strong form of affirmation. "As sure as Allah exists, He exists not only in temples made by men for His worship, but in all the beauty He has created." This, at least, is the line of defence attempted by those orthodox Muslim who cannot quite forgive Abdullah—or forget him.

*Maybe Allah exists. But Man (this includes Woman) certainly does. Is it not written that beauty is in the eye of the beholder?*

4. Taken by a parallel construction to Maker-Made.

The absurdity is not so glaring in Persian, owing to the system of "modes" by which from each root is extracted a great number of derivatives, according to fixed rules. Thus *ياشم* Jade might become *ياشم* a maker of Jade, were only Jade a verbal root. As *قاتل* slayer from the root *قتل* to slay. The Satire is of course against those who think that the difficulty of self-created matter is overcome by postulating a self-created God.

*He is merely disguising the fact that he just said that God helps those who help themselves, but went further, and said that God is repaid by those who help themselves, as well. For, obviously, to help yourself is to help God. It is not nobler to help others at your expense—it is stupid. Exceptions to this last statement will not be found hanging from crosses in churches: they will be found in the vanguard of the unknown, at all levels in which the species is trying to increase its control over the Universe; you will see them doing their best to solve their doubts and to withstand their fears, and working—the expression is appropriate to this book—their asses off. We wonder (again, the subject is appropriate to this book) if anyone has ever said a prayer to the savior who conceived the S-shape of the common sanitary vase? He or she did more for beauty, at least inside a house that has one, than any crucifix.*

*Speaking of crucifixes, we are reminded of a joke we read in a rather eschatological (again appropriate) magazine. Two little green men from*



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*outer space land in a cemetery and walk around for a while, contemplating the many crucifixes there. Finally one whispers frightenedly to the other: 'Let's get out of here. If this is their favorite religious symbol, can you imagine what they must be like?'*

5. The Takhallus being absent from this Ghazal, it is either spurious or unfinished; or else affords us a ground for rejecting those Ghazals which but for the Takhallus would be declared not to be authentic. This latter view has guided us to some extent in this edition. (There are altogether some 80 or 100 extant Ghazals of Abdullah; fortunately, in the keyletter we have a certain check on this particular series. Major Luty wrote his note under the idea of issuing the whole in a single volume. Ed.)



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

### *The venality of the objectors to mysticism*

#### XXXI

#### THE UNICORN

They say that in the deserts of Arabia there dwelleth a beast very like a horse, but possessing a great horn. Now I am not at all like a horse, though I am beautiful and swift, but I certainly possess an immense horn.<sup>1</sup>

Also there is a great bird which, when in danger, placeth its head within the sand, exposing its podex. Though, Habib, though otherwise not at all like a bird, dost expose thy podex, even when in no danger.<sup>1</sup>

I cannot but think that all this was in the mind of the Mullah, when in his sermon on Friday he reproached us openly with beastliness.

It is true that no beast does anything in the hope of receiving money; it is in my mind to take an hundred dinars<sup>2</sup> to this one-eyed dotard, so that the orthodox of Shiraz may speak of the beauty and chastity of Habib, of the piety of El Qahar, and of the great wisdom and tunefulness of his songs.<sup>3</sup>

1. These similes are very affected.
2. Dinar—a gold coin worth about 10/-.
3. Evidently the reviewer is as old as the world.

*If he is one-eyed...*



## THE EQUINOX

### *The contempt of the mystic for opinion*

#### XXXII

#### THE BULL-FROGS

In ill repute of pious folk,<sub>1</sub>  
The Sufi seeth but a joke.

The traveller, passing by the mere,  
Heeds not the frogs, but lets them croak.

So in thy podex I delight'  
Nor heed at all what Allah spoke.<sub>2</sub>

While stands my member, blooms my rose,  
Wine I can drink, or huqqa,<sub>3</sub> smoke,

So long I laugh at Aflatun,  
And fun at Aristu<sub>4</sub> I poke.

Thy buttocks with their splendid sun  
This joy in me have ever woke;

In rapture alway El Qahar  
His spirit is content to soak.

1. Pious folk—Wahhabi وهابي the Muslim strictarians.

2. Obscure. I doubt if the Q'uran forbids sodomy. See Q'uran XV, where the fault of the people appears to be their breach of hospitality, always a stigma in primitive communities. The Bible is just as broadminded on the



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point, both in the Story of Sodom and that of the Levite. May be "Allah" is a slip for "Mullah"—a difference of only one letter.

*A joke, of course, and barbed, Mullah being the equivalent of priest or theologian.*

3. The bowl of the pipe is the sphere of the heavens; the tobacco is the benevolence of God; the live coal His glory and desire toward man; the water in the bowl is the veil which prevents man being burnt up in that glory, and the purifying influence of calm upon the soul; the smoke is the perfume of the Spirit of God; the tube is the Influence (Heb. Mezla), from on high; the mouthpiece the love of one's earthly teacher (this sounds as though Sufi confessors shared the predilections and privileges of Jesuit confessors); the inhalation is the enlightenment of the soul; the exhalation the holy influence shed by the Sufi upon his fellow men—and so on.

*Now, here he gives an example of how the entire book can be interpreted, should one so will; although the American Surgeon General might consider this section an unfortunate choice.*

Mahbub was perfectly willing to explain every phrase in the book on these lines; reasonable people will agree that a single sample is enough. But see note 1 on XXXVIIIth Ghazal.

4. Aristu—Aristotle. Most sensible men will heartily agree with these sentiments. El Qahar is more than mystic and sodomite; he is a practical person. But perhaps the unusual word huqqa is a pun on hukm (command) and the phrase means, "As long as I obey God's law, I care nothing for philosophy!" A.L.

I cannot admit that huqqa is an altogether unusual word; I think hukm rather merits that title. Besides, the pun is not obvious and less so to a Persian than an Indian at that. Ed.

*A redskin Indian, he means. The pun is on "hokum".*



## THE EQUINOX

### *The falsity of the Orthodox*

#### XXXIII

#### THE MULLAH<sub>1</sub>

I have kept my dinars, Habib, to buy thee a new tarband withal; having reflected upon the case of the Mullah, that about his father we know nothing, while on the contrary about his mother everything is known. For himself, since we know so much, none desireth to know more.

I think, however, that we will make him somewhat drunk, or even excessively drunk, and that in that condition we will lead him to the house of Fatma, where the old humbug<sub>2</sub> shall fornicate with the ugliest of the slave girls. Also setting him upon an ass<sub>4</sub> with his face to the tail, we will conduct him to the Qazi saying: "These, O Qazi, be brothers; but the malice of a wizard hath changed the elder and more foolish into the semblance of a drunken Mullah".

By this means will he become ashamed,<sub>5</sub> and prate no more of beasts.

1. This ode is by most considered spurious, or the work of a pupil on a skeleton left by the master. But the very stigmata on which this view is based—the absence of the Takhallus, and of the word "kun"—seems to us to point the other way. No forger would have omitted so simple a precaution. It is possible that the ode is incomplete.

*Cf. AL i 56.*

More reasonable seems the suggestion that el Haji (1) disliked the introduction of his holy word كون and of his sacred Name in an ode of this type—as a kind of extra insult to the Mullah; (2) feared stoning if he signed it. The strongest argument for its genuineness is that the secret key-letter is



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right; if we cancelled the ode it would make nonsense of all the following ones. Unless, indeed, this ode *replaces* a genuine one. For which there is not a jot of a tittle of evidence.

*Serious readers, specially women, are enjoined to ponder carefully the holy word and the sacred Name, which have been mentioned before; and specially the Sanskrit root of kun—which has also been mentioned before.*

2. This is the boldest attack on orthodoxy that we have met in Eastern literature. The paternity of Islam—its divine origin—is said to be uncertain; the character of Mohammed, its mother, is vilified, the suggestion being that he received the Q'uran from all sorts of evil spirits; while of the religion itself he asserts dullness and inutility.

*Serious readers, specially women, are again requested to ponder that he refers to the paternity of Islam as of unknown, if presumed divine, origin; but refers to Mohammed as its mother; and then ponder the declaration in the first paragraph of the "ode", that the paternity of the Mullah is mysterious, but that about his mother everything is known. Unfortunately, that has not been quite true of previous dinosaurs (Great Beasts—cf. LIBER 333, Ch. 7); legend and myth has overcome their love of Reality and Truth. Perhaps the present Magus will have a fate more favorable to humankind.*

3. The old humbug—lit. this Saiyid of Samera. A Saiyid is one of Mohammed's own tribe; but at Samera there is an establishment for forging pedigrees, in all respects precisely similar to our own Heralds' College.

*Ouch. Or to the Vatican Library.*

4. Combined with the information in 31, that the Mullah is one-eyed, this suggests that el Haji wishes to identify him with دجال dajjal, Antichrist, who is usually spoken of as a one-eyed man riding upon an ass. Thus he may mean: "The Spirit of Orthodoxy is the spirit of Antichrist". It would at least be in keeping with the rest of his opinions, and the symbol is lucid and keen.

*Cute. Very cute. Digging his own grave—but since he never intended to lie down in it, what the heck.*

5. One MS. has "cornered" (shashdar shudan), a technical term in backgammon, when the game, though not actually finished, is seen to be hopeless for one of the players.



## THE EQUINOX

### Concentration

#### XXXIV

#### THE TALISMAN

Upn the Shah's third finger gleams  
A ruby bright as summer's beams.

It hath a magic spell, men say,  
To guard him from deceitful dreams.

Nor while thy podex grips my tool  
Canst thou deceive me, boy, it seems.<sup>1</sup>

If other thoughts invade my heart,  
Of thee my heart but lightly deems.

As he who worships Allah<sup>2</sup> knows,  
His Teacher light the fool esteems

Whose mind is occupied with sense—  
And how the crowd of senses teems!<sup>3</sup>

But El Qahar doth love; collects  
Into one ocean all the streams.<sup>4</sup>

1. This is the Rabelaisian jest—the story of Hans Carvel's ring—in Eastern dress.

*Except that it is no joke, but stark reality, that the story means.*



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2. Again a confusion. He refers to the Sufi, not to the Zahid. (Teacher is nominative—fool accusative. Ed.)

*Another rueful "joke".*

3. Anyone who has practised even for a short time any of the Eastern systems of meditation will realize the force of this remark. No person who has not practised can realize how swift and numerous our impressions are. Under ordinary circumstances the great majority do not rise into consciousness at all, for one is occupied with one main current of ideas. But once the mind seeks to check all possible currents of ideas, the simple impressions rise into the vacant space, which is fairly bombarded.

4. "Into one wave all the wavelets" is the Hindu equivalent for this. El Baab, when the orthodox took him out to be shot, having dug holes in his skin and filled them with lighted bamboo-shoots dipped in wax, is said to have observed: "These are many flamelets, and will soon expire; but my soul is One Flame, and will not." And there is a tale of an harlot, who retorted on some men who reviled her: "You are like the raindrops; but this my vulva is One Pool." They stoned her for the blasphemy.

*This is what they always do, when they can get away with it. As Harry Harrison pricelessly observed in Bill, the Galactic Hero, the institution of "Theyness" goes on.*



## THE EQUINOX

*Devotion better than learning.*

XXXV

ZEMZEM<sub>1</sub>

These holy talks and scriptures, truth to tell,  
Are foul to taste as Mecca's holy well.

Give me my boy's narcissus waist to hold,  
His jasmine podex<sub>2</sub> to my raptured smell,

His rosy lips and coralline to kiss—  
Well saith the sage that youth's sole heaven is hell!

A thousand times a night the Fatihah<sub>3</sub>  
Did I recite—my member did not swell.

Once for a night I slept with my Habib—  
A thousand times that member rose and fell!<sub>4</sub>

Love and not worship is the key of life;  
Silence, not prayer, the universal spell.

For while I knelt, how could I clasp Habib?<sub>5</sub>  
And while I prayed, how kiss? Adorable

And perfect boy, thy podex serves alike  
My member both to challenge and to quell!

So say the Sufis: Allah wakes desire  
For Him, and grants it. Life is like a shell



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

That rouses echoes of some distant sea  
To Zahid-lubbers all innavigable;

But the light-hearted Sufi thither floats  
Breasting God's waves with Life for coracle.

So El Qahar defies the host of Fate,  
Having thy podex for a citadel.

1. Zemzem. The holy well at Mecca. Its waters are excessively foul, and even the most devout make a wry face when drinking them.

*Cf. LXV iii 55.*

2. Jasmine podex—surely a true perversion of sense! Yet the adjective is as invariable as pious for Aeneas and fidus for Achates.

*Cf. the Qabalistic correspondences of jasmine. Also AL i 51.*

3. Fatihah, the first chapter of the Q'uran. To recite it 1,000 times nightly causes one to become a great Sheikh.

*At least, it worked this way with him.*

4. Surely Oriental exaggeration. A.L. (Not at all. I do not think that El Haji necessarily means separate and distinct emissions; he may mean thrusts. Now even the uneducated Briton, with a little practice, can learn to retain his semen for 3 to 6 hours without withdrawal or prolonged rest. Allowing only four thrusts on an average per minute, it would require but four hours and ten minutes to fulfil these conditions. Ed.)

Ingenious, but absurd. The Persian does not admit the same ambiguity as my English. A.L.

(True. I wrote the above without a copy of the text at hand. But the discussion will prevent repetition of my false conjecture. Ed.)

*Being kindly, for a change—but can pigs learn?*

5. Observe that the very idea of irrumation never once enters his pure mind. The subject of this peculiar vice is a very extended one. I think that the orthodox Muslim probaly fears the defilement of his mouth, or that of his lover. He would not object to being thus excited by a woman, who



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is already from crown to sole one mass of filth. Prejudiced as I am in favour of the Unfair Sex, I cannot but see this. Like Balaam, I am constrained. But if anyone wishes to argue with me, I may point out that—it happened before. A.L.

Irrumation, with either sex, is perhaps the most popular of all the sex-perversions—or sex-refinements?—in the West.

A well-known English peeress of American origin...

*This is a sly dig at Lady Tankerville, who of course did nothing of the sort; but he had good reason to be annoyed with her. Cf. the Diary of 1907 e.v. elsewhere in this book.*

... has kindly favoured me with a classified list of the principal methods employed by the patient. It will be seen that they easily surpass the crude expedients of the Kama Soutra.

1. *The Spider's Legs.*

Tickle the penis with fingers, lips, tongue, and eyelashes.

2. *The Fire-drill.*

With flat palms rub the penis vigorously in a direction perpendicular to its axis. The tip of the penis is held firmly in the mouth.

3. *The Mouse-trap.*

Nibble and kiss the penis all over, like a mouse at a piece of cheese.

Suddenly nip hard on to it and finish, like the closing of the trap.

4. *Les affaires son les affaires.*

Swallow the penis whole, rocking the head furiously backwards and forwards.

5. *The Woodpecker.*

Bite sharply with teeth upon the penis.

6. *The Limpet (or Barnacle).*

Suck the gland hard, so as to create a vacuum (this is a rude cupping process, causes the blood to flow strongly to the part and so is almost unfailing as a means of producing erection).

7. *The Oyster Supper.*

Spit on the penis and catch the "oysters" until they are replaced by the "pearls".

8. *The Green Corn.*

Suck at the penis as you do to eat green corn (i.e. all down the shaft).



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9. *The Asparagus.*

Suck at the penis as you do to eat asparagus (i.e. at the tip).

10. *L'éternelle idole.*

Worship the penis; rub it on the forehead, and so on, according to your ideas of what a ritual should be.

11. *The Naughty Boy.*

Smack the penis smartly with the hands. Afterwards make up to it, and pet it.

12. *The sculptor.*

Mould and knead with firm lips and fingers, as a sculptor models clay.

13. *The catapult.*

Pull down the penis, and let it flap back against the belly.

14. *The Metronome* (for two patients).

With tongue and forefinger at the root of the penis guide it, swinging it to and fro from mouth to mouth, one lover being on each side of the irrumator.

15. *The whirlpool.*

Swallow the penis whole, and roll the tongue round and round the gland.

16. *Parfait amour.* (Lady T— has to say that she learnt this from Mlle. Marcelle of the house just off the Carrefour d l'Odéon, à Paris.) Swallow the scrotum whole and rub the penis backwards and forwards across the nose. Excite at the same time the testes with the tongue and the fundament with the finger.

*This "Marcelle" is the same one of John St. John, q.v.*



## THE EQUINOX

### *The Vanity of metaphysic*

#### XXXVI

#### SURAIYA<sub>1</sub>

Sevenfold stands Suraiya in the sky;  
Seven virtues do thy podex glorify.

First, thou art hotter than Jahim<sub>2</sub> itself,  
And drier than Arabia art thou dry.

Third is thy tightness, like an hoop of steel,  
And O! thy muscles, their mobility!

Fifth, is thy smell like jasmine-ambergris,  
And soft thou art like peaches; seventhly,

Such is the beauty of its form that one,  
Seeing it, might be well content to die.

(So<sub>3</sub> Allah blazes higher than the noon;  
No water stains His spotless unity.

His love once hold thee, He will never loose;  
But shake with rapture to the utmost 'I';

The perfume of His love is wonderful,  
And tender is He as a virgin's eye,

While for His beauty are no words of earth,  
Nor can the heavens this need with song supply.)



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

So thou with Allah, man! hold Him as dear  
(Nay, dearer!) as the apple of thine eye.

Then, when thou hast Him, cease to speculate—  
Who hath the How is careless of the Why.<sup>4</sup>

So I, Habib, thy podex sodomize;  
With simple art the Mullahs I defy

To analyse the mystery; nor care  
So long as I am in the galaxy

Of sevenfold Suraiya; El Qahar  
Lifteth his member evermore, on high.

So doth wise El Qahar to El Qahar  
The fool by El Qahar the bard reply.

1. Suraiya—the Pleiades.

2. Hell.

3. The passage in brackets is certainly spurious. We retain it as shewing the ingenuity of interpretation employed in this class of literature.

*Actually, again a kind hint to the reader on how to interpret mystically this overtly pornographic work.*

4. The natural (though hardly altogether just) contempt of the practical expert for the arm-chair critic.

*Yes; but when it englobes the working scientist as well, religion bogs into dogma; let us try to avoid that.*

5. Surely Oriental exaggeration.

*Being cute again. The Creative Phallus, the Lingam, of course, is meant in the poem.*



## THE EQUINOX

*The ruling passion strong in death.*

### XXXVII

#### THE CRANE

What if our pleasures prove the bane  
Of this thy lover's shuddering brain?<sup>1</sup>  
Some evil Jinn may haunt the fane;  
Some serpent hurt the sugar-cane;  
Some rot infect the golden grain!  
Nay, though my flesh grow boil and blain,  
Each sinew cramp, each muscle sprain,  
Each link dissolve of Nature's chain,  
Each nerve disrupt in thoughts inane,<sup>2</sup>  
Each function abdicate its reign,  
I care not, so this love remain.  
Dead or alive, insane or sane,  
The perfect passion of us twain  
Shall bring us blessing in its train  
As summer brings the welcome rain.  
Turn, life's deceitful weather-vane!  
Our love is set as Charles his wain,<sup>3</sup>  
That lights to love the amorous swain.<sup>4</sup>  
On one leg stands the thoughtful crane;  
On one love rests my life; in vain  
The evil Jinn may pour their pain,  
Torture this soul again, again,  
With wrath and will, with might and main;  
High Allah can their hate restrain—  
Our loves their goodly shape retain.  
Though Shaitan, should the court profane,



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

He spits against the loftier plane  
In empty malice. Who would deign  
To mark him? By our lion's mane,  
I swear! to tread the lonely lane  
Of death to me is royal gain,  
Since I with my Habib have lain,  
And he my tool doth entertain.  
I speak the truth; falter, nor feign'  
Seeing my camel on the plain  
Girt for the Journey; spared or slain,  
My love's no moon to wax and wane.  
Allah our love with mercy sain!  
Then death's a splendid window-pane  
Through which I look the world to explain.  
Give me the Cup! its wine I'll drain,  
Thy podex to my member strain,  
And thrust, and pull, and writhe amain:—  
Thrill through each raptured dying vein  
That El Qahar's dissolving brain  
Be of his Destiny the bane!

1. Can this be a reference to the Western superstition that mystic devotion injures the intellect? Or only to the dangers of "obsession", to the appalling results which occasionally occur when the processes are ill performed? I cannot but give my adhesion to the former theory: at this stage of the poem el Haji is attacking sceptics and orthodox people: there is no imperfection in his love.

2. El Haji's materialism. There is nothing strange to an Oriental in the theory that emotions and thoughts depend upon bodily changes. All books on Philosophy teach or imply this, in direct contradiction to the silly metaphysical theories of thought which pass current in the West. Yet they hold that all depend, ring within ring, upon the central point, God. If the Eastern is an idealist, it is the idealism of Malebranche or Berkeley; if a



## THE EQUINOX

sceptic, it is the scepticism of Huxley or Hume; if a materialist, it is the materialism of Leibnitz or the earlier Kant.

3. Charles' wain—the Great Bear, the Car of David, and many other names, equally absurd.

*"Charles" is a reference to Herbert Jerome Charles Pollitt, of course.*

4. We do not know whether this can possibly have any reference to a local custom. In Egypt the rising of Sirius heralded various obscene religious festivals. Our own view is that the best signal for beginning a love-affair is the rising of—no matter!

*For the obscene Egyptian festivals related to the rising of Sirius, cf. THE FIELD THEORY OF SEX.*

5. Shaitan—Satan. It is, however, a generic name for an evil spirit.

*And for the modern Zionist, any Arab is a Shaitan—specially a Palestinian Arab. Keep that in mind, girls and boys.*

6. Lion. The Persian, with the Scot and the Cingalee, claims a lion for his emblem.

*But we know what lion he is talking about, don't we?*



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

*Satisfaction excludes speculation.*

### XXXVIII

#### THE GARDEN<sub>1</sub>

I have a porcelain jasmine-jar  
deep stained with crimson—blood, I wis!  
And in my garden do I lie,  
my garden full of clematis.

Above me sing the birds, around  
the rose and lily blush and pale;  
Mine is a bower of eglantine,  
my couch of lilac and nargis.

The cup of wine is in my hand;  
the slaves await the master's word;  
My huqqa<sub>2</sub> smoke to heaven curls,  
laden with maddening cannabis.<sub>3</sub>

I feed upon my jasmine-jar  
these eyes; this brain its beauty knows,  
Its perfume roused to ecstasy  
by cunning strain of ambergris.<sub>4</sub>

Above, Habib my lover hangs;  
his podex is the jasmine-jar;  
His lips are softly closed on mine,  
one long unfathomable kiss.



## THE EQUINOX

All, all is rapture; who would shift  
one inch, all mystery to disclose?  
A fool is he who queries Quid?  
still baffled by the question Quis?;

I do not care, for love is all;  
one moment lent to mullah-talk  
Is lost to love; and why complain  
when nothing is at all amiss?

The folk that haunt the evil house  
of Fatma to Hakim<sub>6</sub>resort  
Wisely indeed: Thy drugs! they cry:  
we cannot make a shift to piss!<sub>7</sub>

The Zahid still frequents the mosque  
and moans the dreary Fatihah:  
O fools! ye miss love's podex-joy,  
and missing love all good ye miss.

Come, O Habib, thy podex close  
on El Qahar's enamoured tool!  
Though we mistake the world and God,  
at least is no mistake in this.

1. After this ode the "secret key-number" breaks down. It is said that there are five odes missing. But no doubt need therefore be cast upon the genuineness of the following odes. Some weight is to be given to the contention that there can be only 42 odes, neither more nor less, for mystical reasons. Their Persian dress I cannot learn; but the Egyptians knew 42 Gods who purify the soul; and the Jews speak of the "Revolution of the 42-fold Name in the Palaces of Yetzirah"—the world which should invade and redeem this material scheme of things.



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

Talking of this "scheme of things", I remember the wit of a certain comely youth at Oxford, who reproached his exhausted lover with the quatrain:

"Ah love! could Thou and I with Fate conspire  
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,  
Would we not shatter it to bits, and then  
Remould it nearer to the heart's desire."

2. **حقه** huqqah. It is said that this word represents hieroglyphically the process of smoking. ح the harsh aspirate changed to ه the smooth aspirate by the medium of the force of ق which Arab mystics describe as being "of a watery, lunar nature, and consonant to dogs, jackals, beetles, pools, old women painted, dreams, water pots, drunkenness, illusion, broken spears, and astrologers". In this case the watery nature symbolizes the rose-water through which the smoke is drawn to purify and soften it.

3. Cannabis—Hashish, bhang, ganja, marijuana, kif, a drug much used by Yogis and Fakirs. It induces maniacal attacks, destroys the sense of proportion in time and space, and gives powerful emotions to its victims.

*This is a description scrupulously in tune with the "Editor" 's and "Lutiy" 's assumed personae.*

4. Ambergris. Without much perfume of its own, it is priceless for bringing out the best of any others with which it may be mixed. The price in 1906 was 135 shillings the ounce.

*With the sperm whale deservedly classified as an endangered species, it may go up even more. Perhaps we may eventually achieve an understanding with the whales by which they will willingly bequeathe us the substance, as well as their oil, when they die a natural death.*

5. i.e. it is useless to explore the universe until the problem of personality is satisfactorily settled.

6. Hakim—doctor.

7. Gonorrhoea is known in Persia as elsewhere. At a recital, when all the young men exclaim joyfully: "What flowing stanzas!" (suz), an old cynic may be heard to mutter: "What flowing gleet!" (suzak).



## THE EQUINOX

*Ecstasy beyond all price: but to be had by him  
who casts away all other desires.*

### XXXIX

#### THE BARGAININGS

What shall a man give in exchange for the enjoyment of thy podex?<sup>1</sup> There is nothing in Iran, or upon the whole earth, that is worthy to be spoken of in this matter. The treasures of the sun and moon are not to be compared with it; if the stars also were to be offered, they would not equal the joy of even the first rubbings of the member against its orifice.

The desire of the fanatic is to cast away life at the feet of Heaven;<sup>2</sup> but for thy podex heaven and life together might be thrown away; and all the perfections of Allah are not worth one perfection of thy podex.

He therefore who would attain to merge his member therein offers nothing, but on the contrary employs to the best advantage whatever he hath, though in the Pursuit he forgetteth that he hath it, not valuing it. To him who so acts the Attainment of thy bed is certain.

It is only necessary to have seen thy buttocks agitated in walking beneath thy tunic for a wise man to abandon all other pursuits.<sup>3</sup>

All this hath El Qahar achieved; therefore for him thou wilt push out thy buttocks, causing that blush rose, thy podex, to expand.

The member of El Qahar will wallow therein like a water buffalo at noon in the pools of mud.

Come, Habib, thou hast not been sodomized since sunset; the member of El Qahar is erect and straining like a fresh horse; before darkness falls thou must be sodomized five times.<sup>4</sup>

1. Cf. Canticles; and Matthew, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

*This is not a deliberate insult to Jews or Christists; it is a reminder to them that there may be spiritual meanings where the prurient mind sees nothing but its own hangups—or should we say hangdowns?*

2. Refers to the Ghazi, still a terror to our Frontier officials in N.W. India. The method of manufacture is interesting. A poor and despairing man is selected and watched. One night, as he slinks through some deserted beggar's haunt, he is secretly drugged and conveyed to a palatial house with gardens and fountains. He awakes to find himself robed in fine linen and purple, surrounded by rich wines and foods, and by an adoring bevy of the most luscious beauties that he can imagine. He is however always kept to a certain extent under the influence of hashish, in order to bewilder him slightly, and to cause him partially to doubt the reality of his present joy. In a week or so he is again deeply drugged, dressed in his old rags, and abandoned in the same beggar's haunt as before. He wakes up utterly miserable, and consults the local Mullah as to his experience. "My son!" replies the good old man, "favoured of Heaven! You have had a vision of the realms of Paradise." He naturally wants to know how to get back, and the Mullah reiterates the well-known blessing on those who die slaying infidels, and further indicates such and such a Sahib—who has probably made himself obnoxious to the faithful in some way—as a suitable person to attack. Lord Curzon however very wisely met this manoeuvre by ordering the cremation of murderers of this type. If the body of a Mussulman is burnt he cannot go to Paradise; for the os coccygis, from which God will raise his body from the dust, is destroyed.

*The technique for creating the Ghazi was obviously the same used by the Hashishin sect. We find it interesting that the Semitic predilection for homosexuality shows even in which bone Allah uses to lift a true believer from the dust. But the mercy of God, though infinite, must also be efficient. Thus, Jews are probably lifted by the nose, and Christists by the ears.*

But it would probably be waste of time to explain all this to Mr. Keir Hardie.

*The "Ki-ra-di" of TIAN DAO, q.v.*

3. That is, even a very slight experience of the outer joys of the mystic path is sufficient to induce the neophyte to devote himself entirely to the same.

4. Surely Oriental exaggeration; especially when one considers the short-



## THE EQUINOX

ness of Persian twilight.

*Ain't he cute?*

Perhaps the 5 refers to the Pentagon. Ed.

*Of course it does.*

*The relations between the twins of rapture*

### XL

#### THE NAMINGS<sub>1</sub>

I

This member of mine is compassionate and merciful unto thy podex, of which he is king, greater than two-horned Alexander,<sub>2</sub> assuaging its desire.

Holy is this member and bringeth pleasure to thy podex; to him thou art faithful, like a child to its mother's breast, assuaging thy desire.

Terrible is my member to thy podex, causing him to tremble, but also he is dear; strong he is and proud, like a peacock spreading his splendour in the sun, assuaging thy desire.

ب

My member hath created thy podex; he hurteth thee with a delicious pain, and pictureth thy podex as a beautiful garden, wherein like a young child he may play, assuaging thy desire.

My member pardoneth the infidelities of thy podex; he conquereth its resistance, and giveth pearly dew, like the stars to the roses, assuaging thy desire.



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR



Beautiful is my member as it openeth thy podex, and allwise to know every secret recess thereof, holding it on its stiffness like a lion thrust through by a spear, assuaging thy desire.



My member supporteth thy podex as a rose-tree its flower; all night long it humbleth and exalteth itself, like the moon, assuaging thy desire.

My member cherisheth thy podex, drawing it close; and hateth it, pressing it away; it reareth all the petition of thy podex, like a maiden enraptured by a lute, assuaging thy desire.

My member seeth all podices, and judgeth that thy podex alone is beautiful; just is he therein, and consoleth it with pearly dew, brighter than the eye of a fawn, assuaging thy desire.



My member knoweth all the secret places of thy podex, and is longsuffering therein; great and perpendicular is he within thee like the sun at noon, assuaging thy desire.

My member pardoneth the imperfections of thy podex; worthy of thanks is he therefore, being exalted within thee, like a tower of ivory and gold, assuaging thy desire.

Great and strong is my member, and protecteth thy podex from his rivals;<sup>3</sup> he exposeth it, and numbereth his emissions, each like the spray of a fountain, assuaging thy desire.



Glorious is this member of mine and generous of pearly dew; beholding the heart of thy podex, like the sunset watching for the full moon, or like a darwesh meditating on Ya Sin,<sup>4</sup> assuaging thy desire.

My member heareth the complaint of thy podex; he is a vast member, and healeth thy misfortune, like cedarwood that healeth the sick, assuaging thy desire.



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My member reconcileth thy podex with himself, and being exalted sendeth out his pearly dew; he is the witness of all these orgasms, like a-many comets and meteors, assuaging thy desire.

ۛ

My member is the Truth, never swerving from thy podex; he is the advocate of its beauty, and strong is he like a young unweaned lion, assuaging thy desire.

Solid is my member, a foster-father to thy podex, ever providing it with pearly dew; and thankworthy is he, like a poet before a king, assuaging thy desire.

My member reckoneth the orgasms of thy podex, he who began them; he raiseth himself from the dead, and giveth thee life, like the moon to Musalla,<sub>5</sub> assuaging thy desire.

ز

My member slayeth thy podex with its terrible thrusts, he the living one! and he pleadeth for all the joys of thy podex, like Azrael<sub>6</sub> for death, assuaging thy desire.

My member is the only one that will fit thy podex, and he is the most holy one, as the Beyt Ullah is the most holy among mosques; he is the sole member, like Arafat<sub>7</sub>, among mountains, assuaging thy desire.

My member is unaccompanied in thy podex; powerful is he, yea! most mighty, and hasteneth from orgasm to orgasm, like a man bringing tidings of victory, assuaging thy desire.

2

My member retardeth his ejection<sub>8</sub> in thy podex, prolonging our pleasure; he is the first therein and the last, like Israfel<sub>9</sub>, among trumpeters, assuaging thy desire.

My member manifesteth himself erect and beautiful and concealeth himself forthwith in thy podex; for he is the fosterer of all thy beauty, like



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

an harlot attiring herself, assuaging thy desire.

He is the tallest of all members, and charitable toward thy podex; he turneth the heart of thy podex to him, and avengeth Sodom<sub>10</sub> therein, pouring down a rain of pearly dew, yet hotter than flame, like ambergris upon the ocean, assuaging thy desire.

b

My member pardoneth the overflowing of thy podex, and pitieth its grief; the Lord of the Universe is he for thee, and there is none like him, assuaging thy desire.

Worthy of glory and honour is my member, who divideth thy buttocks, and assembleth thy whole soul in thy podex, like a great king gathering an army in one place, assuaging thy desire.

Rich is my member in pearly dew, and enricheth thy podex therewith; he refuseth to withdraw therefrom, and afflicteth thee with the sweet pain of a thousand orgasms,<sub>11</sub> like the bitings and pinchings of a courtesan,<sub>12</sub> assuaging thy desire.

5<sub>13</sub>

My member bestoweth much advantage upon thy podex; he is the light thereof, as the sun of the dark earth at dawn; and he giveth it peace, assuaging thy desire.

My member is the finder-out of thy podex, even in the darkest abyss; my member surviveth a thousand times a thousand orgasms<sub>14</sub> and inheriteth the wealth of them like a miser hoarding gold coin, assuaging thy desire.

My member is the guide of thy podex, never leaving it for a moment; patient is he, eternally toiling therein;<sub>15</sub> for Hua<sub>16</sub> is God, and His Name is Unknown, like all things save Himself only,<sub>17</sub> assuaging thy desire.

1. The ninety-nine names of God, in sections of 10; 3, 3, and 4 to a subsection, occur in this remarkable poem. These are the names:



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السلام as salamu peace	القدوس al cadasu holy	المك al maliku king	الرحيم arrahimu merciful	الرحمن arrahmanu compassionate
المتكبر al mutakabiru the proud	الجبار al jabâru the mighty	العزیز al azizu the dear	المهين al muhaiminu the terrible	المؤمن al muhminu he to whom one is faithful
القهار al cahâru conqueror	الغفار al ghaffâru pardonor	المصور al musawiru picturer	المبارک al bâriu innocent	الخالق al khâliku creator
القابض al cabidu holder	العليم al 'alîmu all-wise	الفتاح al fatâhu opener	الرزاق arrazâqu bountiful	الوهاب al wahabu giver
المذل al muzillu hater	المعز al mu'aîzzu cherisher	الرافع arrâhfi'au exalter	الخافض al khâfidu humbler	الباسط al bâsîtu supporter
اللطيف allathîfu the comforter	العدل al 'âdlu just	الحکم al hâkamu judge	البصير al basîru all-seer	السميع assamî'au all-hearer
الشکور al shakûru worthy of thanks	الغفور al ghafûru pardonor	العظيم al 'azîmu great	الحليم al halîmu long-suffering gracious	الخبير al khabîru all-knower
الحسيب al hasîbu numberer	المغيث al moqîtu exposer	الحفيظ al hafîzu protector	الكبير al kabîru the great	العلیّ al alîyu exalted
الواسع al wasî'au vast	المجيب al mujîbu hearer of complaints	الرقیب arraqîbu beholder of hearts	الکریم al karîmu the generous	الجليل al jalîlu glorious
الشهيد asshahîdu witness of all	الباعث al bâ'asu sender	المجيد al majîdu exalted	الودود al wadûdu reconciler	الحکيم al hakîmu healer, wise
الولی al walîhu foster-father	المتين al matînu solid	القویّ al qawîyu strong	الوكيل al wakîlu advocate	الحقّ al hâqu truth



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المحيي al mohiyu giver of life	المعيد al mo'aidu resurrector	المبدئ al mobdiu beginner	المحصى al mohsiu reckoner	المحميد al hamidu worthy of thanks
المجدد al mâjidu most holy	الواحد al wâjidu the only one	القيوم al qoyûmu advocate of all	الحى al hâiyu living	المميت al momîtu stayer
المقدم al muqâdimu first of officers hastener	المقتدر al maqtadîru most mighty	القادر al qâdiru of power full	الصمد assamadu unaccompanied	الواحد al wâhidu sole
الباطن al bâtinu concealed	الظاهر azz'ahîru manifested	الآخر al âhiru the last	الاول al aiwalu the first	المؤخر al moahîru retarder
المنتقم al muntâqimu avenger	التواب al towabu turner of hearts	البر al baru charitable	المتعال al mutaâlu highest	الوالى al wâliyu fosterer of all
ذو الجلال والاکرام zuljalilie walikrami worthy of glory and honour	مالك الملك maliku el mulk king of the universe	الرزوف arraufu who pitieth	العفو al 'afûwu pardonner	المغنى al marhnyû enricher
الغنى al rhanÿu rich	الجامع al jâmi'au assembler	المقسط al môqsitu divider	الهادى al âdiyu peace-giver	النور annâru la lumière
النافع annâfi'au giver of advan- tages	الضار adhhdharu afflicter	المانع al mân'au refuser	الصبور assaburu patient	الرشيد al rashidu (?beginning)
	الوارث al wârisu inheritor	الباقى al bâqiu survivor	البدیع al badi'au inventor	

هو الله الذى لا اله الا هو  
امين

Hua is God; and there is none other God than Hua. Amen.



## THE EQUINOX

2. Alexander the Great, still great in Hindostan. I can trace no legend to justify this epithet; perhaps it is merely poetic for "mighty".

*No. The horns are symbolic of a functioning Ajna; they are the same as the "two petals" of the Hindus or the wings of the Winged Globe of the Egyptians. The epithet suggests the Mystery Schools accepted Alexander as an Initiate; as, indeed, the great conquerors always are. Cf. the Moses of Michelangelo.*

3. This verse (says Mahbub) conceals a "Great Word to become mad, and go about naked" if repeated 1001 times nightly for a number of nights not stated. Very probable.

*Cf. the Call of the 21st Aethyr in LIBER 418; also, Crowley's chosen method of purification during the obtention of the Calls.*

The concealed Word is only the common:

أَلَا بِاللّٰهِ الْعَلٰى سُبْحَانَ اللّٰهِ وَالْحَمْدُ لِلّٰهِ وَلَا إِلٰهَ إِلَّا اللّٰهُ وَاللّٰهُ أَكْبَرُ  
وَلَا حَوْلَ وَلَا قُوَّةَ

"Glory to God, and Praise to God! There is no God but God. Great is He, and protecteth us; there is no might save in Him, the Exalted One."

4. The "Heart of the Q'uran"; one of its holiest chapters, recited or read to all good Muslim at the point of death, whenever possible.

5. Musalla, near Shiraz; as Richmond, near London; or the Cafe d'Hermenonville, near Paris.

6. Azrael—the angel of death.

7. Arafat—the holy mountain near Mecca.

8. The Vindu-Siddhi, power of retaining the semen, is one of the most interesting and important branches of Hathayoga, the Hindu "Physical Culture".

The following from the Shiva Sanhita, concerning the Vajroli Mudra, affords an adequate example of the method and aim:

*Please notice that for over a quarter of a century the translation of this particular Mudra was unavailable in printed translations of the Shiva Sanhita, due to the "indecentcy" of the text. In the same way, many years ago we offered the section of THE FIELD THEORY OF SEX called On Sexual Control as an article to Playboy. One of the editors answered in a written note that the article was too racy for their "sedate Playboy*



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

*Magazine''!!! No wonder the magazine's symbol is a rabbit.*

53. Actuated by mercy for my devotees, I shall now explain the *Vajroli Mudra*, the destroyer of the darkness of the world, the most secret among all the secrets.

54. Even while following all his desires, and without conforming to the regulations of Yoga, a householder can become emancipated, if he practises the VAJROLI MUDRA.

*Of course, to become able to practise it, he must practise something very like strict Yoga for quite some time previously. See the quoted section of THE FIELD THEORY OF SEX.*

55. This VAJROLI YOG practice gives emancipation even when one is immersed in sensuality; therefore it should be practised by the Yogi with great care.

*But couldn't he be a householder before? Those Hindu texts contradict themselves as often and as ridiculously as the Christist "gospels".*

56. First let the talented practitioner introduce into his own body, according to the proper methods, the germ-cells from the female organ of generation, by suction up through the tube of the *meatus urinarius*; restraining in his own semen, let him practise copulation. If by chance the semen begins to move, let him stop its emission by the practice of the YONI MUDRA. Let him place the semen on the left hand duct, and stop further intercourse. After a while, let him continue it again. In accordance with the instructions of his preceptors...

*Here is the catch. But Theos Bernard, among others, gave a good description of how to acquire this Mudra in at least two of his books.*

... and by uttering the sound *hoom*, let him forcibly draw up through the contraction of the *Apana Vayu* the germ-cells from the uterus.

57. The Yogi, worshipper of the lotus-feet of his Guru, should in order to obtain quick success in Yoga drink milk or nectar in this way.

58. Know semen to be moon-like, and the germ-cells the emblem of sun; let the Yogi make their union in his own body with great care.

59. I am the semen, Sakti (*the goddess*) is the germ fluid; when they both are combined, then the Yogi reaches the state of success, and his body becomes brilliant and divine.

60. Ejaculation of semen is death, preserving it within is life; therefore,



## THE EQUINOX

let the Yogi preserve his semen with great care.

61. Verily, verily, men are born and die through semen; knowing this, let the Yogi always practise to preserve his semen.

62. When through great efforts success in the preservation of the semen is obtained, what then cannot be achieved in this world? Through the greatness of its preservation (i.e., through celibacy) one becomes like me in glory.

*The note "i.e., through celibacy" is, of course, asinine; else there would be no point in Vajroli at all. The many (some of them apparent and purposeful) contradictions and subtleties of the text befuddled the translator—unless he, also, was being coy.*

63. The *vindu* (semen) causes the pleasure and pain of all creatures living in this world, who are infatuated, and are subject to death and decay. For the Yogi, this preservation of semen is the best of all Yogas, and it is the giver of happiness.

64. Though immersed in enjoyments, men get powers through its practice. Through the force of his practice, he becomes an adept in due season, in his present life.

65. The Yogi certainly obtains through this practice all kinds of powers, at the same time enjoying all the innumerable enjoyments of the world.

66. This Yoga can be practised along with much enjoyment; therefore the Yogi should practise it.

*Which blows the "through celibacy" note to smithereens, and also shows that some Yogis at least (contrary to protestations from millionaire "Maharishis" and would-be-millionaire "yogis") were horny as hell.*

*If you'll pardon the pun.*

67. There are two modifications of the VAJROLI, called *Sahajoni* and *Amarani*. By all means let the Yogi preserve the semen.

68. If at the time of copulation the *vindu* is forcibly emitted, and there takes place an union of the sun and the moon, then let him absorb this mixture through the tube of the male organ. This is *Amarani*.

69. The method by which the *vindu* on the point of emission can be withheld through YONI-MUDRA is called *Sahajoni*. It is kept secret in all the Tantras.

70. Though ultimately the action of them (*Amarani* and *Sahajoni*) is



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

the same, there are arisen differences owing to the difference of nomenclature...

*Now, one certainly would like to know how the original text reads!*

Let the Yogi practise them with the greatest care and perseverance.

71. Through love for my devotees, I have revealed this Yoga; it should be kept secret with the greatest care, and not be given to everybody.

72. It is the most secret of all secrets that ever were or shall be; therefore let the prudent Yogi keep it with the greatest secrecy possible.

73. When at the time of voiding urine the Yogi draws it up forcibly through the Apana-Vayu, and keeping it up, discharges it slowly and slowly; and practises this daily according to the instructions of his Guru, he obtains the *vindusiddhi* (power over semen)...

*Again a mistranslation.*

... that gives great powers.

74. He who practises this daily according to the instructions of his Guru does not lose his semen, were he to enjoy a hundred women at a time.

75. O PARVATI! When *vindu-siddhi* is obtained, what else cannot be accomplished? Even the inaccessible glory of my godhead can be attained through it.

*The tract is in the form of a dialogue between Siva and the goddess Parvati, who is trying to ferret his "secret" out of him. Oh those women!*

*We continue with A.C.'s notes.*

9. The angel to whom is allotted the duty of sounding "the last trump".

10. Sodom—a legendary city, said to have been destroyed by a volcano. But it has a mystic meaning.

*Considering that homosexuality was an accepted religious practice among the Old Testament Jews, and considering the popularity of the practice for purely worldly purposes among Jews today, it had better have a mystic meaning!*

It is spelt כסוד in Hebrew, signifying by the secret keys of Kabbalah Temperance (turning a man) from pleasure to Self-Sacrifice. (Erroneously read by Zahids as follows: the angel Metratron bestowing upon Indulgence condign Punishment). I doubt, though, if El Haji knew all this. A.L. (Nonsense! The Angel of the Key of כ is Sandalphon, not Metratron, and is of Reconciliation. Even a Zahid would surely know this. The true key to



## THE EQUINOX

its meaning is its value  $104 = 8 \times 13$ , and therefore its interpretation of the number 8, since 13 is only the basic unity. Now 8 refers to the Chariot and Abacadabra. Perhaps the two Sphinxes which the Charioteer drives are the symbols of the two sexes which he enjoys, even as the Sphinx is the Deification of the bestial, and therefore an apt Hieroglyph of the Magnum Opus. Ed.)

*The above note, in the two different views from the two personae, is extremely important to the serious reader.*

11. Surely Oriental exaggeration.

12. The rules for which are carefully laid down in the Ananga Ranga, and other works on the Science, Art and Craft of Love.

13. For a similar literal division of the stanzas of a poem, cf. Psalm CXIX.

14. Surely Oriental exaggeration.

*NAturally, what he means is that one should check the qabalistic meaning of the number used—very popular in Arabic tall stories.*

15. After all this, mere envy must drive us to assume a mystical sense for these writings.

*Rubbing it in. Oops! Another pun.*

16. Hua—He. But it is further the true and secret unpronounceable Name of God, concealed by its obviousness. The 100th name, about which people make such a fuss, is simply Allah الله itself, the other 99 merely replacing Allah in the sentence Hua Allahu alazi wailaha illa Hua, thus: Hua Arrahmanu alazi etc., and so for the rest. How ه came to mean God (الله the God) is a question for the profoundest scholarship; but we note that الله has the numerical value of 66, and that 66 is the sum of the first 12 numbers, beginning, as Orientals do begin in a cosmogony, with Zero. Now هو has the value of 12...

*A deliberate mistake. This note should be read with the greatest attention by the serious student.*

The symbolism of this number will occur to all students. But without courting that hare to death, we may lightly touch upon the traces of Hua through the languages. Hebrew Hua, English He; and note the remarkable similarity to Allah of Ille, Il, Lui, Le and so on.



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

*In Portuguese, even more similar: êle.*

The Hebrew Allah is אלה usually transliterated by our empirics Eloah, perhaps dropping an L because 36 is the value of אלה and the sum of the first nine numbers (0 to 8) being the number of their Divine Sephiroth (not including Malkuth, the world); and the addition of the 10th number (9) giving them 45, the value of the name אדם Adam. But even the Hebrews acknowledge the superior purity of the 12 system by retaining Hua as a title of Kether, their highest emanation. Unfortunately they seem to have forgotten that Kether should itself be counted as Zero, thereby altering their whole chain of aeons and its symbolism, though it is true that, realizing the necessity of Zero as a starting point for any system, they concealed behind Kether three veils of the negative, culminating in Ain, pure negation. But this was rather an effect of the Brahminical (or post-Fichtean) metaphysic, in which an Absolute is reached by denying to it all possible predicates as thinkable, and therefore derogatory. Even when one retorted, "He is then Unthinkable", the wary Rabbi would reply, "Neither Thinkable nor Unthinkable." You can't win; but you don't want to play any more!

All this is far, far indeed from the true practical Qabalah, which contents itself with leading the student to the next stage, which teaches the animal to think, the thinker to aspire, the aspirant to wisdom...

*Used as a verb.*

... and crowneth the wise man with the glory of the 12 Stars, his holy Genius.

Not that it is for a mere dabbler like myself to suggest to others even a line of research; but love conquers modesty, and I should like to hint that in the restoration of a duodecimal notation and cosmography lies the best hope of a perfect recovery of the perfect Way. A.L.

One is sorry to have to object that the Arabic Hua is spelt هو not هوا and equals 11, not 12. The number 11, however, does represent the squaring of the circle, the Great Work, since there are 11 letters in Abrahadabra, whose symbolism is so enigmatical; هو is further the equation of 5 the Pentagram and 6 the Hexagram, Micro and Macro-prosopus, Man and God.



## THE EQUINOX

17. This is the extreme sceptico-mystical position; to admit that phenomena are perfectly mysterious, while asserting a direct consciousness of the Absolute.

*One should like to remark at this point that the titles of all these chapters (in italics) are of the greatest importance in absorbing their hidden meanings.*

*The fame of Ecstasy the redemption of the World.*

### XLI

#### THE RIDDLE<sub>1</sub>

Habib hath heard; let all Iran  
who spell aright from A to Z

Exalt thy fame and understand  
with whom I made a marriage-bed;

Resort to tool-and-podex play  
till all the world in tears is shed

Before the sword of Azrael,  
the trump of Israfel the dread.<sub>2</sub>

Exalt, exalt our love at last  
Among the living and the dead,

Resort to love, and press its purple  
calix with His purple head,



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

Till fall the pearls with rubies strung,  
the dew upon the dawn that bled.

Crimson, o lover, was our love,  
and crimson streams the sunset past;

Hyacinthine glows the vault of night,  
the Future certain, sure to last.

Accept the gold of noon that pours  
its white-hot flood, its radiant blast!

Rampant within thy podex take  
this member, stiffer than a mast.

Lively as love itself, supreme  
in pride, stupendous in the vast!

Even the present gold and white,  
the Moment ever fleeting fast,

Surrendered never! this delight  
the Venus-throw hath surely cast.<sub>3</sub>

Jehannum shall exclaim "Habib!"  
and light inform its murky fire,

Entrancing all the ghouls<sub>4</sub> to love,  
waking the Shaitans to desire!

Rejoicing souls in Paradise  
shall spurn the Hur al Ayin<sub>5</sub> with ire,

Opening their lips in pangs of woe,  
offering their souls in pawn to hire!



## THE EQUINOX

Men from the utmost desert lands  
shall spurt their steeds through sand and mire,

Even to look upon the face  
immortal from this lewdly lyre.

Perfect, Habib, my magic song:  
perfect our loves for ever are:

Olibanum and ambergris,  
nargis and rose of the 'attar,<sup>6</sup>

Lily and lilac, thus they rise  
in fragrance to the morning star.

Light springs and liberty is fair—  
o break the intoxicating jar!

It is enough that thou art Near,  
the shamer of the foolish Far,

To glut thy jasmine podex on  
the member of thine El Qahar;

To glut thine almond member in  
the podex of thine El Qahar.

1. Riddle. In the Persian are perhaps concealed some details of the Poet's life and amours.

*As probably any reader will have noticed, the poem is an acrostic of "Herbert Charles Jerome Pollitt".*

2. Azrael—angel of death; Israfil—of the last Judgement, bear respectively a sword and a trumpet. We have taken Azrael, though modern Persians



## BAGH-I-MUATTAR

usually (not the text here. Ed) call him Abu yahya ابو يحيى "Father John". Some ignorant Persians confuse him with Ezekiel! Result: "to sup with Father John" means either to eat dirt, i.e. apologize, or "to die". Hence an offended Persian, in a tavern brawl, may say, "You must sup with Father John tonight", meaning "Retract, or I knife you."

3. Venus-throw—the double six. The highest throw at dice.

*Probably because if you got the money you would get the woman. All kidding aside, there is a hidden meaning for the serious reader to investigate. Qabalistic analysis will be just the beginning of the unravelling.*

4. Ghoul—a corpse-devouring devil.

*Nevertheless, we all devour corpses; some of us devour only vegetable corpses, as if that made any difference.*

5. Hur al Ayin, pl. of Ahwar al Ayin, our Western "Houri". Literally, one whose eye is intensely white, i.e., the conjunctiva; while the cornea is perfectly black.

*By 'conjunctiva' he probably meant the iris and pupil. What beastly creatures!*

6. 'Attar' عطر a druggist. "Attar of roses" (corrupted to "Otto of Roses") is all nonsense. The word meant is Atr عطر perfume.

*Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.*

*We should perhaps make a last long comment on the Bagh. We see it was written, apparently, as a homage to Pollitt; but was it? For if we have learnt something from Crowley's own words on the man, Pollitt resented Crowley's interest in occultism; he felt it would draw his catamite away from him. To Pollitt, Crowley was just a latrine—like the average woman in love with a selfish and insensitive man. Crowley obviously loved Pollitt; but Crowley loved magick more.*

*The Bagh is therefore not really a monument to Pollitt: it is Crowley's tender remembrance of his ex-lover combined with a fierce assertion of his independent existence as a human being; a very feminist reaction. In the last line of the riddle (since Pollitt has been El Qahar throughout, representing things beyond Pollitt the man that Pollitt the man feared, hated, and ultimately rejected) Crowley is actually saying to his Pollitt: "Fuck you, my love!" In this moment the Lover and the Beloved become*



## THE EQUINOX

*one and the same, and transcend both into the Conqueror who is Crowley's Khu, and beyond both*

*Thus genius creates masterpieces at the strangest times and for the strangest reasons. The **Bagh-i-Muattar**—the author's preferential spelling—is a deep mystical treatise. It is an affirmation of love. It is an affirmation of independence. It is an affirmation of life. And it is an affirmation of Aleister Crowley.*

*In the end, we must ponder, who would remember Herbert Charles Jerome Pollitt five hundred, or a thousand years from now, were it not for Aleister Crowley? Dirt in the oyster—and the result a pearl.*

*Ah, yes! But any dirt will do—however, not just any oyster.*

*Love is the law, love under will.*



BAGH-I-MUATTAR

*The rapture in rapture.*

XLII

BAGH-I-MUATTAR

Ye cypress-breasted boys of birth,  
attend the coming of the gloom!

Expose your breasts of jasmine, show  
your lily buttocks all abloom!

Let Love awake, and blush, as Love  
comes glimmering from the starry womb,

With standing member all aglow,  
purpled with cloth from Rapture's loom.

O tulip cheeks! O lips of rose!  
the joy of Allah ye assume,

Rejoicing in the luscious play,  
the slippery splendour of the spume

Cast from the holy hiding-place  
for ever till the day of doom.

Rejoice, O podex, in thy strength!  
thy spasms like the stars illume

Earth's darkness, life's disgrace, abash  
the trifling terrors of the tomb.



## THE EQUINOX

The nargis scent shall steal about  
the world, assuage its fret and fume,

Suspend the laws of Nature, break  
Qismat's insufferable boom,

Incense the mountain and the plain,  
sufflate the forest and the combe

Eternally with love, with love,  
with love, the lily all abloom.

Love me, your poet; pass the night  
from twilight gloom to twilight gloom

At podex-play with El Qahar  
within his Garden of Perfume!

خاتمت

*Yeah. Instead of writing all this, he should have gone back to Egypt  
with Rose, obeying Aiwass.*

*But nobody is perfect.*

*Not even me, although I often misdoubt it.*

*Why "Qismat's insufferable boom"? The contradiction is deliberate.  
To the Muslim, Qismat is an excuse to lie down, roll over, and play puppy.  
But cf. AL iii 17. Tough shit, Muhammad. And I don't mean Ali.*



## ABJAD-I-AL'AIN

⌘

A Labyrinth do I the Paraclete  
Eldolize in the House of gnathous Rock  
STarry with scent of dittany of Crete,  
ERotice with the love-chants of a cock  
CROWing of her whose gnostic lips are wan,  
LEYlah conceiving by the Lycian!

⌚

Black is the midnight when that wintry bird  
Stands on the snowbank like an ermine tail  
Blotting the royal robes: he cries a word  
That gilds the red blood in the blessed Grail:  
Wherefore the Beetle ramps upon the Hill,  
And argent angels trumpet sour and shrill.

⌚

Jinn gnash their wings and lurk upon the West:  
Like camels they abandon life for love,  
Sucking green poison from a dugless breast.  
Such is the echo in these towers, above  
The incandescent sea that rolls about  
The soul of God, its ravelin and redoubt.

⌚

Drear and devout the dead monks moan and rave  
Within these cells of this my labyrinth:  
They couple with the ghuls upon my grave,  
And on my monument's marmoreal plinth  
They rage in amorous rituals unto Pan,  
Whose leer breeds Thersites and Caliban.



## THE EQUINOX

▮

Hour after hour *one* toils about the maze:  
    *Two* are embayed in bowers of moss and rose:  
*Three* quarrel for the clue their spites erase:  
    *Four* squat like sun-kissed archipelagoes:  
*Five* make an holy Nun (as none who counts)  
And track Dione to her lustral founts.

┐

Woe to the world! the bull and girl conjoin.  
    The monster guards the grot: the sly goat grins  
When priest and prelate privately purloin  
    The perfume of our quintessential sins.  
Woe! when that pizzle, ripe for Hathor's Cow,  
Writes the red blush on Pasiphae's brow!

┐

Zazel, the saturnine, the brooding fiend,  
    Listens and laughs at this ecstatic "woe"!  
His desert teats from twisted terrors weaned  
    The ghost of Chasmodai: our vials flow  
With galangal and marjoram and myrrh,  
As Rhodope rapes life from Lucifer.

▮

Chryselephantine cross! how good you gleam!  
    How gods and goats respire the dark perfume  
Of oliban, and scent the erotic steam  
    Of myrtle in the cypress groves of gloom  
That rolls and gathers into shapes of bronze  
Who dream strange dreams and chant strange orisons.



## ABJAD-I-AL'AIN

و

Temple and Thora, Taro and Throa!

These are the goals and gates whereto ye tend,  
O ribbed red barrows, whose virilia

Earn muliebria at the smooth sad end.

Alas! ye have not learned with God and me  
To say your father's name A-dun-a-i!

ي

Ieheshwah hath the tooth between the nail

And window in his word: therein is joy.

But whoso dons the gilded coat of mail

Takes from Damascus dame, and leaves the boy  
To wander as he will with whips and sighs,  
And vain hibiscus cloistered to his thighs.

ك

Kabus the nightmare makes me mad for kus

When kun and kir are all the k's I can:

I grow Ex Epicuri grege sus:

I shave with steel these hairy marks of man:  
Then Sappho swoops her sweetest on the goal  
Of scorching blood, and swallows up my soul.

ل

Lola be mine, and Lola rave astrain

Who findeth in my labyrinth a pool

To give her ganja-gramarye in grain:—

The boy is blind, but beautiful, O fool!

He cannot see the scars of thy disease:

Lydia and Lalage divide his fees.



## THE EQUINOX

ש

Shaitan appears. But gloomier clouds of smoke  
Than hell's are here, where wand and spell combine  
The utmost spawn of chaos to invoke  
As gods within the most supernal shrine.  
I am the master. Will not God contest  
The last grim struggle for his Alkahest?

ת

Tangri suffices me, and I am He,  
The bornless spirit with the sighted feet.  
Twain pearls and seventy shimmer upon me:  
My food is myrrh and dittany of Crete.  
Dolphin and Phoenix round the Maypole tree  
Dance to the wedding march of El Luty.

Explicit Abjad-i-Al'ain

*Ah, yes. But poetry—even were it better, and less contrived—would still  
not be a replacement for hierarchic obedience. He should have gone to  
Egypt with Rose.*



THE EQUINOX

EQUAL TIME FOR THE CHEESY GLEETY  
MUCKY MURKY RUNNY IRKY ICKY,  
HOLE

(1. and any other lovely adjectives)

**LET US NOW**

**TURN**

THE EQUAL RIGHTS HANDBOOK, by Elaine Tegenhouse Miller  
(New York: Avon, 1978, \$4.95)

SIXTY NINE **THE OTHER CHEEK**

I believe people are easily misled, especially when told the "other side" of your truth, and of course, of you, my dear reader. If people were really smart, I would be doomed, and the authors of the two books above would be really popular. Well, my job is to make sure that people keep on getting lay, and DO NOT read books such as the ones quoted above. Why? The former one destroys all my failures about the E.R.A., and all the carefully woven lies that I help the media to foster, such as: that the E.R.A. will force mothers into the job market, that it will force women to lead us to communism, etc. etc. etc. The latter one, showing that the E.R.A. will come to the benefit of both women and men, it gives us readers the naked facts about the current sexism that we live in, where women like me get all sorts of privileges by helping the powerful to enslave their uterus. Horrid book!

The latter, written by a lawyer, exposes many of the legal discriminations against women (with the exception of those like me) and should be submitted to. It quotes real cases from real life as examples of the powerlessness of women facing "justice" today, today. A world without injustice would be so tedious a place. People like me do need toys of flesh.



## **EQUAL TIME FOR THE CHEESY GLEETY MUCKY MURKY RUNNY IRKY ICKY<sup>1</sup> HOLE**

**(1. and any other lovely adjectives  
you darling boys may want)**

THE EQUAL RIGHTS HANDBOOK, by Riane Tennenhaus Eisler.  
(New York: Avon, 1978 e.v.)

SEXIST JUSTICE, by Karen DeCrow (New York: Vintage, 1975 e.v.)

I believe people are really stupid, especially women (with the exception of yours truly, and of course, of you, my dear readers. If people were really smart, I would be doomed, and the authors of the two books above would be really popular. Well, my job is to make sure that people keep on eating hay, and DO NOT read books such as the ones quoted above. Why, the former one destroys all my fallacies about the E.R.A., and all the carefully woven lies that I help the media to forge, such as: that the E.R.A. will force mothers into combat duty, destroy labor laws protecting women, lead us to communism, etc. It cuts through personal fears, showing that the E.R.A. will come to the benefit of both women and men. It gives its readers the naked facts about the unjust society that we live in, where women like me get all sorts of privileges by helping the powerful to enslave their sisters. Horrid book!

The latter, written by a lawyer, exposes many of the legal discriminations most women (with the exception of those like me) are, and should be, subjected to. It quotes real cases from real life as examples of the powerlessness of woman facing "justice" (funny, funny. A world without injustice would be so tedious a place... People like me do need toys of flesh



## THE EQUINOX

and bone to play with, good heavens). It talks about money and employment (sex, the job market, credit), estate law, family law, criminal law, and other unimportant issues. Don't waste your time with such garbage. Go take care of your family to the exclusion of everything else, like ladies should, and watch for my charming, smiling face on TV. Then, maybe, I will tell you what good literature for ladies is all about.

SILLIE SCHLAFLY

Although I am, of course, a fervent admirer of Sillie's, I really do not understand what all this fuss about mothers in combat is about. If mothers went to war, perhaps children would have more peace. And as for literature for women, why, beyond a few cookbooks and household-fixit books and my books and—ahem—Masters and Johnson's *Sexual Inadequacy*, what else do we girls need?

MIRABEL MYORGAN

SAPPHO, A NEW TRANSLATION, by Mary Barnard (Berkeley: Univ. of Cal. Press, 1958 e.v.)

A good book. No "spinnings out" of my fragments to make poems, like so many translators are tempted to do. In addition, an informative footnote about Lesbos in the sixth and seventh centuries B.P. (before patriarchy). It is sad, and yet slightly amusing, to read and hear the pains my readers go through trying to point out that I was a Lesbian (indeed I was, for Lesbos was my island!) or, on the other hand, that I was NOT a Lesbian. I will now tell it like it is (or was). Did I love women? Yes, indeed (and especially She, Aphrodite). Did I love men? Well, perhaps. With different intensities. Now that everybody's happy (or not so happy), go read my book.

SAPPHO

Well, dear readers, ladies don't want to know about Sappho, do they? At least, not in public, and not on television. Of course she was a Lesbian, my dears. However, I suspect she didn't hate men as much as I do.

SILLIE



## REVIEWS

ON LIES, SECRETS AND SILENCE, by Adrienne Rich (New York: Norton, 1979 e.v.)

This book changed my life. It lays bare issues such as motherhood, racism, history, poetry, the uses of scholarship, and the politics of language. I first became acquainted with Rich in a class on women's poetry, and she meant so much to me that I went out and bought her book on motherhood as an experience and institution, *Of Woman Born* (Norton, 1976 e.v.). This book exposes the psychological factors behind human relations, as seen through the links with the mother, historically and contemporarily. No self-respecting woman should skip the reading of these two books, that complement one another, and give deep insight into our own psychological processes and lives.

CYNTHIA RICHFAN WEHLS

Cynthia is absolutely right. To praise Rich is probably an incontestable act. Her lucidity and acuteness of view give her writing a compelling, balanced, non-extremist tone. She is one of the most respected feminists in America, and the work she has done for women is almost (?) thelemic.

CLAUDIA CANUTO

Well, dears, we better write those two down in our little black book don't you think? Now, let me see... page seven hundred and sixty-four... in small print, of course. Oh, how sometimes I wish my dear friends at the F.B.I. or the C.I.A. or the Rand Corporation would lend me one of their microprinters!

SILLIE

SISTER FLY GOES TO MARKET, by Melissa Cannon (Arkansas: Truedog Press, 1980 e.v.)

This is a collection of fourteen poems by my teacher Melissa Cannon. She touches on various subjects through her persona Sister Fly, including the deaths of Elvis and Sylvia Plath, the painful subjection of women, and the various degrees thereof, the putrefying stench of power. Here is poetry that is both political and lyric, by one of the best and most dedicated poets



## THE EQUINOX

I know. Her book and her work mean a great deal to sincere and open sensibilities.

### MADELINE MELISSAFAN LUVA

One of the best, most talented poets in America. Especially enjoyed her tribute to me ("Sister Fly Digesting a Fragment from Sappho"). My poems may have been lost, but my daughters are still alive (read parable of cerastes, ibis and hummingbird, women! *LXV*, v, 52-56, in *EQUINOX V* 2).

### SAPPHO

Ms. Cannon is an extremist. She dares to be open about issues that do not interest me (no, of course I am not prejudiced, I am just brainwashed, but don't tell me I said that—I am actually hypnotized by Dryden, Eliot and Cummings, so I won't remember these words when—and if—I wake up). If women want to write poetry, fine, but then they must write like men, right? If they keep on writing like women, like Ms. Cannon does, we won't listen to them, because we have better things to do, like controlling schools and publication houses in order to legitimize our views. Male is right; female only if they know their place... Ms. Cannon doesn't.

### DAVIDUS DANIELUS

Delightful. At times acutely political, at others lyrical or sassy. And sometimes a combination of all. These poems must be read in sequence, when they acquire a deeper meaning. They depict the traps women encounter under the guise of the sweetness of patriarchal institutions and escape mechanisms. (The lies, the lies, the lies.) Feminist poetry at its best. Melissa Cannon's verse is melifluous and powerful as her name: it slides, very subtly, then shoots forth like a cannonball. To people like Mr. Danielus, Sister Fly answers in the very first poem of this collection ("Sister Fly to her Critics"):

I sing this world:  
and if I must  
live off the entrails,  
thrive on your waste,



## REVIEWS

I shall hum my hymns  
to the mother of bone,  
your skull the cathedral  
resonant with my song.

CLAUDIA CANUTO

Sillie, dear, do not forget to put these nasty creatures in your little black book, except of course that darling Mr. Danielus. I wonder if my husband would allow me to invite him to tea.

MIRABEL

Don't worry, sweetie, they've been on page five hundred and sixty-two for over an year. And Mr. Danielus too. If they *mention* them at all, they are suspect—don't you know?

SILLIE

SOME TRACES OF THE PRE-OLYMPIAN WORLD IN GREEK LITERATURE AND MYTH, by E. A. S. Butterworth (Berlin: Walter de Gruyter & Co., 1966 e.v.)

A must for every Greek scholar, humanist and/or feminist. I found this book when trying to bring a bit of fresh air to the smog my students are forced to breathe in the christist, patriarchal, masculinist university curriculum. Mr. Butterworth's style is clear, easy to read, with no need to disguise lack of content (he *has* lots of content!). He examines the Matrilineal world in various so-called Greek tribes, and makes a wonderful study of the Odyssey, which becomes clearer when one understands that Homer (or whoever, it is immaterial here) distorted what was originally a matrilineal saga to fit patrilineal purposes. What was to become the great tragedy of woman (the transformation of her myths, images, psychological archetypes into masculine versions of them, that would eventually lead to the total subjugation of our sex) is then laid bare. A somewhat sad, painful, but fascinating book. There is, furthermore, one chapter on Shamanism, and seventeen black and white plates. The fact that this book



## THE EQUINOX

is still unknown or totally ignored in some of the best universities in this country, and the fact that this is a German publication of a work written in English constitute a sad comment on the state of American scholarship.

CLAUDIA CANUTO

WHEN GOD WAS A WOMAN, by Merlin Stone (New York: Harvest/HBJ, 1976 e.v.)

ANCIENT MIRRORS OF WOMANHOOD, by Merlin Stone (New York: New Sibylline Books, 1979 e.v.)

Though neither of these two books is terribly scholarly, they constitute a valuable introduction to female myths. Ms. Stone has recently put out a second volume to *Ancient Mirrors of Womanhood*, which was unavailable for review, but probably falls very much on the lines of her first volume. Though books like these are necessary, it is not enough to discover the remnants of our myths: we must RECREATE them, in more than in an intellectual basis. Now that the subject of women's spirituality is becoming more and more vital to us, I see much confusion in trying to regain our knowledge and power. Women who see the trap in patriarchal religions are trying to get back to matriarchal myths, not understanding that the defeat of the female world was due to the superseding of the matriarchal formula: success is your proof. The present formula is the formula of the Child, and how it works for us is for us to determine, while we prepare for the next Aeon, which will be, as predicted by the Book of the Law, the Aeon of a Goddess, Maat. Meanwhile, the word of the Law is Thelema.

KHALIH ATHENA, IV° O. T. O.

Nice of you to admit it, Soror. But you wrote "law" with a small l, and I had to correct it. My, my. When I had just male students, all of them were always clamouring in my ears that they were THE Child, and of course they were. Now my female students have not started clamouring they are THE Child yet, but of course they are. I remember Mr. Germer writing me once that Joseph Metzger, after one year of total silence, had written him complaining about me and signing himself "The Child". 'I'm not going to answer,' the letter continued; 'if I did, I would open my letter with "Dear



## REVIEWS

Child No. 17 and a half." ' ' Women apparently have more prudence than men, but come on, girls, what about the Noble Art of Guru-Bullying, as Therion would say? Shake your butts and start clamouring for the job too. I want to retire.

### PARZIVAL XI°

THE WORK OF A COMMON WOMAN, by Judy Grahn (California: Diana Press, 1978 e.v.)

My dear Soror H., whom I call Swan, introduced me to this book, and I have been reading it ever since. Poets and poems—there's nothing quite like them. Grahn's style is inimitable, clear-cut, concise: she is as comfortable with rime as with free verse, and she talks of issues that are vital for women today. "She leaves the taste of salt and iron/under your tongue, but you don't mind/The common woman is as common/as the reddest wine." ("The Common Woman, part V".) Possibly the most powerful of the poems in this collection is "A Woman is Talking to Death", which must be read *in totum* to be fully understood and appreciated: but I will give you a sample, lest you do not believe me:

they don't have to lynch the women  
very often anymore, although  
they used to—the lord and his men  
went through the villages at night, beating &  
killing every woman caught  
outdoors.  
the European witch trials took away  
the independent people: two different villages  
—after the trials were through that year—  
had left them, each—  
one living woman:  
one

But my favorite is undoubtedly "She Who", a tribute to the Goddess, part of which I MUST quote here:

She, who—WHO, she WHO, She WHO—who She?



## THE EQUINOX

who she SHE, who SHE she, SHE—who WHO—  
She WHO?

She SHE who, She, she SHE  
she SHE, she SHE who

*SHEEE*                      *WHOOOOOO*

I love the way Grahn speaks my language here—hey, had you noticed that, darling Swan?

OWL

In addition to Ms. Owl's words, we would like to say that "A Woman is Talking to Death" is our very favorite poem in the whole wide world!

CYNTHIA and MADELINE (the "DAUGHTERS")

WOMAN, CHURCH & STATE—The Original Exposé of Male Collaboration Against the Female Sex, by Matilda Joslyn Gage (Massachusetts: Persephone, 1980 e.v.)

Ms. Gage had this book published in 1893 e.v., and it is still a valid and vigorous analysis of the subjugation of women. Though I think some parts may be contested by thelemic feminists, on the whole it gives a very valuable and interesting account. Among the issues discussed are the matriarchate, canon law and witchcraft. It is more than "another book" on feminism. It is a testimony.

JANE "HEIDEGGER" L'AMOUR

THE MOON IS ALWAYS FEMALE, by Marge Piercy (New York: Knopf, 1980 e.v.)

This is only one among the many poetry books written by Marge Piercy, in my opinion one of the best poets in the U.S. Piercy is a poet and a woman committed to changes: she is wonderfully thelemic, and the best word to characterize her poetry seems to be energetic. She makes you want to jump out of your chair and hurry to battle. One of my favorite poems in this collection is "For Strong Women". Incurring the risk of being trite, I'd like to quote these lines from her poem especially to my neighbor Jane,



## REVIEWS

who should stop pouting, say goodbye to Heidegger and read her *EQUINOX V 3* (ah, L'Amour, and please don't have those wonderful honey tresses cut!): "Strong is what we make/each other. Until we are all strong together,/a strong woman is a woman strongly afraid." Yes, indeed.

CLAUDIA CANUTO

CAT'S EYE, edited by Melissa Cannon and Alice Savage (Nashville: High Tide Press)

Here's THE poetry magazine you should subscribe to, if you are dying to read good stuff and know not where to find it. By now you have been acquainted with Melissa Cannon, who makes sure that the level of the poetry is kept high, while Alice Savage, a dynamic, fiery professional, is a guarantee that the finished product will be of impeccable taste. High quality paper, graphics and lay-out make this one of the most attractive periodicals of the alternate press. I hope it doesn't sound too boisterous when I brag that they published me in No. 1.

CLAUDIA CANUTO

Oh, and they accept good poetry from both women AND men!

MADELINE MELISSAFAN LUVA

THE SEA PRIESTESS, by Dion Fortune (London: privately printed, 1938 e.v.)

Who hasn't heard of Dion Fortune? This wonderful tale is as fresh and vital today as when she wrote it. If you've read it before, read it again. If you have not read it yet, do it. The style is old-fashioned but witty, and you'll learn a lot from Fortune's account of Morgan Le Fay. Highly recommended, especially on an autumn or on a winter day, with a cup of mint tea in your hand, and Kay Gardner's albums in your stereo. If you don't have a stereo, you'll be missing good music, but the book will come through unhampered.

OWL



## THE EQUINOX

THE JOURNEY AND THE WAITING, by Ray Eales (Nashville: privately printed, 1980 e.v.)

Ray Eales, my brother K-s-k, is the most Chinese of white Americans. His poetry is of a delicacy of expression that is quite unexpected in a karate player (oops: I'm just being told he is now a Kung-Fu player; therefore, not anymore as shocking as I had thought). His verse flows with rhythm of its own. This is not easy poetry; it is often mystical and highly symbolic. Some of his imagery is extremely good: "They scrape upon the glass/In the midnight, spotted/with sleep." ("The Journey, 19'") Ray is quite talented, and here's hoping that his poetry will get even better with the years, like an old wine.

CLAUDIA CANUTO

Ditto. But honestly, Ray, don't you think reviewers should get a copy of the book as a present? Damn it, we've had to borrow it from somebody else!

OWL



THE BOUQUET

## THE WAKE WORLD

### A TALE FOR BABES AND SUCKLINGS

(WITH EXPLANATIONS IN ENGLISH AND LATIN  
FOR THE USE OF THE WISE AND PRUDENT)

#### LADIES:

#### ANOTHER (VERY YOUNG)

#### LADY

My name is Lola, because I am the Key of Delights (*Virgo Mundi*), and the other children in my dream call me Lola Daydream. When I am awake, you see, I know that I am dreaming, so that they must be very silly children.

There is only one, for there never could be any one like him. I call him my Fairy Prince. He rides a horse with beautiful wings like a swan (*cygnus*), or sometimes a strange creature like a lion or a bull, with a woman's face and breasts, and she has magnificent eyes (*oculi*).

My Fairy Prince is a child (*puer*). I think every one must love him, and yet I am not sure. He looks through me just as if one had no clothes on in the Garden of God, and he had made me, and one could do anything one liked with his mind. He never laughs or frowns or smiles, because, whatever he does, he sees what is beyond as well, and so nothing ever happens. His mouth is colder than any stone you ever saw. I wake up quite when we kiss each other, and there is no dream any more. But when it is not reminding me, I see kisses on his lips, as if he were kissing some one that one could not see.

Now you must know that my Fairy Prince is my lover, and one day he will come for good and ride away with me and marry me. I shan't tell you his name because it is too beautiful. It is a great secret between us. When we were engaged he gave me such a beautiful ring (*Sigillum aeneum*) it was like this. First there was his shield, which had a sun on it and some roses,



## THE EQUINOX

THE JOURNEY AND THE WAITING, by Ray Eales (Nashville: privately  
printed, 1980, 47 p.)

Ray Eales, my brother K-y-k, is the new Chinese of white Americans.  
His poetry is of a delicacy of expression that is quite unexpected in a karate  
player (oops: I'm just being told he is now a Kung-Fu player, therefore,  
not anymore as shocking as I had thought). His verse flows with rhythm of  
its own. This is not easy poetry: it is often ornate and highly symbolic.  
Some of his imagery is like this: "The sun upon the glass / In the  
midnight, quieted /" (p. 19). Ray is quite  
talented, and here is hoping that the poetry will get even better with the  
years, like an old wine.

**HOWEVER,**

But honestly, Ray, don't you think reviewers should get a copy of  
the book as a present? If not, we've had to borrow it from somebody  
else.

**NOT TOO YOUNG**

**TO MARRY**



# THE WAKE WORLD

## A TALE FOR BABES AND SUCKLINGS

(WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES IN HEBREW AND LATIN  
FOR THE USE OF THE WISE AND PRUDENT)

My name is Lola, because I am the Key of Delights (*Virgo Mundi*), and the other children in my dream call me Lola Daydream. When I am awake, you see, I know that I am dreaming, so that they must be very silly children, don't you think? There are people in the dream, too, who are quite grown up and horrid; but the really important thing is the wake-up person (*Adonai*). There is only one, for there never could be any one like him. I call him my Fairy Prince. He rides a horse with beautiful wings like a swan (*Pegasus*), or sometimes a strange creature like a lion or a bull, with a woman's face and breasts, and she has unfathomable eyes. (*Sphinx*)

My Fairy Prince is a dark boy, very comely (*V.V.V.V.V.*); I think every one must love him, and yet every one is afraid. He looks through one just as if one had no clothes on in the Garden of God, and he had made one, and one could do nothing except in the mirror of his mind. He never laughs or frowns or smiles; because, whatever he sees, he sees what is beyond as well, and so nothing ever happens. His mouth is redder than any roses you ever saw. I wake up quite when we kiss each other, and there is no dream any more. But when it is not trembling on mine, I see kisses on his lips, as if he were kissing some one that one could not see.

Now you must know that my Fairy Prince is my lover, and one day he will come for good and ride away with me and marry me. I shan't tell you his name because it is too beautiful. It is a great secret between us. When we were engaged he gave me such a beautiful ring. (*Sigilla annuli*) It was like this. First there was his shield, which had a sun on it and some roses,



## THE EQUINOX

all on a kind of bar; and there was a terrible number written on it (*Cognominis* 666). Then there was a bank of soft roses with the sun shining on it (*I Ordinis*), and above there was a red rose on a golden cross (*II Ordinis*), and then there was a three-cornered star (*III Ordinis*), shining so bright that nobody could possibly look at it unless they had love in their eyes; and in the middle was an eye without an eyelid. That could see anything, I should think, but you see it never could go to sleep, because there wasn't any eyelid. On the sides were written I.N.R.I. and T.A.R.O., which mean many strange and beautiful things, and terrible things too. I should think anyone would be afraid to hurt any one who wore that ring. It is all cut out of an amethyst, and my Fairy Prince said: "Whenever you want me, look into the ring and call me ever so softly by my name, and kiss the ring, and worship it, and then look ever so deep down into it, and I will come to you." (*Incantatio*) So I made up a pretty poem to say every time I woke up, for you see I am a very sleepy girl, and dream ever so much about the other children; and that is a pity, because there is only one thing I love, and that is my Fairy Prince. So this is the poem I did to worship the ring, part is words, and part is pictures. You must pick out what the pictures mean, and then it all makes poetry.

### THE INVOCATION OF THE RING

ADONAI! Thou inmost  $\triangle$ ,  
Self-glittering image of my soul,  
Strong lover to thy Bride's desire,  
Call me and claim me and control!  
I pray Thee keep the holy tryst  
Within this ring of Amethyst.

For on mine eyes the golden  $\odot$   
Hath dawned; my vigil slew the Night.  
I saw the Image of the One:  
I came from darkness into L.V.X.  
I pray Thee keep the holy tryst  
Within this ring of Amethyst.



## THE WAKE WORLD

I.N.R.I.—me crucified,  
Me slain, interred, arisen, inspire!  
T.A.R.O.—me glorified,  
Anointed, fill with frenzied △!  
I pray Thee keep the holy tryst  
Within this ring of Amethyst.

I eat my flesh: I drink my blood:  
I gird my loins: I journey far:  
For thou hast shown ○, †,  
ϯ, 777, καμηλον.  
I pray Thee keep the holy tryst  
Within this ring of Amethyst.

Prostrate I wait upon Thy will,  
Mine Angel, for this grace of union.  
O let this Sacrament distil  
Thy conversation and communion.  
I pray Thee keep the holy tryst  
Within this ring of Amethyst.

I have not told you anything about myself, because it doesn't really matter; the only thing I want to tell you about is my Fairy Prince. But as I am telling you all this, I am seventeen years old, and very fair when you shut your eyes to look; but when you open them, I am really dark, with a fair skin. I have ever such heaps of hair, and big, big, round eyes, always wondering at everything. Never mind, it's only a nuisance. I shall tell you what happened one day when I said the poem to the ring. I wasn't really quite awake when I began, but as I said it, it got brighter and brighter, and when I came to "ring of amethyst" the fifth time (there are five verses, because my lover's name has five V's in it), he galloped across the beautiful green sunset, spurring the winged horse, till the blood made all the sky turn rosy red (*Advenit Adonai*). So he caught me up and set me on his horse, and I clung to his neck as we galloped into the night. Then he told me he would take me to his Palace and show me everything, and one day



## THE EQUINOX

when we were married I should be mistress of it all. Then I wanted to be married to him at once, and then I saw it couldn't be, because I was so sleepy and had bad dreams, and one can't be a good wife if one is always doing that sort of thing. But he said I would be older one day, and not sleep so much, and every one slept a little, but the great thing was not to be lazy and contented with the dreams, so I mean to fight hard.

By and by we came to a beautiful green place (*Regnum Spatii*) with the strangest house you ever saw (*Palatium Otx Chiim*). Round the big meadow there lay a wonderful snake, with steel gray plumes, and he had his tail in his mouth, and he kept on eating and eating it (*Draco לרל*), because there was nothing else for him to eat, and my Fairy Prince said he would go on like that till there was nothing left at all. Then I said it would get smaller and smaller and crush the meadow and the palace, and I think perhaps I began to cry. But my Fairy Prince said, "Don't be such a silly!" and I wasn't old enough to understand all that it meant, but one day I should; and all one had to do was to be as glad as glad. So he kissed me, and we got off the horse, and he took me to the door of the house, and we went in. It was frightfully dark in the passage, and I felt tied so that I couldn't move, so I promised to myself to love him always, and he kissed me. (*Ceremonium*  $O^\circ = O^\square$ ) It was dreadfully, dreadfully dark though, but he said not to be afraid, silly! And it's getting lighter, now keep straight forward, darling! And then he kissed me again, and said: "Welcome to my Palace!"

I will tell you all about how it was built, because it is the most beautiful Palace that ever was. On the sunset side were all the baths, and the bedrooms were in front of us as we were. (*Domus X v. Regnum v. Porta*) The baths were all of pale olive-coloured marble, and the bedrooms had lemon-coloured everything. Then there were the kitchens on the sunrise side, and they were russet, like dead leaves are in autumn in one's dreams. The place we had come through was perfectly black everything, and only used for offices and such things. (*4 Loci secundum Elementa*) There were the most horrible things everywhere about; black beetles and cockroaches, and goodness knows what; but they can't hurt when the Fairy Prince is there. (*Qliphoth*) I think a little girl would be eaten though if she went in there alone.



## THE WAKE WORLD

Then he said: "Come on! This is only the Servants' Hall, nearly everybody stays there all their lives." And I said: "Kiss me!" So he said: "Every step you take is only possible when you say that." We came into a dreadful dark passage again, so narrow and low (*Via ∩ v. Crux*) that it was like a dirty old tunnel, and yet so vast and wide that everything in the whole world was contained in it. We saw all the strange dreams and awful shapes of fear, and really I don't know how we ever got through, except that the Prince called for some splendid strong creatures to guard us. (*Cherubim*) There was an eagle that flew, and beat his wings, and tore and bit at everything that came near; and there was a lion that roared terribly, and his breath was a flame, and burnt up the things, so that there was a great cloud; and rain fell gently and purely, so that he really did the things good by fighting them. And there was a bull that tossed them on his horns, so that they changed into butterflies; and there was a man who kept on telling everybody to be quiet and not make a noise. So we came at last in the next house of the Palace. It was a great dome of violet, and in the centre the moon shone. (*Domus IX v. Fundamentum*) She was a full moon, and yet she looked like a woman quite, quite young. Yet her hair was silver, and finer than spiders' webs, and it rayed about her, like one can't say what; it was all too beautiful. In the middle of the hall there was a black stone pillar (*Yod v. Membrum sanctum foederis*), from the top of which sprang a fountain of pearls; and as they fell upon the floor, they changed the dark marble to the colour of blood, and it was like a green universe full of flowers, and little children playing among them. So I said: "Shall we be married in this House?" and he said: "No, this is only the House where the business is carried on. All the Palace rests upon this House; but you are called Lola because you are the Key of Delights. Many people stay here all their lives though." I made him kiss me, and we went on to another passage which opened out of the Servant's Hall. (*Via ∪ vel Dens*) This passage was all fire and flame and full of coffins. There was an Angel blowing ever so hard on a trumpet, and people getting up out of the coffins. My Fairy Prince said: "Most people never wake up for anything less." So we went (at the same time it was; you see in dreams people can only be in one place at a time; that's the best of being awake) through another passage (*Via ∩ v. Caput*), which was lighted by the Sun. Yet there



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were fairies dancing in a great green ring, just as if it was night. And there were two children playing by the wall, and my Fairy Prince and I played as we went; and he said: "The difference is that we are going through. Most people play without a purpose; if you are travelling it is all right, and play makes the journey seem short." Then we came out into the Third (or Eighth, it depends which way you count them, because there are ten) House (*Domus VIII v. Splendor*), and that was so splendid you can't imagine. In the first place it was a bright, bright, bright orange colour, and then it had flashes of light all over it, going so fast we couldn't see them, and then there was the sound of the sea and one could look through into the deep, and there was the ocean raging beneath one's feet, and strong dolphins riding on it and crying aloud, "Holy! Holy! Holy!" in such an ecstasy you can't think, and rolling and playing for sheer joy. It was all lighted by a tiny, weeny, shy little planet, sparkling and silvery, and now and then a wave of fiery chariots filled with eager spearmen blazed through the sky, and my Fairy Prince said: "Isn't it all fine?" But I knew he didn't really mean it, so I said "Kiss me!" and he kissed me, and we went on. He said: "Good little girl of mine, there's many a one stays there all his life." I forgot to say that the whole place was just one mass of books, and people reading them till they were so silly they didn't know what they were doing. And there were cheats, and doctors, and thieves; I was really very glad to go away.

There were three ways into the Seventh House, and the first was such a funny way. (*Via X v. Cranium*) We walked through a pool, each on the arm of a great big Beetle, and then we found ourselves on a narrow winding path. There were nasty jackals about, they made such a noise, and at the end I could see two towers. Then there was the queerest moon you ever saw, only a quarter full. The shadows fell so strangely, one could see the most mysterious shapes, like great bats with women's faces, and blood dripping from their mouths, and creatures partly wolves and partly men, everything changing one into the other. And we saw shadows like old, old ugly women, creeping about on sticks, and all of a sudden they would fly up into the air, shrieking the funniest kind of songs, and then suddenly one would come down flop, and you saw she was really quite young and ever so lovely, and she would have nothing on, and as you looked at her



## THE WAKE WORLD

she would crumble away like a biscuit. Then there was another passage (*Via 3 v. Hamus*) which was really too secret for anything; all I shall tell you is, there was the most beautiful Goddess that ever was, and she was washing herself in a river of dew. If you ask what she is doing, she says: "I'm making thunderbolts." It was only starlight, and yet one could see quite clearly, so don't think I'm making a mistake. The third path (*Via 2 v. Os*) is a most terrible passage; it's all a great war, and there's earthquakes and chariots of fire, and all the castles breaking to pieces. I was glad when we came to the Green Palace.

It was built of malachite and emerald, and there was the loveliest gentlest living (*Domus VII v. Victoria*), and I was married to my Fairy Prince there, and we had the most delicious honeymoon, and I had a beautiful baby, and then I remembered myself, but only just in time, and said: "Kiss me!" And he kissed me and said: "My goodness! But that was a near thing that time; my little girl nearly went to sleep. Most people who reach the Seventh House stay there all their lives, I can tell you."

It did seem a shame to go on; there was such a flashing green star to light it, and all the air was filled with amber-coloured flames like kisses. And we could see through the floor, and there were terrible lions, like furnaces for fury, and they all roared out: "Holy! Holy! Holy!" and leaped and danced for joy. And when I saw myself in the mirrors, the dome was one mass of beautiful green mirrors, I saw how serious I looked, and that I *had* to go on. I hoped the Fairy Prince would look serious too, because it is a most dreadful business going beyond the Seventh House; but he only looked the same as ever. But oh! how I kissed him, and how I clung to him, or I think I should never, never have had the courage to go up those dreadful passages, specially knowing what was at the end of them. And now I'm only a little girl, and I'm ever so tired of writing, but I'll tell you all about the rest another time.

*Explicit*

*Capitulum Primum*

*vel*

*De Collegio Externo*



## THE EQUINOX

### PART II

I was telling you how we started from the Green Palace. There are three passages that lead to the Treasure House of Gold, and all of them are very dreadful. One is called the Terror by Night, and another the Arrow by Day, and the third has a name that people are afraid to hear, so I won't say.

But in the first (*Via V v. Oculus*) we came to a mighty throne of gray granite, shaped like the sweetest pussy cat you ever saw, and set up on a desolate heath. It was midnight, and the Devil came down and sat in the midst; but my Fairy Prince whispered: "Hush! it is a great secret, but his name is Yeheswah, and he is the Saviour of the World." And that was very funny, because the girl next me thought it was Jesus Christ, till another Fairy Prince (my Prince's brother) whispered as he kissed her: "Hush, tell nobody ever, that is Satan, and he is the Saviour of the World."

We were a very great company, and I can't tell you of all the strange things we did and said, or of the song we sang as we danced face outwards in a great circle ever closing in on the Devil on the throne. But whenever I saw a toad or a bat, or some horrid insect, my Fairy Prince always whispered: "It is the Saviour of the World," and I saw that it was so. We did all the most beautiful wicked things you can imagine, and yet all the time we knew they were good and right, and must be done if ever we were to get to the House of Gold. So we enjoyed ourselves very much and ate the most extraordinary supper you can think of. There were babies roasted whole and stuffed with pork sausages and olives; and some of the girls cut off chops and steaks from their own bodies, and gave them to a beautiful white cook at a silver grill, that was lighted with the gas of dead bodies and marshes; and he cooked them splendidly, and we all enjoyed it immensely. Then there was a tame goat with a gold collar, that went about laughing with every one; and he was all shaved in patches like a poodle. We kissed him and petted him, and it was lovely. You must remember that I never let go of my Fairy Prince for a single instant, or of course I should have been turned into a horrid black toad.



## THE WAKE WORLD

Then there was another passage called the Arrow by Day (*Via □ v. Sustentaculum*), and there was a most lovely lady all shining with the sun, and moon, and stars, who was lighting a great bowl of water with one hand, by dropping dew on it out of a cup, and with the other she was putting out a terrible fire with a torch. She had a red lion and a white eagle, that she had always had ever since she was a little girl. She had found them in a nasty pit full of all kinds of filth, and they were very savage; but by always treating them kindly they had grown up faithful and good. This should be a lesson to all of us never to be unkind to our pets.

My Fairy Prince was laughing all the time in the third path. There (*Via ∩ v. Piscis*) was nobody there but an old gentleman who had put on his bones outside, and was trying ever so hard to cut down the grass with a scythe. But the faster he cut it the faster it grew. My Fairy Prince said: "Everybody that ever was has come along this path, and yet only one ever got to the end of it." But I saw a lot of people walking straight through as if they knew it quite well; he explained, though, that they were really only one; and if you walked through that proved it. I thought that was silly, but he's much older and wiser than I am; so I said nothing. The truth is that it is a very difficult Palace to talk about, and the further you get in, the harder it is to say what you mean because it all has to be put into dream talk, as of course the language of the wake-world is silence.

So never mind! let me get on. We came by and by to the Sixth House (*Dome VI v. Pulchritudo*). I forgot to say that all those three paths were really one, because they all meant that things were different inside to outside, and so people couldn't judge. It was fearfully interesting; but mind you don't go in those passages without the Fairy Prince. And of course there's the Veil. (פרכה) I don't think I'd better tell you about the Veil. I'll only put your mouth to my head, and your hand—there, that'll tell any body who knows that I've really been there, and that it's all true that I'm telling you.

This Sixth House is called the Treasure House of Gold; it's a most mysterious place as ever you were in. (*Ceremonium*  $5^\circ = 6^\square$ ) First there's a tiny, tiny, tiny doorway (*Humilitas*), you must crawl through on your hands and knees; and even then I scraped ever such a lot of skin off my back; then you have to be nailed on a red board with four arms (*Sup-*



## THE EQUINOX

*plicium*), with a great gold circle in the middle, and that hurts you dreadfully. Then they make you swear the most solemn things you ever heard of, how you would be faithful to the Fairy Prince, and live for nothing but to know him better and better. So the nails stopped hurting, because, of course, I saw that I was really being married, and this was part of it, and I was as glad as glad; and at that moment my Fairy Prince put his hand on my head, and I tell you, honour bright, it was more wake up than ever before, even than when he used to kiss me. After that they said I could go into the Bride-chamber, but it was only the most curious room that ever was with seven sides (*Sepulchrum*). There was a dreadful red dragon on the floor, and all the sides were painted every colour you can think of, with curious figures and pictures. The light was not like dream light at all; it was wake light, and it came through a beautiful rose in the ceiling. In the middle was a table all covered with beautiful pictures and texts, and there were ever such strange things on it. There was a little crucifix in the middle, all of diamonds and emeralds and rubies, and other precious stones, and there was a dagger with a golden handle, and a cup full of the most delicious wine, and there was a curious coin with the strangest writing on it, and a funny little stick that was covered with flames, like a rose tree is with roses. Beside the strange coin was a heavy iron chain, and I took it and put it round my neck because I was bound to my Fairy Prince, and I would never go about like other people till I found him again. And they took the dagger and dipped it in the cup, and stabbed me all over to show that I was not afraid to be hurt, if only I could find my Fairy Prince. Then I took the crucifix and held it up to make more light in case he was somewhere in the dark corners, but no! Yet I knew he was there somewhere, so I thought he must be in the box, for under the table was a great chest (*Pastos Patris nostri C. R. C.*); and I was terribly sad because I felt something dreadful was going to happen. And sure enough, when I had the courage, I asked them to open the box, and the same people that made me crawl through that horrid hole, and lost my Fairy Prince, and nailed me to the red board, took away the table and opened the box, and there was my Fairy Prince, quite, quite dead. If you only knew how sorry I felt! But I had with me a walking-stick with wings (*Baculum I. Adepti*), and a shining sun at the top that had been his, and I touched him on the breast to try and wake him;



## THE WAKE WORLD

but it was no good. Only I seemed to hear his voice saying wonderful things, and it was quite certain he wasn't really dead. So I put the walking-stick on his breast, and another little thing he had which I had forgotten to tell you about. It was a kind of cross with an oval handle that he had been very fond of (*Crux Ansata*). But I couldn't go away without something of his, so I took a shepherd's staff, and a little whip with blood on it (*Pedum et Flagellum Osiridis*), and jewels oozing from the blood, if you know what I mean, that they had put in his hands when they buried him. Then I went away, and cried, and cried, and cried. But before I had got very far they called me back; and the people who had been so stern were smiling, and I saw they had taken the coffin out of the little room with seven sides. And the coffin was quite, quite empty (*Cur inter mortuos vivum petes? Non est hic ille; resurrexit*). Then they began to tell us all about it, and I heard my Fairy Prince within the little room saying holy exalted things, such as the stars trace in the sky as they travel in the Car called "Millions of Years". Then they took me into the little room, and there was my Fairy Prince standing in the middle. So I knelt down and we all kissed his beautiful feet, and the myriad of eyes like diamonds that were hidden in his feet laughed joy at us. One couldn't lift one's head, for he was too glorious to behold; but he spoke wonderful words like dying nightingales that have sorrowed for the fading of the roses, and pressed themselves to death upon the thorns; and one's whole body became a single eye, so that one saw as if the unborn thought of light brooded over an eternal sea. (*Advenit L.V.X. sub tribus speciebus*) Then was light as the lightning flaming out of the east, even unto the west, and it was fashioned as the swiftness of a sword.

By and by one rose up, then one seemed to be quite, quite dead, and buried in the centre of a pyramid of the most brilliant light it is possible to think of. And it was wake-light too; and everybody knows that even wake-darkness is really brighter than the dream-light. So you must just guess what it was like. There was more than that too; I can't possibly tell you. I know too what I.N.R.I. on the Ring meant; and I can't tell you that either, because the dream-language has such a lot of important words missing. It's a very silly language, I think.

By and by I came to myself a little, and now I was really and truly married to the Fairy Prince, so I suppose we shall always be near each other



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now.

There was the way out of the little room with millions of changing colours (*Symbola Hodos-Chamelionis, Symbola Gladius et Serpens*), ever so beautiful, and it was lined with armed men, waving their swords for joy like flashes of lightning; and all about us glittering serpents danced and sang for joy. There was a winged horse ready for us when we came out on the slopes of the mountain. You see the Sixth House is really in a mountain called Mount Abiegnus (*Mons Abiegnus v. Cavernarum*), only one doesn't see it because one goes through indoors all the way. There's one House you have to go outdoors to get to, because no passage has ever been made; but I'll tell you about that afterwards; it's the Third House. So we got on the horse and went away for our honeymoon. I shan't tell you a single word about the honeymoon.

*Explicit*

*Capitulum Secundum*

*vel*

*De Collegio ad S. S. porta*

*Collegii Interni*



## THE WAKE WORLD

### PART III

You mustn't suppose the honeymoon is ever really over, because it just isn't. But he said to me: "Princess, you haven't been all over the Palace yet. Your *special* House is the Third, you know, because it's so convenient for the Second where I usually live. The King my Father (*Caput candidum*) lives in the First; he's never to be seen, you know. He's very, very old nowadays; I am practically regent of course. You must never forget that I am really He; only one generation back is not so far, and I entirely represent his thought. Soon," he whispered ever so softly, "you will be a mother; there will be a Fairy Prince again to run away with another pretty little Sleepy head." Then I saw that when Fairy Princes were really and truly married they became Fairy Kings (*Arcanum de Via Occulta*); and that I was quite wrong ever to be ashamed of being only a little girl and afraid of spoiling his prospects, because really, you see, he could never become King and have a son a Fairy Prince without me.

But one can only do that by getting to the Third House, and it's a dreadful journey, I do most honestly assure you.

There are two passages, one from the Eighth House and one from the Sixth; the first is all water, and the second is almost worse, because you have to balance yourself so carefully, or you fall and hurt yourself.

To go through the first (*Via 12 v. Aqua*) you must be painted all over with blood up to your waist, and you cross your legs, and then they put a rope round one ankle and swing you off. I had such a pretty white petticoat on and my Prince said I looked just like a white pyramind with a huge red cross on the top of it, which made me ever so glad, because now I knew I should be the Saviour of the World, which is what one wants to be, isn't it? Only sometimes the world means all the other children in the dream, and sometimes the dream itself, and sometimes the wake-things one sees before one is quite, quite awake. The prince tells me that really and truly only the First House where his Father lived was really a wake-House, all the others had a little sleep-House about them, and the further you got the more awake you were, and began to know just how much was dream and how much wake.



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Then there was the other passage (*Via 𐌺 v. Pertica stimulans*) where there was a narrow edge of green crystal, which was all you had to walk on, and there was a beautiful blue feather balancing on the edge, and if you disturbed that feather there was a lady with a sword, and she would cut off your head. So I didn't dare hardly to breathe, and all round there were thousands and thousands of beautiful people in green who danced and danced like anything, and at the end there was the terrible door of the Fifth House, which is the Royal armoury. (*Domus V v. Severitas*) And when we came in the House was full of steel machinery, some red hot and some white hot, and the din was simply fearful. So to get the noise out of my head I took the little whip and whipped myself till all my blood poured down over everything, and I saw the whole house like a cataract of foaming blood rushing headlong from the flaming and scintillating Star of Fire that blazed and blazed in the candescent dome, and everything went red before my eyes, and a great flame like a strong wind blew through the House with a noise louder than any thunder could possibly be, so that I couldn't hold myself hardly, and I took up the sharp knives of the machines and cut myself all over, and the noise got louder and louder, and the flame burnt through and through me, so that I was very glad when my Prince said: "You wouldn't think it, would you, sweetheart? But there are lots of people who stay here all their lives."

There are three ways into the Fourth House from below. The first (*Via 𐌸 v. Pugnus*) passage is a very curious place, all full of wheels and ever such strange creatures, like monkeys and sphinxes and jackals climbing about them and trying to get to the top. It was very silly, because there isn't really any top to a wheel at all; the place you want to get to is the centre, if you want to be quiet. Then there was a really lovely passage (*Via 𐌹 v. Manus*), like a deep wood in Springtime, the dearest old man came along who had lived there all his life, because he was the guardian of it, and he didn't need to travel because he belonged to the First House really from the very beginning. He wore a vast cloak, and he carried a lamp and a long stick; and he said that the cloak meant you were to be silent and not say anything you saw, and the lamp meant you were to tell everybody and make them glad, and the stick was like a guide to tell you which to do. But I didn't quite believe that, because I am getting a grown-up girl now, and I wasn't



## THE WAKE WORLD

to be put off like that. I could see that the stick was really the measuring rod with which the whole Palace was built, and the lamp was the only light they had to build it by, and the cloak was the abyss of darkness that covers it all up. That is why dream-people never see beautiful things like I'm telling you about. All their houses are built of common red bricks, and they sit in them all day and play silly games with counters, and oh! dear me, how they do cheat and quarrel. When any one gets a million counters, he is so glad you can't think, and goes away and tries to change some of the counters for the things he really wants, and he can't, so you nearly die of laughing, though of course it would be dreadfully sad if it were wake-life. But I was telling you about the ways to the Fourth House, and the third way (*Via  $\Gamma$  v. Serpens*) is all full of lions, and a person might be afraid; only whenever one comes to bite at you, there is a lovely lady who puts her hands in its mouth and shuts it. So we went through quite safely, and I thought of Daniel in the lions' den.

The Fourth House (*Domus IV v. Benignitas*) is the most wonderful of all I had ever seen. It is the most heavenly blue mansion; it is built of beryl and amethyst, and lapis lazuli and turquoise and sapphire. The centre of the floor is a pool of purest aquamarine, and in it is water, only you can see every drop as a separate crystal, and the blue tinge filtering through the light. Above there hangs a calm yet mighty globe of deep sapphirine blue. Round it there were nine mirrors, and there is a noise that means when you undestrand it, "Joy! Joy! Joy!" There are violet flames darting through the air, each one a little sob of happy love. One began to see what the dream-world was really for at last (*Ratio Naturae Naturatae*); every time any one kissed any one for real love, that was a little throb of violet flame in this beautiful House in the Wake-World. And we bathed and swam in the pool, and were so happy you can't think. But they said: "Little girl, you must pay for the entertainment." (I forgot to tell you there was music like fountains make as they rise and fall, only of course much more wonderful than that.) So I asked what I must pay, and they said: "You are now mistress of all these houses from the Fourth to the Ninth (*Adeptus Oportet Rationis Facultatem Regnare*). You have managed the Servants' Hall well enough since your marriage; now you must manage the others, because till you do you can never go on to the Third House. So I said: "It seems to me



## THE EQUINOX

that they are all in perfectly good order.” But they took me up in the air, and then I saw that the outsides were horribly disfigured with great advertisements, and every single house had written all over it:

### FIRST HOUSE

This is his Majesty's favourite Residence.  
No other genuine. Beware of worthless imitations.  
Come in HERE and spend life!  
Come in HERE and see the Serpent eat his Tail!

So I was furious, as you may imagine, and had men go and put all the proper numbers on them, and a little sarcastic remark to make them ashamed; so they read:

Fifth House, and mostly dream at that.

Seventh House. External splendour and internal corruption.

and so on. And on each one I put “No thoroughfare from here to the First House. The only way is out of doors. By order.”

This was frightfully annoying, because in the old days we could walk about inside everywhere (*Gladium, quod ominibus viis custodet portas Otz Chiim*), and not get wet if it rained, but nowadays there isn't any way from the Fourth to the Third House. You could go of course by chariot from the Fifth to the Third, or through the House where the twins live from the Sixth to the Third, but that isn't allowed unless you have been to the Fourth House, too, and go from there at the same time.

It was here they told me what T.A.R.O. on the ring meant. First it means gate, and it is the name of my Fairy Prince, when you spell it in full letter by letter (*Nomen* תרעא . *Nomen* ADNI רלת . אלף . יוד . גוז).

*There are seventy-eight parts to it (Cartae Tarot v. Aegyptiorum)*, which makes a perfect plan of the whole Palace, so you can always find your way, if you remember to say T.A.R.O. Then you remember I.N.R.I. was on the ring too (*I.N.R.I.* = י . נ . ר . י = װ . ן . ם . ם = *I.A.O.* = *L.V.X.* ארני = 65, *L.V.X.* = *LXV*). I.N.R.I. is short for L.V.X., which means the brilliance of the wide-wide-wake Light, and that too is the name of my Fairy Prince, only spelt short.



## THE WAKE WORLD

The Romans said it had sixty-five parts, which is five times thirteen, and seventy-eight is six times thirteen. To get into the Wake World you must know your thirteen times table quite well. So if you take them both together that makes eleven times thirteen, and then you say "Abrahadabra", which is a most mysterious word, because it has eleven letters in it. You remember the Houses are numbered both ways, so that the Third House is called the Eighth House too, and the Fifth the Sixth, and so on. But you can't tell what lovely things that means till you've been through them all, and got to the very end. So when you look at the Ring and see I.N.R.I. and T.A.R.O. on it that means that it is like a policeman keeping on saying "Pass along, please!" I would have liked to stay in the Fourth House all my life, but I began to see it was just a little dream House too; and I couldn't rest, because my own House was the very next one. But it's too awful to tell you how to get there. You want the most fearful lot of courage, and there's nobody to help you, nobody at all, and there's no proper passage. But it's frightfully exciting, and you must wait till next time before I tell you how I started on that horrible journey, and if I ever got there or not.

*Explicit Capitulum  
Tertium  
vel  
de Collegio Interno.*



## THE EQUINOX

### PART IV

Now I shall tell you about the chariot race in the first passage. The chariot is all carved out of pure, clear amber, so that electric sparks fly about as the furs rub it. The whole cushions and rugs are all beautiful soft ermine fur. There is a canopy of bright blue with stars (like the sky in the dream world), and the chariot is drawn by two sphinxes, one black and one white. The charioteer is a most curious person; he is a great big crab in the most lovely glittering armour, and he can just drive! His name is the mysterious name I told you about with eleven letters in it, but we call him Jehu for short, because he's only nineteen years old. (*Nomen* יְהוּא = 22.  $22 \times 19 = 418 = \text{Abrahadabra}$ ) It's important to know though because this journey is the most difficult of all, and without the chariot one couldn't ever ever do it, because it is so far—much farther than the heaven is from the earth in the dream world.

The passage where the twins live is very difficult too (*Via* ṽ *v. Gladium*). They are two sisters; and one is very pure and good, and the other is a horrid fast woman. But that shows you how silly dream language is—really there is another way to put it: you can say they are two sisters, and one is very silly and ignorant, and the other has learnt to know and enjoy.

Now when one is a Princess it is very important to have good manners, so you have to go into the passage, and take one on each arm, and go through with them singing and dancing; and if you hurt the feelings of either of them the least little bit in the world it would show you were not really a great lady, only a dress lady, and there is a man with a bow and arrow in the air, and he would soon finish you, and you would never get to the Third House at all.

But the real serious difficulty is the outdoors. (*Via quae non est; Vaginae Quinque Animae*) You have to leave the House of Love, as they call the Fourth House. You are quite, quite naked; you must take off your husband-clothes, and your baby-clothes, and all your pleasure clothes, and your skin, and your flesh, and your bones, every one of them must come right off. And then you must take off your feeling clothes; and then your idea clothes; and then what we call your tendency clothes which you have



## THE WAKE WORLD

always worn, and which make you what you are. After that you take off your consciousness clothes, which you have always thought were your very own self, and you leap out into the cold abyss, and you can't think how lonely it is. There isn't any light, or any path, or anything to catch hold of to help you, and there is no Fairy Prince any more: you can't even hear his voice calling to you to come on. There's nothing to tell you which way to go, and you feel the most horrible sensation of falling away from everything that ever was. You've got no nothing at all; you don't know how awful it all is. You would turn back if you could only stop falling; but luckily you can't. So you fall and fall faster and faster; and I can't tell you any more.

The Third House is called the House of Sorrow (*Domus III v. Intellectio*). They gave me new clothes of the queerest kind, because one never thinks of them as one's own clothes, but only as clothes. (*Abest Egoitas*) It is a House of utmost Darkness. There is a pool of black solemn water in the shining obsidian, and one is like a vast veiled figure of wonderful beauty brooding over the sea; and by and by the Pains come upon one (*Ego est Non-ego; Puerperium*). I can't tell you anything about the Pains. Only they are different from any other pains, because they start from inside you, from a deeper, truer kind of you than you ever knew. By and by you see a tremendous blaze of a new sun (*Partus*) in the Sixth House, and you are as glad as glad as glad; and there are millions of trumpets blown, and voices crying: "Hail to the Fairy Prince!" meaning the new one that you have had for your baby; and at that moment you find you are living in the first Three Houses all at once, for you feel the delight of your own dear Prince and his love; and the old King stirs in his Silence in the First House, and thousands of millions of blessings shoot out like rays of light, and everything is all harmony and beauty below, and crowned above with the crown of twelve stars, which is the only way you can put it into dream talk.

Now you see you don't need to struggle to go on any more (*Vita Adepti*), because you know already that all the House is one Palace, and you move about in your own wake world, just as is necessary. All the paths up to the Second House all open (*Via 1 v. Clavus*)—the path of the Hierophant with the flaming star and the incense in the vast cathedral, and



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the path of the Mighty Ruler (*Via  $\sqcap$  v. Fenestra*), who governs everything with his orb and his crown and his sceptre. There is the path of the Queen of Love (*Via  $\sqcap$  v. Porta*) which is more beautiful than anything, and along it my own dear lover passes to my bridal chamber. Then there are the three ways to the Holy House of the old King, the way by which he is joined with the new Fairy Prince (*Via  $\sqsupset$  v. Camelus*), where dwells a moonlike virgin with an open book, and always, always reads beautiful words therein, smiling mysteriously through her shining veil, woven of sweet thoughts and pure kisses. And there is the way by which I always go to the King, my Father (*Via  $\sqsupset$  v. Domus*), and that passage is built of thunder and lightning; but there is a holy Magician called Hermes, who takes me through so quickly that I arrive sometimes even at the very moment that I start. Last of all is the most mysterious passage of them all (*Via  $\times$  v. Bos*), and if any of you saw it you would think there was a foolish man in it being bitten by crocodiles and dogs, and carrying a sack with nothing any use at all in it. But really it is the man who meant to wake up, and did wake up. So that is his House, he is the old King himself, and so are you. So he wouldn't care what any one thought he was.

Really all the passages to the first Three Houses are very useful; all the dream-world and the half-dream world, and the Wake-world are governed from those passages.

I began to see now how very unreal even the Wake-world is, because there is just a little dream in it, and the right world is the Wide-Wide-Wide-Wake-World. My lover calls me little Lola Wide-awake, not Lola Daydream any more. But it is always Lola, because I am the Key of Delights. I never told you about the first two houses, and really you wouldn't understand. But the second House is gray (*Domus I v. Sapientia*), because the light and dark flash by so quick it's all blended into one; and in it lives my lover, and that's all I care about.

The First House is so brilliant that you can't think (*Domus I v. Corona Summa*); and there, too, is my lover and I when we are one. You wouldn't understand that either. And the last thing I shall say is that one begins to see that there isn't really quite a Wide-Wide-Wide-Wake-World till the Serpent outside has finished eating up his tail, and I don't really and truly understand that myself. But it doesn't matter; what you must all do first is



## THE WAKE WORLD

to find the Fairy Prince to come and ride away with you, so don't bother about the Serpent yet. That's all.

*Explicit Opusculum*

*in*

*Capitulo Quarto*

*vel*

*de Collegio Summo.*

by

EDITORIAL NOTE

The Introduction that follows was written before we had an opportunity to consider material submitted by our colleague, Mr. Albert P. Starr, at our request. The true facts of Mr. Chadwick's life and death are now known, and the reader will find a short but factual biography preceding *PSYCHE-WEDLOCK* for which we have added an appendix as a supplement to this work. The contrast between our Introduction, our new biography, and the life which becomes more interesting thereby.



## THE EQUINOX

# MORE ON THE SAME

## THEME

## (BUT THE LADY

## IS OLDER, IF NOT

## WISER)



HEAVENLY BRIDEGROOMS

## Introduction

*This remarkable work has been out of print for a long time. In 1979's, Crowley wrote the following review of it.*

*This book is one of the few works of the occultist Craddock which has been published, and it should remain in print. It is a work of the occultist of the occultist of the occultist.*

# HEAVENLY BRIDEGROOMS

by

**Ida Craddock**

## EDITORIAL NOTE

*The Introduction that follows was written before we had an opportunity to consider material obtained by our colleague, Mr. Martin P. Starr, at our request. The true facts of Ms. Craddock's life and death are now known, and the reader will find a short but factual biography preceding PSYCHIC WEDLOCK, her inedited essay, which we have added as a valuable appendix to this work. The contrast between our Introduction, our notes, and the facts of her life may become more interesting thereby.*

*When you have power, you can do anything. I should personally be inclined to attribute her attitude rather to the vigilance of the guardians of these powers than to any more obvious cause. She has put down her thoughts in plain English which are positively suggestive. This book*



## THE EQUINOX

MORE ON THE SAME



IS NOT

The introduction that follows was prepared by the author, who had an opportunity to see the material obtained by our colleague, Mr. Clinton F. Shaw, at our request. The true facts of Mr. Chadwick's life and death are now known and the reader will find a short but factual biography preceding PSYCHIC WRITING, his method of work, which we have added as a valuable appendix to this work. The constant use given our introduction, our notes, and the book of her life may become most interesting thereby.



## HEAVENLY BRIDEGROOMS

### Introduction

*This remarkable work has been out of print for a long time. In 1919 e.v. Crowley wrote the following review of it:*

This book is one of the most remarkable human documents ever produced, and it should certainly find a regular publisher in book form. The authoress of the MS. claims that she was the wife of an angel. She expounds at the greatest length the philosophy connected with this thesis. Her learning is enormous. She finds traces of similar beliefs in every country in the world, and (having a similar experience of her own) she can hardly be blamed for arguing that one thing confirms the other. Mr. Schroeder (*Ida Craddock's John Symonds*) is quite logical in calling her paper "An Unintentional Contribution to the Erotogenetic Interpretation of Religion", but commits the errors of *petitio principii* and *non distributio medii* with the most exquisite nonchalance. Only a lawyer could be so shameless. He begs the question with regard to this particular case, assuming that her relation with the angel was pure hallucination, of which he has no evidence whatever. He argues that, since one person both loves and is religious, religion is nothing but a morbid manifestation of the sexual instinct. One does not have even to disagree with him to see how worthless is his reasoning. As a matter of fact, I do half agree with him in my calmer moments in a general way, but the conclusion can be carried a step further. When you have proved that God is merely a name for the sex instinct, it appears to me not far to the perception that the sex instinct is God.

This particular MS. is absolutely sane in every line. The fact that the woman committed suicide twelve or fifteen years afterwards is no more against the sanity of the MS. than the suicide of Socrates proves that that the *Republic* is merely the lucubration of a lunatic. I am very far from agreeing with all that this most talented woman sets forth in her paper, but she certainly obtained initiated knowledge of extraordinary depth. She seems to have had access to certain most concealed sanctuaries. I should personally be inclined to attribute her suicide rather to the vengeance of the guardians of those palaces than to any more obvious cause. She has put down statements in plain English which are positively staggering. This book



## THE EQUINOX

is of incalculable value to every student of occult matters. No Magick library is complete without it.

*This evaluation of Ms. Craddock's work is the more significant by having been signed Baphomet. We are reproducing the book here as a supplement for the benefit of serious students. Ms. Craddock's text is in round type; our occasional comments or notes will be in italics.*

The Sons of God saw the daughters of men that they  
were fair; and they took them wives of all that  
they chose

Genesis 6:2

*This quotation is the basis of Ms. Craddock's entire book. It is always difficult to translate qabalistic texts, such as Genesis, into a different cultural context. The "Sons of God" are the Beni Elohim; those are Beings of the type that can become "Holy Guardian Angels". Cf. The Wake World. The "daughters of men" are, actually, the purified Nepheshs. Cf. The Wake World again.*

*Thus, there is no motive whatsoever for Ms. Craddock to quote a text that is purely symbolic of spiritual contacts in the context of her claim of being an angel's actual, physical wife in an almost bourgeois sense. One thing does not necessarily include or exclude the other. Nevertheless, we must read on before passing judgment on her ultimate intentions.*



## HEAVENLY BRIDEGROOMS

### PREFACE

It has been my high privilege to have some practical experience as the earthly wife of an angel from the unseen world. In the interests of psychical research, I have tried to explore this pathway of communication with the spiritual universe, and, so far as lay in my power, to make a sort of rough guidebook of the route. For not all wives of heavenly bridegrooms travel the same path at first. There are roads running into this one from every religion and folklore under the sun, since the pathway of marital relations on the Borderland was once, and still is, as I hope to show, one of the main thoroughfares connecting our world with the world beyond the grave. This thoroughfare, along part of which I hope to conduct the reader in imagination, is marked with signposts, many crumbling under the religious storms of centuries, others preserved as sacred trellises upon which to train a rank growth of flourishing superstition, and still others fresh with modern paint and gilding. Part of this thoroughfare runs straight through the Christist Church, or, to speak more accurately, the foundations of the Church are laid upon this very principle. For Jesus himself is said to be the child of a union between an earthly woman and a heavenly bridegroom who (however godlike, and whatever the details of the relation) certainly seems to have manifested to Mary on the occult plane. If it be objected that Mary's Borderland spouse was not an angel, but God himself, and therefore Borderland laws could be laid aside in His case, I reply that modern philosophy holds apparent miracles to be no violation of natural laws, but to have happened in accordance with some law as yet unknown to us; for God never breaks His laws, and if He became a Borderland spouse to Mary, it must have been in accordance with Borderland laws. And we, as made in His likeness, are bound by the same natural laws as God. Moreover, as Mary and me are sharers in a common humanity, she and me are bound alike, sharers in the glorious possibilities of Borderland.

*Now, here we must pause to consider this astounding paragraph in the context of the time when it was written. According to the man who ap-*



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*propriated this unhappy lady's MS. and published it as the work of a mad-woman, this text dates from the 1890s of the vulgar era. Ms. Craddock cuts straight through the hypocritical unctuousness of Christist theology. We do not know if she actually believed in the story of Mary and her visitation, or is writing with tongue in cheek; but whether she is or not, she cuts straight through the unctuousness of Romanism and its excretions. If Mary existed, she says, I am as good as she was, and her case was entirely like mine. And if God exists, God cannot contradict His own laws. Those two simple statements indicate an attitude towards life that must have attracted upon Ms. Craddock's head the utmost hatred of so-called "Christians". The storm of telepathic malice that must inevitably have fallen on her can hardly be imagined by anyone who has not, at least once, pricked the balloon of society's self-satisfaction. Not the guardians of the palaces she visited, but her fellow men and women, punished her for her courage.*

*Let us ponder on what little is known of her life. We have Theodore Schroeder's curious statements about her: First, she was a college teacher for several years. He does not say what she taught; but for a woman to be a college teacher in the eighteen fifties of the vulgar era, she would have been extremely talented or extremely well-connected. Second, he says that she was "associated with various kinds of free-thinking heretics". The use of the word "heretic" gives Mr. Schroeder's measure at once, naturally: either he was the vulgarest type of Christist, or he was 'playing possum'. The last is possible, though he appropriated Ms. Craddock's material and published it as his own. Third, he says that she was never married. Now, this was a very serious sin for a woman in the middle of the late century, as any reader of Jane Austen's novels will tell you! Fourth, he states that when her conduct brought her to the verge of incarceration, she voluntarily committed herself to an insane asylum. He does not tell us what she did that was so terrible; perhaps she stated in class that she was as good as the Virgin Mary, or that a God who contradicts His own laws is totally unknown to science. Or—who knows—she may have tried to teach Darwin to her students, the blasphemous hag!*

*Whatever she did, Mr. Schroeder, like the Christist God, falls into some interesting contradictions himself: having first declared that Ms. Craddock ended by committing suicide, he finally states that "she left*



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*the country''—presumably the celebrated Land of the Free—to escape legal commitment. Having first declared that clinical investigation completely vindicated her sanity, he finally states that she had been pronounced incurably insane.*

*What all this really means is that the nice Christist society whose peace of mind Ms. Craddock had so pitilessly punctured wished her either dead or insane. It would be interesting to know what really happened to such a remarkable woman; by Schroeder's statements we estimate that she was in her early thirties when she wrote a book that Thomas Aquinas would have been totally incapable of writing even in his fifties.*

*One last remark on the subject of Mr. Theodore Schroeder: whether he was a fool, or a rascal, or a very wise follower of Yellow School methods (all three possibilities are allowable from available evidence), we do owe him for the preservation of this invaluable document. It is a sad but apt comment on his times that Ida Craddock's work should have to be published in the pages of a review dedicated to the study of insanity.*

*...The abraded survivals of an ancient religious teaching of marital purity and self-control of so lofty a type that it has been obscured by the fogs in the lowlands of modern sensuality.*

*An obvious gap in the discourse. According to Schroeder, the original MS. was partly illegible. Frankly, we doubt this.*

*Enlightened by my experiences as the wife of my unseen angel visitant, I wrote a defence (from a folklore standpoint) of the Danse du Ventre, which was published in the New York World.*

*Horror of horrors! And from an unmarried woman, at that!*

*This I afterwards added to, and issued in a typewritten essay for private circulation. As the essay showed that I wrote from experience, as I was still "Miss" Craddock, and as my social standing had hitherto been above suspicion, I deemed it only prudent to state to my readers that I had acquired my knowledge from a spirit husband. This I did on a little slip of paper pinned to the last page of the essay.*

*Will bathos have no end? We can now add what was missing in the maimed paragraph: Ms. Craddock, without the slightest experience in sexual matters—she was, according to her, a virgin—received, from her invisible suitor, a wealth of information on the original religious meaning of the*



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*belly dance; and in her purity of soul and innocence thought that the information would be just as valuable to her society at large as it had seemed to herself.*

The persecutions which in consequence of this straightforward effort to tell the truth simply and clearly I suffered at the hands of those who deny the possibility of angelic communication, need not be dwelt on here. Suffice it to say that, while my non-occultist readers who did not know me personally pooh-poohed the idea of a spirit husband, declared that I must surely speak from an illicit experience, my non-occultist friends, who knew my habits of life from day to day, could find no explanation for the essay but that I must have gone crazy; and two physicians made efforts to have me incarcerated as insane.

*Now, watch the following paragraph; it would be excruciatingly funny if it weren't so sad.*

One of the latter remarked: "Had that essay been written by a man, by a physician or by any other scientist (and the paragraph about the spirit husband omitted), it would have been alright; but coming from an unmarried woman, neither a physician nor a scientist, and with that claim of a spirit husband, there is no explanation possible but (1) illicit experience, which is denied by all who know her, or (2) insanity."

That is to say, because I had, by means of knowledge gained through channels of which he was ignorant, given utterance to what would have passed unquestioned if coming from a scientist, *therefore*, I must be insane! To put it more tersely...

*Not needed now, poor lady!—and useless then.*

... a diamond of truth is to be considered genuine only when discovered by A or B; if the same diamond be discovered by X, Y, or Z, it is to be considered paste. My worst offense, however, in his eyes, seemed to be that, as a woman, I was out of my province in openly preaching marital reform, however high the ideals advocated; and, as my sense of duty did not conform with his conventional prejudices, he felt justified in seeking to incarcerate me until I should recant my heresy.

The factors in this case were:

1 st. An unmarried woman of known reputation and integrity.

2 nd. An essay written by that woman dealing with the marital relation



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along lines not known to one married couple in a thousand.

3 rd. A claim by the essayist, that she wrote from an experience gained as the wedded partner of a ghost.

To ignore any one of these factors in arriving at a theory to explain the other two, is to invalidate that theory.

*We wonder if she taught logic. Also, if she thought it would sink.*

Now, there is one creed to which all genuine Freethinkers are faithful. It is to seek the truth, wherever it leads, and whatever the traditional belief upon the subject under investigation. This being so, I feel that I may confidently appeal to Freethinkers to consider carefully the evidence herewith submitted as to the world-wide extent of marital relations on the Borderland.

*The dictionary definition of "freethinker" is a person who forms his or her opinions about religion independently of tradition, authority, or established belief. The contemporary reader, specially the young generation, may feel that this is a definition of themselves; but less than three centuries ago, "freethinkers" were called heretics, and burned alive by the Christist churches. Still in Ms. Craddock's time, to be a freethinker was, automatically, to be a heretic. Ecclesiastical fingers itched to get hold of freethinkers and emulate the Emperor Nero's supposed human candles; but being unable to do so legally, had recourse to the sort of defamation and covert persecution that Ms. Craddock suffered, and Crowley after her. The process has been found less final than the cheerful Inquisitional barbecue, but still effective. In this context, the pageant of Bertrand Russell's progress through the United States of America is worthy of careful investigation by anybody who believes the days of religious persecution by Christists are over. More recent cases include Mr. Karl J. Germer, Ms. Madlyn Murray and our own humble self.*

Last, but not least, I appeal to Spiritualists, Theosophists and Occultists generally. Psychics and sex, Laurence Oliphant has shown, are so interwoven that you cannot take up one wholly separate from the other. Only an occultist—and somewhat experienced occultist, at that—knows anything of the perils which await the developing psychic on the Borderland. The Middle Ages are strewn with wrecked lives—mainly those of illiterate women who, beginning by dabbling with magic in an empirical fashion, ended by confessing themselves as witches, devil-haunted



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in body as well as in mind, and pledged to sins against nature.

*Our point. The authoress forgets that all those women "confessed" under the pressure of the most appalling torments that the sex-starved imagination of Christists could devise; and she herself, later on in life, under psychic and social pressure, and to avoid prison, voluntarily confined herself to an insane asylum. Anybody who is inclined to laugh should remember Ezra Pound, Wilhelm Reich, and the Russian dissidents.*

Within the sheltered precincts of the most conservative of all Christist churches—the Roman Catholic—really good and pious nuns have come under the sway of what the Church calls "*Congressus cum daemonis*". And among the non-churchly practisers of modern occultism we too often find a tendency, on the one hand, not only to justifiable freedom, but also to unjustifiable looseness of life; or on the other hand, to a rigid asceticism and unnatural suppression of the sex instinct as impure. All these things point to the necessity for some teaching as to the fundamental principles of sex morality on the Borderland—all the more, as spirit bridegrooms and spirit brides are much more frequent than is generally supposed. Between the witch who held diabolic assignations as a devil's mistress, and the psychic who has been trained to self-controlled and reverent wedlock with an angel, it must surely be admitted, there is a wide stretch of road. Nevertheless, both are on the same road, *and the downward grade is very slippery*. In so far as I have been able to explore this road, therefore, I think it my duty to map out its perils and its safeguards, as help to my fellow occultists. For, no matter on what obscure by-path a psychic starts, he or she can never be sure of not coming upon this road unexpectedly, since it is, as I have said, one of the main thoroughfares of occultism.

To all three classes, then—to Occultists, Freethinkers and Christists—I respectfully offer this treatise for consideration in the hope that each may find in it something of interest and, mayhap, of profit.



## HEAVENLY BRIDEGROOMS

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The celestial being who, whether as God or angel, becomes the Heavenly Bridegroom of an earthly woman, is better known to the literature of the Christist Churches than most people who are not theologians are aware. But he is not peculiar to Christianity. He has been known and recognized throughout the world in all ages. The woman to whom he comes is, as a rule, distinguished for her purity of life. Usually she is a virgin; but where already married and a mother, she must be recognized as chaste or, at least, there must be no stigma of impurity upon her reputation. I am not at the present writing aware of a single exception to this.

*This is badly phrased, and another proof of Ms. Craddock's total innocence. A woman's "chaste" reputation is no guarantee of personal purity; in fact, her life itself is proof that you can have the most unsavory reputation and be pure. The reputation of a person means nothing whatsoever in slave societies. The personal purity must be intrinsic, not a matter of public opinion. Indeed, most tales of women in congress with angels in which the women's reputation is said to be "unimpeachable" are nothing but fabrications to further the financial power-play of some church trying to succeed in some country where sexual inhibition festers. Cf. the Hindu apologue of the king who wanted to cross the Ganges with his army and the prostitute who sent the river back for him. The biblical Moses never had it so good. The sum of the matter is that personal purity is often a question of psychic integration and consistency, totally unconnected with social mores.*

Let us, however, first consider the Heavenly Bridegrooms of Christianity, from the popular orthodox standpoint.

There are two Heavenly Bridegrooms—the Holy Spirit and Christ.

*Now, this statement is, of course, in conformity with orthodox Christist theology, but is far from correct from the point of view of true Christianity. Those fortunate enough to be in possession of Liber C, specially the new version revised by Frater Parzival XI°, will—if they are Initiates of the Christian Tradition—know what we mean.*



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The first of these, the Holy Spirit, is, according to the New Testament, the Being through whose agency she whom the Catholic Church delights to honor as the Blessed Virgin became incarnate with Jesus. The second of these, Christ, is the Being honored alike by Catholics and by Protestants as the Bridegroom of the Church; by Catholics also as the mystic Spouse of the ecstatic and purified nun, as in the case of Saint Teresa; and by Protestants as the Bridegroom of the Soul, in that popular hymn beginning:

“Jesus, Lover of my soul,  
“Let me to Thy bosom fly!”

*Initiates of the Inner Circle of the O.T.O. are again advised to read the above, and what follows, in relation to close study of Liber C, among others.*

I once attended a young women's revival meeting at Ocean Grove, held under the auspices of an evangelist who was noted for his success in converting young girls. When the enthusiasm flagged, and his hearers were slow in responding to his appeals to “come to Christ”, he started the above hymn, and the ardor of his fair congregation was at once kindled, girl after girl rising to publicly give herself to Christ. That which earnest pleading for their soul's salvation had failed to accomplish, was brought about by this simple suggestion of the “*Lover of the Soul*”. In thus stimulating the untrained emotions of the maiden to aspire to the Divine through the symbolism of earthly affection, this revivalist not only showed keen insight into human nature, but he was also instinctively true to the teachings of the innermost truth of all religions, as I hope to show further on.

In the Bible an entire book—the Song of Solomon—is given up to expressing the raptures of the Heavenly Bridegroom and his Bride. At least, this is the interpretation which the Christian Church...

*In order to clarify the author's thought for the average reader, we have been replacing, and we will continue replacing, the word “Christian” in the original by the neologism “Christist”, created by the great Portuguese Thelemite, Fernando Pessoa, to signify the churches that for so long have tried to murder true Christianity that they forgot even the meaning of what they were trying to murder. Wherever the reader finds “Christist”, it signifies the false Christian approach, which the author herself obviously deprecated as much as we do.*

...universally puts upon Canticles—the reciprocal joys of Christ, the



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Bridegroom, and His Bride, the Church. Various phases of the sensuous relations of husband and wife are there set forth, in figurative...

*Figurative in the translations! Quite frankly explicit in the "dirty" Jewish original.*

...but unmistakable terms of passion—passion which the Christist world has, unfortunately, long since forgotten how to utilize as the most important means of growth towards the Divine.

But there are other Heavenly Bridegrooms besides Christ and the Holy Spirit referred to in the Bible.

*She means by "Bible", of course, the so-called "New Testament" which the Jews, not being fools, have never accepted.*

In the sixth chapter of Genesis may be found a curious text, which reads:

"The sons of God saw the daughters of men, that they were fair; and they took them wives of all that they chose."

*The Septuagint originally rendered the words 'Sons of God' by αγγελοι του Θεου, angels of God, and this rendering is found in Philo, de Gigantibus, Eusebius, Augustine and Ambrose.*

*We must remind the readers that the Genesis text says, in translation, that the result of the congress between the "Sons of God" and the "daughters of men" were the Titans, or "Giants". Cf. Crowley's exegesis of the word Teitan in Book Four Part III, Ch. XVII, Section II.*

This view of Genesis VI 1-4 was held by most of the early fathers.

See the Book of Enoch, translated from Professor Dillman's Ethiopic Text by R. H. Charles, Oxford, 1893e.v. In fact, in the Book of Enoch, these sons of God are spoken of all through as angels who wedded earthly women; and it is further stated that these angelic husbands broke the law, living in depravity with their earthly wives, and laying the foundation of evils which required the Deluge to sweep away. Critical scholarship usually holds these angels to be fallen. But St. Augustine protests against this view, saying: "I truly firmly believe that God's angels could never fall so at that time."

Nevertheless, we find in the *Book of Enoch*, XV 4:

"Whilst you were still spiritual, holy, in the enjoyment of eternal life, you have defiled yourselves with women, have begotten (children) with the blood of flesh, and have lusted after the blood of men, and produced flesh and blood, as those produce who are mortal and short-lived."



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Here we see that the angels, whatever their after depravity, were "still holy" when they united themselves as heavenly bridegrooms with earthly women.

However, from the above, and from other texts in *Enoch*, it would appear that the angels are blamed for having broken the laws of right living so far as to turn the relations existing between them and their earthly wives into the grossest sensuality. They, rather than the women, seem to be credited with the responsibility for evil-doing. But it is noticeable that *Genesis* is silent as to the character of these angelic bridegrooms, while it lays stress on the fact that the imaginations of *men's* hearts were evil continually, as though this last were the real cause of the wickedness which required the purification of the Deluge.

*Readers are reminded that the "deluge" was invented to explain the periodic upheavals of the earth's crust, as if a theologian should state that when you try to cross railtracks and are run over by a train, the train was sent by God to punish you for your sins. But the wily author actually is insinuating that it is the hardness of men's hearts, not the lechery of angels or (and perhaps more specially) women, that is to blame for humankind's reverses.*

Now, let us remember that the *Book of Enoch*, although referred to in Jude, is not canonical. It belongs to the Hebrew Apocalyptic literature, and was for sometime lost, save for a few fragments preserved in references made by ecclesiastical writers. However valuable to scholars, it is uncanonical and thus cannot be accepted by Christists today as the Word of God. *Genesis*, on the contrary, is accepted by Christists *today* as the Word of God; and therefore, the total omission of this sacred book to bring any charge against these angelic "sons of God", while the depravity of *man* is dwelt upon at this period of the world's history, is not a matter to be passed over lightly by a Christist.

According to the Christist Scripture, then, it was not the wickedness of the angels who wedded earthly women, but the evil imaginations of the human heart that brought about the punishment of the Deluge. And in this, *Genesis* is in strict accord with modern Theosophy—the only philosophy, so far as I know, which professes to know the Alpha and Omega of occultism. Theosophy lays stress on the punishment which awaits the



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black sorcerer—the earthly being who uses real or pretended magical powers for evil purposes. And not only the “black sorcerer” himself, but those who uphold him, share in the punishment dealt out by the Higher Powers—as the Theosophical Society has found, to its cost, when it attempted to shield both from public investigation and from Theosophic censure a member who was said to have fraudulently exploited a Mahatma to further his own interests.

*This direct reference to scandals in the Theosophical Society shows that Leadbeater and Besant were not the first knaves to show up in it.*

But Theosophy is not alone in this teaching. All occultism, by whatever name it is called, however imperfect in deductions, learns at last to beware of the occultist who breaks the moral law, or who, whether wilfully or carelessly, through prejudice or through crafty desire to advance his own selfish interests, closes his eyes to the truth. In other words, clear thinking and correct living are the only passport to trustworthiness in an occultist.

*Of course, the definitions of “clear thinking” and “correct living” are the problem; else, our author would not have been threatened with jail or the asylum.*

It is true that there are many psychical phenomena which at first sight do not seem to require any special exercise of morality on the part of the percipient. Such are the carefully attested phenomena of thought transference and wraith-seeing (especially of the astral form as “double” of people at the point of death or undergoing a sudden shock) which the Society for Psychical Research have collated from a multitude of sources—in the case of the “double” to the number of some three thousand. The percipients in these instances are probably average sort of folks, no better and no worse than the majority of their fellows. Yet they see or hear by means of senses which are still unrecognized by most people, and which are therefore termed “occult”; and what they perceived is afterwards proved to be an actual occurrence, often of something taking place miles away.

*Of course, it should be pondered (though it never is), that given the richness and variety of life, whatever anyone may dream of happening in all probability is happening somewhere on the surface of the globe; or even, nowadays, away from it. It is the control of phenomena, not their aleatory occurrence, that is the object and preoccupation of science.*



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But it is to be observed that (1) the reliable cases collated by the S. P. R. are furnished by people who seem to be clear-headed enough, at least, to form definite mental conceptions; (2) that the majority of these cases are perceptions of occurrences in this earthly life. Where the thing claimed as seen or heard by the percipients no longer belongs to this world, but to the world beyond the grave, as in the case of visions or voices of those now deceased, the phenomena collated by the Society of Psychical Research seem not only to be accidental and capricious but they also seldom furnish a *veridical* (i.e., truth telling) communication.

In the case of Spiritualist mediums, professional or amateur, where the phenomena assume some show of regularity, and are claimed by the medium to come entirely from the world beyond the grave, one always has to be on one's guard against the subtle interpolation among otherwise truthful matter of fantastic or misleading statements made apparently by the communicating spirits themselves. Occultists in all ages have invariably assumed such statements to be the work of "lying spirits". But it is noticeable that a medium of correct life and clearness of intellectual conception is less troubled by such lying spirits than is the medium of halting intellect or morals. This of itself should indicate to the thoughtful student of occult phenomena that the medium, and not the spirits, may be to blame when lying communications are made. Just as in Astronomy it is now found that the apparent movements of the sun and fixed stars are due almost entirely to our own planet's motion through space, so, I think, when we explore the heavens of occultism we shall eventually realize that erratic psychical phenomena are due to our own shifting relation to the beings who produce phenomena. Not until people got rid of the Ptolemaic theory that the Earth was a permanent unmoveable fixture in the heavens did they learn that the bewildering cycles and epicycles of the sun and fixed stars were caused by the movements of their own planet through space; and not until we get rid of what I may call the Ptolemaic theory of occultism, that the psychic is the one permanent, immovable factor in the apparently shifting phenomena about him, will we ever get at the true scientific laws of occultism that our own vibrations—or our own moral and intellectual ups and downs—are almost entirely responsible for the erraticness of Borderland communications. To blame Borderland intelligences for "lying" is as if in



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the proverbial London fog at noonday one should blame the sun for not shining. The sun is shining right along; but it is the smoke from one's neighbors which returns upon one to shield the sun from one's view.

It is generally assumed that the false or fantastic remarks so subtly interpolated into communications which are otherwise truthful and uplifting are due to the fact that evil spirits get temporary control of the medium. But this theory presupposes a state of society in the spirit-world far worse regulated than with us. It is often claimed, for instance, that crowds of spirits throng about a powerful medium as a crowd of people on earth sometimes flock about a telegraph operator in times of excitement, each man selfishly striving to get his message sent off first. But, even in our imperfect civic life, is such an occurrence usual? By no means. Is it likely that in a new life, with its added experience, such gross violations of law and order should be allowed to take place or to continue right along? *By no means.* Even if Heaven be not as Christists believe, the abode of God and the angels; even supposing that it is merely, as most Spiritualists claim, an improved edition of this world, it is but logical to infer that law and order will obtain there as here, and even more so, because the tendency of human society is always in the direction of systematizing its work for mutual convenience of its members. The idea that a good spirit may at any moment be temporarily displaced by an evil one, and that the laws of that clearer thought-world beyond the grave are powerless to cope with this annoyance is absurd, and contrary to common sense. The fault of imperfect communication is just as likely to be ours as theirs. Let us but see to it that the lines of psychical communication are laid (on our side of the abyss of death) in correctness of moral living, and clearness of intellectual conception before we rashly assume the fault to be theirs. If they are in a world where new laws of matter obtain, as they must be, if they live at all after the decay of the body, to communicate intelligently with us may not be as easy for them as we imagine. They may find themselves confronted at every turn by such difficulties as confront the traveler who seeks to explain to African savages the wonders of, say, the telephone or the phonograph. Between his mind and theirs, what a gap! And this gap cannot be bridged by the clearest of explanations of his part, unless the savages in turn question and requestion on every point on which the least uncertainty remains. That is to say, the



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savages must do their utmost to form clear intellectual conceptions of every idea set forth by their civilized visitor from afar, or he will leave their brains filled with the most ridiculous and distorted mind-pictures. Yet, the savage and the civilized traveler are both dwellers on the same material plane, while the spirits who seek to tell us of the wonders of *their* life are evidently on a different plane of matter. How great the need, then, that we should take even more pains than must the savage to form clear conceptions of every idea uttered by these visitors from an unknown land! One idea prejudged by us, and allowed to remain without due examination of the foundations on which it rests, will throw the remainder of our mental conceptions out of balance. One false theory, stubbornly held as gospel truth, places us mentally where all else is out of focus.

(Therein will be found also a statement requiring an occult principle which seems not only to forbid spirits from communicating accurately with an immoral medium, but which seems to positively enjoin upon them the utterance of all the foolish, depraved and even criminal ideas that the medium is willing to receive, and places us mentally at a standpoint where all else is out of focus. Thus, the slightest prejudices on any given subject under discussion between our celestial visitors and ourselves will render us liable to distorted conceptions of their ideas.) Such is the law of our own thought-world here on the earthly plane; and we must remember that they have left our plane and entered into a far wider thought-world than ours. Hence the need for rigidly clear thinking on the part of every would-be occultist. And, since, as has been well said, "All badness is madness", we must not forget to also reckon a well-ordered moral life as among the attributes of the really clear-headed man or woman. Thus, correct living and clear thinking go hand in hand as vouchers for accuracy of mediumship between this world and the world beyond the grave. The philosophy which deals with what is variously called the automatic faculty, the subjective consciousness, the sub-consciousness or the sub-liminal ("Below the threshold") consciousness as an important factor in fantastic and misleading psychic phenomena from spirits will be found set forth at length in my little book on *Hell's Happy Sunshine*. Therein will be found a principle which seems not only to forbid spirits from communicating with an unworthy medium, but positively to enjoin upon them the utterance of all the foolish, depraved, and even



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criminal ideas that the medium is willing to receive. (Up to a certain point; beyond which the spiritual intelligences withdraw and the medium's own sub-consciousness assumes control with the subterfuges and ingenious evasions peculiar to that faculty.) But when fantastic or misleading ideas emanate from spiritual intelligences and not from the medium's own sub-consciousness, they are either as an ordeal for the training of the medium, or as a wise and just punishment. To explain the application of this law in detail, however, would extend the present treatise to an undue length. Suffice to say here that in all such cases, however varied the manifestations, whether of a super-normal sub-consciousness or of outside intelligences, failure to think clearly, as to live in accordance with the moral requirements of self-control, duty, aspiration to the highest, unselfishness and genuine purity, will be found responsible for the disappointing psychic manifestations on the Borderland.

When, therefore, the *Book of Enoch* blames the angelic sons of God, rather than their earthly wives, for the depravity of relations said to exist between them as spirits and mediums, we may well ask if this be not a matter on which the writer of the *Book of Enoch* has carelessly accepted current legends. May it not be that he, too, believed all depraved psychical manifestations to be due to "evil spirits", and that he was totally unaware of the occult law which brings these things to pass with a medium who, ignorantly but persistently, fails in clear thinking or correct living?

*Well, not necessarily. The author of the Book of Enoch may have assumed, as we assume, that the responsibility in any kind of depravity lies always with the more evolved, therefore more responsible party. Else, we could argue that when a thief uses the help of a dog to steal, it is the dog that should be sent to jail, not the master. Of course, as she herself points out, depravity itself may be a form of trial.*

Once more let us remember that the Book of Genesis, which is canonical, lays stress on the fact that at this epoch the imaginations of men's hearts were evil continually.

*In theology, the fact that a book is not canonical often merely means that it is not considered profitable to the business of churching. In this context, Genesis accusing men of evil, rather than angels, it made men feel guiltier, therefore more inclined to contribute to holy coffers. A theology is built to*



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*keep a priesthood fat and comfortable; not to keep the congregation happy. Crapulous creeds... you know the rest.*

Josephus refers to the subject as follows: "For many angels of God accompanied with women, and begat some that proved unjust, and despisers of all that was good on account of the confidence they had in their own strength. For the tradition is that these men did what resembled the acts of those whom the Grecians call giants."

*Antiquities of the Jews I, iii-1*

Josephus, it will be noticed, agrees with Genesis in laying no blame on either the angelic husbands or the earthly wives. Neither does he on their daughters. The sons, and only the sons, are denounced by Josephus as "despisers of all that was good," *on account of the confidence they had in their own strength*. His account, taken with that of Genesis, brings out a suggestive idea—that in the succeeding generations man was pre-eminently the sex which violated the laws of right living.

*Oh come now, Ms. Craddock! Then, as now, it took two—at least—to tango.*

If this inference be warranted, the question arises: what were those laws of right living which the male sex violated to such an extent that a deluge was needed to purge the earth of their evil? The answer to this *will be* manifested further on.

When the Christist Church appeared on the stage of history, it found several varying traditions current about those sons of God who, so many centuries before, had taken unto themselves wives from among the daughters of men.

One after the other the early Church Fathers wrestled with these traditions, and strove to fit them into the Christist theological system. Beginning with Paul, we find that he asserts in the 11th Chapter of 1st Cor. that a woman ought to be veiled, as a token of her inferiority and dependence upon man, and he adds: "For this cause ought the woman to have a sign of authority on her head because of the angels." Irenaeus, in his work *Against Heresies*, quoting this text makes it read: "A woman ought to have a *veil* upon her head because of the angels." From Tertullian we learn what this "because of the angels" means. He says in his work *Against Marcion* (V.



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18): "The apostle was quite aware that spiritual wickedness (Ephesians, VI, 12.) had been at work in heavenly places when angels were entrapped into sin by the daughters of men."

In sundry places Tertullian waxes wroth over this supposed "entrapping" of angels by earthly women. In a treatise *On the Veiling of Virgins*—written as a rejoinder to those who claimed that women did not need to be veiled until they became wives, he speaks his mind thus:

"So perilous a face, then, ought to be shaded, which has cast stumbling-stones even so far as heaven; that when standing in the presence of God, at whose bar it stands accused of the driving of the angels from their (native) confines, it may blush before the other angels as well; and may repress that former evil liberty of its head—a liberty now to be exhibited not even before human eyes."

(*On Veiling of Virgins, VII.*)

The author of the *Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs* is, if anything, more severe. He remarks:

"Hurtful are women, my children; because, since they have no power or strength over the man, they act subtilly through outward guise how they may draw him to themselves; and whom they (do not) overcome by strength, him they overcome by craft. By means of their adornment, they deceive first their minds, and instil the poison by the glance of their eye, and then they take captive by their doings, for a woman cannot overcome a man by force. Therefore, my children, command your wives and your daughters that they adorn not their heads and their faces; because every woman who acteth deceitfully in these things hath been reserved to everlasting punishment. For thus they allured the Watchers before the flood."

(*Testament of Reuben, 5.*)

He adds that these angelic Watchers manifested as apparitions to the women at the times of their union with their earthly husbands, "and the women, having in their minds desire towards their apparitions, gave birth to giants, for the Watchers appeared to them as reaching even unto Heaven."

*As you can see, homosexuality deprived of a healthy outlet often turns into paranoia; and disguised as purity, may affect the animic health of humankind for centuries. The poor women were suspected of intercourse even with ghosts. The Arab has a reputation for being a very strong lover; we*



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*ask ourselves if the truth of the matter is not rather otherwise, as it is with the average Christist, in view of the Moslem strictures against women, so much appreciated by fanatics like the Ayatollah Komeiny and fat corrupt kings of oil-rich but outdated nations.*

Here we see an attempt to account for the resulting progeny of "giants" spoken of in Genesis VI by such simple and natural means as Jacob made use of when he desired to produce "ring-straked, speckled and spotted" goats (Genesis XXX). No mention is made of marital relations being established directly between earthly women and angels. Elsewhere the same writer (*Testament of Naphthali*, 3) speaks of these same Watchers as having "changed the order of their nature, whom also the Lord cursed at the flood, and for their sakes made desolate the earth."

This follows a reference to Sodom, the writer seeming to trace a similarity between the two causes of the two punishments. Justin Martyr, however, makes the offence of the sinning angels to consist rather in ambition for power over mankind. He says:

"God committed the care of men and of all things under heaven to angels whom He appointed over them. But the angels transgressed the appointment, and were captivated by love of women, and begat children who are those that are called demons; and besides, they afterwards subdued the human race to themselves, partly by magical writings, partly by fears and the punishments they occasioned, and partly by teaching them to offer sacrifices, and incense, and libations, of which things they stood in need after they were enslaved by their lustful passions; and among man they sowed murders, wars, adulteries, intemperate deeds, and all wickedness."

*You can see the disasters that can be caused when someone without the slightest training or capacity gets hold of a complex symbolic text (such as Qabalistic Genesis) and, inspired by his or her personal hang-ups—what Crowley called "sore spots"—tries to find in it justifications for humankind's sufferings other than those of cause and effect. Stupidity cannot be argued with; it can merely be scrupulously avoided, and watched carefully, lest it encroach upon one's freedoms under the guise of morality.*

These things, according to Justin, the poets (unaware that they were due to sinning angels) ignorantly ascribed to God (Jupiter) and to those who were called his brothers, Neptune and Pluto, and to the Olympian deities in



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general.

Lactantius lays the blame principally upon Satan. Speaking of the repeated efforts of the serpent ("who from his deeds received the name of devil, that is, accuser or informer") to corrupt mankind, he adds:

"But when God saw this, He sent His angels to instruct the race of men, and to protect them from all evil. He gave these a command to abstain from earthly things, lest, being polluted by any taint, they should be deprived of the honor of angels. But that wily accuser, while they tarried among men, allured these also to pleasures, so that they might defile themselves with women. Then, being condemned by the sentence of God, and cast forth on account of their sins, they lost both the name and the substance of angels. Thus, having become ministers of the devil, that they might have a solace of their ruin they betook themselves to the ruining of men, for whose protecting they had come."

*(Lactantius: Epitome of the Divine Institutes, XXVII)*

"Thus from angels the devil makes them to become his satellites and attendants. But they who were born from these, because they were neither angels nor men, but bearing a kind of mixed (middle) nature, were not admitted into hell as their fathers were not into heaven. Thus there came to be two kinds of demons, one of heaven, the other of the earth".

*(Lactantius: The Divine Institutes, Book II, 15)*

In one place Justin Martyr speaks of "evil demons" who "in times of old, assuming various forms, went in unto the daughters of men." Elsewhere, he also speaks of these demons manifested as apparitions that misled boys as well as women.

*As you can see, the snowball effect of ignorance combined with salaciousness and hangups is practically unlimited. Those theologians could not even be saved by a sense of humor, for you must be in a good state of health, mentally and physically, in order to have a sense of humor. The tragedy of it is that so many other people should have been afflicted during a thousand years or more by the madness and coarseness of so few.*

He said that they "showed such fearful sights to men, that those who did not use their reason in judging of the actions done were struck with terror, and not knowing that these were demons, they called them gods." Justin Justin evidently looks upon the angelic bridegrooms as demoniacal from the



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start. Clement of Alexandria says that the angels "renounced the beauty of God for a beauty which fades, and so fell from heaven to earth."

Athenagoras asserts that the angels "fell into impure love of virgins." And the author of the *Clementine Recognitions* says that they "fell into promiscuous and illicit connections." But Tertullian calls attention to the fact that sacred Scripture terms these angels *husbands*; and he argues at length very ably to show that we are bound to infer from Scripture that the earthly wives of these angelic husbands were virgins, pure and undefiled, at the time of their marriage. From which, I think, it is evident that these marriages were acceptable to virtuous women, and therefore, we may infer, not an infringement of the civil law of the time; or the sex which is proverbially conservative would never have contributed so largely to these unions from among its best members. Nor could they have been unions which transgressed the laws of nature, or the offspring which was said to have resulted would not have been so well developed physically (as giants) nor mentally (as "mighty men which were, of old, men of renown.")

*It can be seen that Tertullian was, at least at the time when he wrote this, in a slightly healthier frame of mind than his fellow "fathers" of one of the most infamous con-games in the history of humankind.*

Clement of Alexandria, in his *Miscellanies* (*Stromata*), appears to blame the sinning angels in addition because they "told to the women the secrets which had come to their knowledge; while the rest of the angels concealed them, or, rather, kept them against the coming of the Lord." These "secrets", we learn from several of the Christist Fathers, were the arts of metallurgy, dyeing, the properties of herbs, astronomy and astrology, etc. Reasoning from this assumption—that certain sciences and industrial arts were imparted to mankind from sinful angels, we need not wonder that Tertullian pertinently asks:

"But, if the self-same angels who disclosed both the material substances of this kind and their charms—of gold, I mean, and lustrous stones—and taught men how to work them, and by and by instructed them, among their other instructions, in the virtue of eye-lid powder and the dyeing of fleeces, have been condemned by God, as Enoch tells us, how shall we please God while we joy in the things of those angels who, on these accounts, have provoked the anger and vengeance of God?"



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*Tertul. on Female Dress, II. 10.*

This thought seems to have been to him a matter of serious moment, for he enlarges upon it as follows when speaking of the dress and ornamentation of women:

“For they, withal, who instituted them are assigned, under condemnation, to the penalty of death—those angels to wit, who rushed from heaven on the daughters of men; so that this ignominy also attached to women. For when to an age much more ignorant (than ours) they had disclosed certain well-concealed material substances, and several not well-revealed scientific arts—if it is true that they had laid bare the operations of metallurgy, and had divulged the natural properties of herbs, and had promulgated the powers of enchantment, and had traced out every curious art, even to the interpretation of the stars—they conferred properly and as it were peculiarly upon women that instrumental means of womanly ostentation, the radiance of jewels wherewith necklaces are variegated, and the circlets of gold wherewith the arms are compressed, and the medicaments of archil with which wools are colored, and that black powder itself wherewith the eyelids and eyelashes are made prominent. What is the quality of these things may be declared meantime, even at this point, from the quality and condition of their teachers; in that sinners could never have either shown or supplied anything conducive to integrity, unlawful lovers anything conducive to chastity, renegade spirits anything to the fear of God. If these things are to be called *teachings*, ill masters must of necessity have taught ill; if *wages of lust*, there is nothing base of which the wages are honorable. But why was it of so much importance to show these things as well as to confer them? Was it that women without material causes of splendor, and without ingenious contrivances of grace, could not please men, who, while undorned and uncouth, and—so to say—crude and rude, had moved the minds of angels? Or was it that the angelic lovers would appear sordid and—through gratuitous use—contumelious, if they had conferred no compensating gift on the women who had been enticed into connubial connection with them? But these questions admit of no calculation. Women who possessed angels as husbands could desire nothing more; they had, forsooth, made a grand match. Assuredly they who of course did sometimes think whence they had fallen and, after the heated impulses of their lusts, looked



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up toward heaven, thus requited that very excellence of women, natural beauty, as having proved a cause of evil, in order that their good fortune might profit them nothing but that, being turned from simplicity and sincerity they, together with the angels themselves, might become offensive to God. Sure they were all that ostentation and ambition, and love of pleasing by carnal means, was displeasing to God."

(*Tertullian on Female Dress, Ch. II.*)

Again, we must remark that, for a Christist Father, Tertullian seems to have been almost sane. And he certainly knew something more about women than could have been learned from "impure" boys in the baths.

Cyprian, when blaming virgins for wearing jewels, necklaces and wool stuffs colored with costly dyes, likewise remarks:

"...All which things sinning and apostate angels put forth by their arts, when, lowered to the contagions of earth, they forsook their heavenly vigor."

(*On the Dress of Virgins, 14*)

When we remember that early Christism set its face like a flint against all delights of the senses, and that this extreme reaction of the spiritual against the sensuous has largely shaped our social customs of today, we begin to see how important and far-reaching were these opinions of the early Church Fathers that feminine adornment had been taught by angels who had sinned in wedding earthly women, and that it was therefore a sinful thing in that it had emanated from a depraved source. Some of the theories built upon this assumption are quite curious. Here are a few:

"That which He Himself has not produced is not pleasing to God, unless He was *unable* to order sheep to be born with purple and sky-blue fleeces: if He was able, then plainly He was *unwilling*; what God willed not, of course, ought not to be fashioned."

(*Tertullian on Female Dress, I. 8.*)

"For it was God, no doubt, who showed the way to dye wools with the juices of herbs and the humors of conchs; it had escaped Him, when He was bidding the Universe come into being, to issue a command for the production of purple and scarlet sheep."

(*Ib., II. 10.*)

"Why should she walk out adorned? Why with dressed hair, as if she



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either had or sought for a husband? Rather let her dread to please if she is a virgin. It is not right that a virgin should have her hair braided for the appearance of her beauty."

(*Cyprian on the Dress of Virgins*, 5.)

"You are bound to please your husbands only. But you will please *them* in proportion as you take no care to please others. Be ye without carefulness, blessed sisters; no wife is ugly to her own husband. She pleased him enough when she was selected by him as his wife; whether commended by form or by character. Let none of you think that if she abstain from the care of her person (*compositione sui*) she will incur the hatred and aversion of husbands. Every husband is the exactor of *chastity*; but *beauty* a believing husband does not require, because we are not captivated by the same graces which the Gentiles think to be graces."

(*Tertullian on Female Dress*, Book II, Ch. IV.)

*Such total contradictions of statements, or expression of conflicting emotions and attitudes by the same character, abound in the fabrication called "The New Testament", and can be detected even in the principal anti-hero of those immoral fables. The reader is reminded that a while ago we remarked that Tertullian, for a Roman Church Father, sounded almost sane; well, either some scoundrel of the times came to the same conclusion and decided to do for him what Bowdler did for Shakespeare, or he speedily went off his nut, like the others.*

"O good matrons, flee from the adornment of vanity! Such attire is fitting for women who haunt the brothels. To a wife approved of her husband, let it suffice that she is so not by her dress, but by her good disposition."

(*The Instructions of Commodianus in favor of Christian Discipline against the Gods of the Heathens*, 59.)

Let us remember that these and similar teachings by the early Christist Fathers have laid the foundation of our present marriage customs. The theory that a woman sins in adorning herself to please a husband (whether present or prospective) is still indescribably popular among devout Christists.

Commodianus ascribes the teaching of "arts, and the dyeing of wool,



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and everything which is done", not to the angels but to the giant progeny. And he adds:

"To them, when they died, man erected images. But the Almighty, because they were of an evil seed, did not approve that, when dead, they should be brought back from death. Whence wandering they now subvert many bodies, and it is such as these especially that ye this day worship and pray to as gods."

*(Ibidem)*

The author of the Clementine Homilies records a tradition concerning these gigantic "wanderers" on the borders of Ghostland which seems to be that they were not unable to beget children. After speaking of the Deluge, he says:

"Since, therefore, the souls of the deceased giants were greater than human souls, inasmuch as they also excelled their bodies, they, as being a new race, were called also by a new name. And to those who survived in the world a law was prescribed by God through an angel, how they should live. For being bastards in race, of the fire of angels and the blood of woman, and therefore liable to desire a certain race of their own, they were anticipated by a certain righteous law."

*(Clementine, Homilies, VIII, 18.)*

Inasmuch as the Deluge had already destroyed every one on the earth except Noah and his family, we see that the author cannot mean by those who survived in the world any giants still in the flesh. Moreover, the decree which follows and which prescribes that they were to have power over only those human beings who broke the moral law and practiced magic would indicate these "giants" had then entered upon what Theosophists would call the astral; and from the paragraph quoted above, it is evidently taken for granted that these astral giants would propagate their kind. This is an important point—the testimony of a Christist Father of a tradition that human beings (not created angels) who had once inhabited bodies, could beget children on the plane of the astral unless prevented by the direct prohibition of Heaven. If it be objected that the author refers to giants still in earthly form when he speaks of "those who survived in the world", I am sure that the statement follows a remark about the Deluge and that in that case the surviving giants must have been Noah and his family. This view,



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however, is absurd, when we consider that the decree forbade the giants to assume power over any but the human race. If Noah and his family were the surviving giants, where would be the sense in promulgating such a decree to them? This same author gives an account of the doings of the angelic fathers of these giants which reminds one of the spirit seances of the late Rev. Stainton Moses, when under conditions which precluded all fraud or illusion tiny pearls and other precious stones suddenly materialized before the sitters.

*The reader is earnestly warned that spiritualistic seances are to be rigorously avoided by anyone aspiring to practice true Magick; Levi's analysis of spiritism should be collated with what Crowley has to say on the subject in several passages of his works. Even supposing, for one moment, that the seances of the "Reverend" Stainton Moses would legitimately yield the produce so loved by pawnbrokers, the power to do so, as Crowley would say, is not the kind the wise Aspirant should seek after, or even abide in his or her catalogue of the Siddha.*

Here is the tradition recorded by the Christist Fathers:

"For of the spirits who inhabit the heaven, the angels who dwell in the lowest region, being grieved at the ingratitude of man to God, asked that they might come into the life of man, that, really becoming man, by more intercourse they might convict those who had acted ungratefully towards Him, and might subject every one to adequate punishment. Then, therefore, their petition was granted; they metamorphosed themselves into every nature; for, being of a more god-like substance, they were able easily to assume any form. So they became precious stones, and goodly pearl, and the most beauteous purple, and choice gold, and all matter that is held in most esteem. And they fell into the hands of some, and into the bosoms of others, and suffered themselves to be stolen by them. They also changed themselves into beasts and reptiles and fishes and bird, and into whatsoever they pleased. These things, also, the poets among yourselves by reason of fearlessness sing, as they befall, attributing to one the many and diverse doings of all."

(Clementine, Homilies, VIII, 12.)

*We must remind the reader, once more, that such apologies, that look*



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*so quaint and amusing now, were then deadly weapons of theology through which many a human body was defaced and many a human mind destroyed before the final burning in the public bonfire, when the cries of pain of the victims were echoed by the unctuous prayers of the Christist priests.*

*What must be always kept in mind is that all those theological pretenses at reasoning are but a defence-mechanism through which those half-insane, sex-starved, mostly homosexual or castrated "Church" Fathers tried to endow their constant inner suffering with some sham appearance of nobility. They suffered—the result of their own stupidity and their own moral cowardice—but it was "safer" for their diseased egos to tell themselves that they had "sinned", and were being deservedly punished by Big Daddy, than to admit that the Universe paid no more special attention to them than it would to a microbe. Actually, they were so averse to common-sense that they did not even conceive of the microbe, and the first man to invent a microscope had to gallop all over Europe, one step ahead of the Inquisitors.*

*We will repeat ourselves, for the sake of those that missed the point we tried to put across in EQUINOX V 2: there was no Fall. Therefore, there was no sin. Therefore, there is no guilt. Therefore, there is no need for grace. DO WHAT THOU WILT!*

*Then, "having assumed these forms, they convicted as covetous those who stole them, and changed themselves into the nature of man, in order that, living holily, and showing the possibility of so living, they might subject the ungrateful to punishment."*

*Always punishment! Always the S-M trip!*

*However, "having become in all respects men, they also became subject, to masculine infirmities, and fell."*

*Does it not seem as though we had here a survival of Animism—a state of mind frequent among savages, children and animals, in which an inanimate object which moves without visible cause or manifests in any peculiar way is thought to be alive? A horse is often terrified by a piece of paper blown in front of him; evidently he takes it for a live creature. Savages speak of the sun and moon as living individuals because of their apparently voluntary journeys through the sky; among the Kukis of*



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Southern Asia, if a man was killed by a fall from a tree, his relatives would take their revenge by cutting the tree down, scattering it in chips. A modern King of Cochin, China, when one of his ships sailed badly, used to put it in the pillory, as he would any other criminal (*Bastian, Oestl., Asein, Vol. 1, p. 51.*). In classical times, the stories of Xerxes flogging the Hellespont and Cyrus draining the Gyndes occur as cases in point, but one of the regular Athenian legal proceedings is a yet more striking relic. A court of justice was held at the Prytaneum, to try any inanimate object, such as an axle, a piece of wood or stone, which had caused the death of anyone without proved human agency; and this wood or stone, if condemned, was with solemn form cast beyond the border. The spirit of this remarkable procedure reappears in the old English law (repealed in the present reign) whereby not only a beast that kills a man, but a cart-wheel that runs over him, was forfeited and sold for the poor. The pathetic custom of "telling the bees" when the master or mistress of a house dies, is not unknown in our own country. In Berlin, Germany, the idea is more fully worked out; and not only is the sad message given to every beehive in the garden, and every beast in the stall, but every sack of corn must be touched and everything in the house shaken, that they may know the master is gone. (*Tylor, Primitive Culture, I 286-7.*) And we all know that even an intelligent nineteenth century man is not above administering an angry kick to a chair against which he has bruised himself.

Now, the author of the Clementine Homilies seems to have similarly lighted on an instance of Animism in connection with gold, pearls, precious stones, etc. In prehistoric times this tradition, rational and intelligible, may suppose that these precious articles had moved or otherwise behaved as though endowed with life in the ancient times to which the tradition relates. Could it be that they suddenly appeared to those prehistoric gazers, coming from no one knew where, and moved about by unseen hands? As tables are lifted, bells rung, banjos played or flowers materialized at a modern Spiritist seance? As they were reputed to have come by occult means, supposed to be heavenly. The people who witnessed the phenomena were probably not accustomed to clear-headed and intelligent investigation of such phenomena. One sees at once it was an Animistic explanation such as is given in the Clementine Homilies. As to



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the frightened horse, and to the ignorant savage, inanimate things seem to be alive, so may the precious objects which materialized at those prehistoric seances have seemed to the amazed beholders to be living creatures, inasmuch as they sped through the air without visible support. If alive, they surely (so would argue the witnesses) must be angelic beings, since they were said to come from heaven; and the attendant phenomena of the seance no doubt would increase the awe with which these "angels" were received and treasured. An "angel" is simply a vehicle for a message, in the original signification. Let us glance in passing at the accounts of materializing through the psychic power. In this sense, a pearl materialized through the psychic power of so reliable a modern medium as the Rev. Stainton Moses, plainly by occult means, might be called an "angel"—i.e., the means by which the message from the unseen reached the sitters. In after times, when the word angel had come to be specialized as a personal envoy from Heaven, the old tradition about the pearls and precious stones which had evidently come as "angels" (vehicles for a heaven-sent message), whenever told, would probably be adopted to the specialized meaning and it would be said, as above, that personal beings transformed into those inanimate things. First, as to the manifestations through the Rev. Stainton Moses lately declared in his journal, occurs the following entry:

Tuesday, September 9th, 1873

"Same conditions. Plentiful scent as before. Sixteen little pearls were put on the table, six having been previously given during the day. Mrs. Speer and I were writing at the same table, and a pearl was put on my letter as I was writing. After that I saw a spirit standing by Mrs. Speer, and was told that it was Mentor, who had put a pearl on Mrs. Speer's desk. After that four others came. They seemed to drop on the table, just as I have seen them with Mrs. A—h. We have in all twenty-two now. They are small seed pearls, each perforated."

A week later, there is this entry:

"When we broke up we found a little heap of pearls was put before each. One hundred and thirty-nine little pearls have been brought to us, one hundred and ten in the last two days."

(This, it appears from another witness, occurred in daylight.)



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Dr. Speer (referred to by Miss X. in *Borderland* as "a highly intelligent and by no means credulous witness") gives a striking instance of the materialization of a precious object:

December 31st, 1872

"A very successful seance. A blue enamel cross was brought, no one knew whence, placed before my wife, who was told to wear it."

Mrs. Speer testifies as follows:

Ventnor, November 29th, 1893

"I wish to state that the most convincing evidences of spirit-power *always* took place when hands were held.

"Other manifestations occurred, often in light, such as raps, raising of table, scent, musical sounds, and showers of pearls. Two cameos were carved in light while we were dining."

Before leaving this part of the subject, it may be well to quote the following by Miss X. in *Borderland*. (Miss X., I would add, is by no means a spiritualist, but is distinctly opposed to the Spiritistic hypothesis):

*It is quite possible that "Miss X.", who is quoted more than once, was Ms. Craddock herself.*

"Mr. Stainton Moses has for many years been one of the most important witnesses for Spiritualism. The fact that, like Professor Crookes and Alfred Russell Wallace, he was a gentleman, a scholar, and a man of recognized position and character, was, to say the least, a good letter of introduction. It may be said, once for all, that it is unnecessary to insist on the absolute sincerity of Mr. Stainton Moses. It is a point which has never been so much as raised. His life has been of a kind not to be called in question—obscure without mystery, dignified without pedantry, lived in the sight of just that class of the public which demands the strictest respectability of conduct, the most unequivocal correspondence between life and profession. As a clergyman, he was beloved by his parishioners, as a schoolmaster he was respected by his boys, as a personal friend he commanded the confidence and esteem of all his intimates."

*It seems that all you need in order to perform miraculous showers of little pearls is a good credit rating, and personal references of the sort the Reagan electors might approve.*

May it not be that the phenomena recorded by the author of the



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Clementine Homilies are essentially the same in kind as those referred to above in the case of the Rev. Stainton Moses?

*But why should anybody waste time considering the asinine theologisms of asinine, sex-starved professional priests, worthy of explanation or argument? One is reminded of the fact that nowadays, in the Chateau d'If, those fool enough to wish to see it will be shown the dungeon where Dumas' fictitious character, Edmond Dantès, "lived"; and even the tunnel he carved in The Count of Monte-Cristo in order to escape! As Mark Twain well said, truth is hard to believe, but a lie well told lives forever.*

St. Augustine, considering the possibility of occult sex relations between earthly women and beings from the unseen world, remarks:

"The Scriptures plainly aver that the angels have appeared both in visible and palpable figures. And seeing it is so general a report, and so many aver it either from their own experience or from others, that are of indubitable honesty and credit, that the sylvans and fauns, commonly called incubi, have often injured women, and that certain devils from the Gauls called "Duses" do continually practice this, and tempt others to it, which is affirmed by such persons, and with such confidence that it were impudence to deny it.

*It is this kind of logic that led hundreds of thousands of innocent women and men to the Inquisitional bonfire. The argumentation is worse than ridiculous, it is inane. And it should be noticed that Augustine was one of the less diseased minds of the Christist heresy. Imagine the rest!*

"I dare not venture to determine anything here; whether the devils being embodied in air (for the air being violently moved is to be felt) can suffer this lust, or move it so as the women with whom they commix may feel it; yet do I firmly believe that God's angels could never fall so at that time."

*St. Augustine's City of God, XV, 23.*

Notice the perplexity of St. Augustine as a logician. He cannot deny that occult sex relations exist on the Borderland, the testimony to this is too widespread and of too reliable a character. But (we can imagine him saying), how to reconcile these phenomena with the popular belief that the inhabitants of the world beyond the grave are immaterial, vapory, mist-like beings?



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How can such a hazy, ethereal creature as a ghost produce objective sensations of touch upon an earthly being? And if possible—as he ingeniously supposes, by such means as air becomes perceptible to us when violently put in motion—how reconcile such phenomena with the belief that sex is impure, and that it does not exist in the world beyond the grave? How could God's angels ever fall so? It were impossible!

But St. Augustine evidently starts from two hypotheses—the insubstantiality of ghosts and the impurity (footnote, as will be seen by a perusal of the quotation in full), and, therefore, non-existence of sex, neither of which two hypotheses has ever been definitely proven. As a logician, therefore, he is at fault, and I have already shown the danger of starting from mistaken premises when dealing with occult phenomena. The two hypotheses, however, were not peculiar to St. Augustine. They were, and are, the common property of the majority of mankind. But it does not follow that they are correct: and the psychic who rashly assumes their truth to start with (through prejudice or because other people think so) may expect to be deluded, and to come upon all sorts of fantastic, and possibly diabolical, manifestations. Such is the occult law. Start with a false premise or with a premise which you have not investigated with scrupulous care, and you are certain to get phenomena of either a misleading or a depraved character.

*This last sentence is a most apt, acute, and valuable observation. Too many people who dabble in parapsychological phenomena ignore it.*

But all the Christist Fathers did not accept the possibility of bridegrooms from the unseen world. There were then, as now, materialist minds which disbelieved in ghosts. Alexander, Bishop of Lycopolis, endeavored to explain away angelic bridegrooms as myths, thus:

“When the Jewish history relates that angels came down to hold intercourse with the daughters of men, this saying signifies that the nutritive powers of the soul descended from heaven to earth.”

*(On the Tenants of the Manicheans, XXV.)*

*A point of view at least as valid, and sounder, than many.*

Hence the “injuring” of women by incubi—to which St. Augustine refers, an injuring either wholly subjective and illusory, or, if objectively real, was brought about in part by the woman's ignorance of the occult re-



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quirements of correct living and clear-headedness on the Borderland, in part by her failure to thus live and think on the earthly plane.

It would be interesting to know his authority for this. Rationalistic theories cannot rest, as do folklore traditions, upon a mere say-so; they must be supported either by testimony or by argument. Otherwise, we are obliged to dismiss them as the whimsical fancies of a solitary individual.

Origen says he will "persuade those who were capable of understanding the meaning of the prophet, that even before us there was one who referred this narrative to the doctrine regarding souls, which became possessed with a desire for the corporeal life of men" and thus in metaphorical language he said were termed "daughters of men". But Origen does not give his authority, nor advances any argument in support of this explanation.

Julius Africanus suggests another Rationalistic explanation, but is candid enough to give it as his own notion. He says:

"When men multiplied on the earth, the angels of heaven came together with the daughters of men. In some copies I find 'the sons of God'. What is meant by the Spirit, in my opinion...

*The expression "Spirit" here means the Holy Ghost. It was the opinion of the early Christist Fathers that the Hebrew prophets really became inspired (notice the connection between this expression and the physiological phenomena of respiration) by the Holy Spirit.*

"... is that the descendants of Seth are called the sons of God on account of the righteous men and patriarchs who have sprung from him even down to the Saviour Himself; but that the descendants of Cain are named the seed of men, as having nothing divine in them, on account of the wickedness of their race and the inequality of their nature, being a mixed people, and having stirred the indignation of God."

This ingenious theory has been eagerly grasped at by succeeding Christist writers who disbelieve in the substantiatlity of ghosts. So able a commentator in modern times, however, as Delitzsch (*On Genesis*) decides against this view, and quotes various authorities which I give elsewhere. He also quotes Keil as demonstrating that two of the Hebrew words in the text in Genesis show that "the contraction of actual and lasting marriages" is meant.



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Julius Africanus, indeed, seems to have had doubts as to whether the current tradition about angelic bridegrooms might not be true after all, for he adds directly upon the heels of the above theory:

"But if it is thought that these refer to angels, we must take them to be those who deal with magic and jugglery, who taught the women the motions of the stars and the knowledge of things celestial, by whose power they conceived the giants as their children, by whom wickedness came to its heights on the earth, until God decreed that the whole race of the living should perish in their impiety by the Deluge."

*(Extant Fragments of the Five Books of the Chronography of Julius Africanus, in Georgius Syncellus, Chron., p. 19, al 15, ed. Paris, 14 Venet.)*

Nevertheless, Rationalists and Materialists are in the minority among the Fathers of the "Church" as regards this subject. The majority accepted the accounts in Genesis and Enoch at their face value.

To briefly sum up the majority's views of early Christism on this matter:

1. Angels of a superior order did come into the earthly life—whether (a) because God sent them, or (b) because they were moved with indignation at the ingratitude of men toward God and came voluntarily in order to reconcile God and man, or (c) because they were enticed by women on the earth, the traditions do not agree.

2. Having come into this earthly life, they became either the lovers or the husbands of women, whether beguiled thereto in part by the Devil, or wholly by the women or, partially or wholly by their own desires, the traditions again do not agree. One tradition, as we have seen, hints at the sin of Sodom; and an interference on the astral plane with the rights of earthly husbands; others hint at illicit amours; but Tertullian demonstrates unanswerably from sacred Scripture that the angels were the wedded husbands of the daughters of men, and that these daughters were virginal at the time of wedding their angelic lovers.

*"Demonstrates unanswerably." Yawn.*

This was not, however, all their sin. One tradition, as we have seen, makes a vague allusion to the sin of Sodom in connection with the intercourse of angels with women.

*Delicately put. She means that a woman may be virginal in front and*



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*well used behind. This, indeed, is extremely common in societies where Roman Catholicism predominates.*

3. That an angel should seek a woman in honorable marriage, specially an earthly woman, it would appear, was reckoned a sin. When asked why, we find that the "Church" Fathers, one and all, treated marriage as a mere expedient. Tertullian said that the reason why 'marrying' is good is that 'burning' is worse. Minneius Felix (*Octavius XXXI*) remarks that "with some, even the modest intercourse of the sexes causes a blush."

*Oh, dear me!... Swish, swish, and all that.*

Methodius has an entire book devoted to an argument offered by ten virgins against wedlock and in behalf of perpetual virginity. Origen says: "God has allowed us to marry, because all are not fit for the higher, that is, the perfectly pure life." Cyprian says that "Chastity maintains the first rank in virgins, the second in those who are continent, the third in the case of wedlock". He also says:

"What else is virginity than the glorious preparation for the future life? Virginity is of neither sex. Virginity is the continuance of infancy.

*In short, the continuous postponement of maturity.*

"Virginity is the triumph over pleasures. Virginity has not children; but what is more, it has contempt for offspring; it has not fruitfulness, but neither has it bereavement; blessed that it is free from the pain of bringing forth, more blessed still that it is free from the calamity of the death of children.

*In short, if thine ignorance makes it impossible for thee to save the life of children by cleanliness and healthy habits and such other devilish pagan means, thy stupidity is dear to the Christist God, and thine impotence is equated with purity.*

"What else is virginity than the freedom of liberty? It has no husband or master. Virginity is freed from all affections; it has not given up to marriage, nor to the world, nor to children."

*(Cyprian, Of the Discipline of Chastity, 7.)*

*These supposed advantages of virginity are, however, merely the advantages of remaining single, as many feminists have begun to notice.*

Justin Martyr exults that "many, both men and women of the age of sixty and seventy years, who have been disciples of Christ from their youth,



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continue in immaculate virginity.”

*Supposing for one moment that this statement was supported by actual fact—something impossible to prove even at that time—the advantage of such “virginity” was a typical superstition inherited from the Cult of At-tys, and created the monstrous psychological states responsible for the persecutions and assassinations perpetrated by the Christists during the Dark Ages.*

In a spurious fragment credited to “Hippolytus, the Syrian Expositor of the Targum”, the writer refers to an ancient Hebrew MS., which tells of Noah being commanded by God to stake off each male animal in the ark “for the sake of decency and purity”! The Church Fathers generally held that the one object of the marriage institution is to bear children. The other and principal object of marriage, which runs through all nature from protoplasmic cells up to man—of mutual exchange of strength and mutual happiness—seems to have been totally ignored by the early Christist Fathers. Lactantius held that it is impossible the two sexes could have been constructed except for the sake of generation. Justin Martyr says frankly:

“Neither marry at first, for no other object than to rear children, or else abstaining from marriage continue to live in a state of continence.”

*(Apology I, 37)*

He notes with approval a Christist youth who begged Felix, the governor of Alexandria, for permission to be made a eunuch by a physician, in order to attest his continence to the world. (Felix, however, had the good sense to refuse.) To such an extent was this unnatural loathing for wedlock carried, that Constantine found it judicious to remove the old-time penalties against celibacy, because of the many Christists who continued celibates from motives of religion.

*Cf. Letter to a Brazilian Mason on Constantine's pact with the Roman heresy.*

Since marriage on natural grounds was thus deprecated by the early Christist Church as impure when occurring between earthly men and women, we need not wonder that she viewed with horror the very thought of wedlock with an angel, inasmuch as angels were supposed to be above earthly weaknesses. Having thus started from a false premise, i.e., that marital passion cannot be pure in God's sight, there was no other deduc-



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tion to be made regarding these love-matches between angels and women but that they were sinful.

4. But, according to the Christist Fathers, the angels committed other sins, in addition to seeking a woman in honorable marriage. They actually endeavored to beautify the world into which they had come, and to make men wiser and happier by teaching them various arts and sciences! One might have thought this a cause for gratitude; but the Church Fathers, having started from a false premise, were logically bound to deduce the theory which Tertullian did—that as these spirit husbands were fallen angels, what they taught could not possibly be conducive either to integrity, chastity, or the fear of God. Therefore, dress and adornment and the industrial arts of dyeing and metallurgy were sinful, and consequently, displeasing to the Almighty. Very different is the view taken by a more modern writer, Sir Thomas Browne, the author of the *Religio Medici*, who, advocating the doctrine of this celestial guardianship over marriage on earth, observes: "I do think that many mysteries ascribed to our own inventions have been the courteous revelation of spirits; for these noble essences in heaven bear a friendly regard unto their fellow natures on earth."

(*Apparitions*, pp. 3-4. R cv. Bouchier Wrey Savile, London, 1880.)

5. Ambition plays a prominent part in the traditions, it will be noticed. It is said that these angels were ambitious for earthly power and exacted libations and sacrifices; and also that they were the beings whom the heathen ignorantly supposed to be gods.

But if the reader will recall what I have said about the misleadings in spirit manifestations when the psychic starts from a false premise, he will understand how possible it is that we have to deal here with subjective illusions, and not objective realities; and that the lower estimate in which these angelic visitors came to be held was due entirely to the failure of earthly psychics to keep the laws of correct moral living or common sense; then, weaknesses and vanities and superstitions will be played upon *ad libitum*. As for the giant offspring said to have resulted from these unions—offspring which in the male line became evil-doers, and finally demons on the astral plane—if the reader will consider that necessity to which I have referred for correct living and clear thinking on both sides of



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the abyss of death, if the bridge of communication is to hold, he will see that if these "giants" continued to influence the world from the astral plane they could not be evil demons, but must be beneficent helpers of mankind. But there is, I think, grave doubt as to whether such offspring ever resulted from these unions between angels and earthly women, as the reader will see when I come to speak of the occult laws governing such unions. Nevertheless, there is something to be said on both sides, and we should do well to reserve our judgment until all the evidence is before us.

We have seen that Commodianus says that these giants are the gods to whom the heathen ignorantly prayed.

*Of course, as the wily author herself has already pointed out, the heathen might have replied that the Christist story of "Jesus"'s birth was merely the story of the birth of one of those giants. Much later, indeed, many "heathens" did reply so—and were disemboweled, burned alive, drawn and quartered, etc. etc. etc. for having spoken in the hearing of the "mild and loving" followers of the Romish imposture.*

Justin Martyr, mindful of certain similarities between the stories told of those same heathen gods and the scriptural account of Jesus, advances the theory that the demons had some imperfect perception of the coming Messiah, gleaned from the Old Testament prophecies, and that they tried to forestall Christism by ascribing Christ's possible attributes in advance to the gods.

*In short, in the supernatural universe of the Christist theologians the principle of chronology is irrelevant. I might as well argue that J. B. Rhine was not a shameless copier of Crowley's statistical approach to physical clairvoyance, although Rhine started his "parapsychological" experiments years after Crowley had laid down the rules of mathematical analysis of clairvoyant experiments in Liber E. If I wanted to be really unctuous about it, I could say that Crowley was a demon who tried to discredit the genius of St. J. B. Rhine by anticipating the great man's "discovery" of E.S.P. In theology, specially Christist theology, anything is possible. If it fattens the "priesthood".*

Justin says: "The demons, then, hearing these prophetic words (Genesis 49: 10, 11), asserted that Bacchus was born the son of Jupiter; they ascribed to him also the invention of the vine, and in the celebration of his



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mysteries led an ass in procession, and taught that Bacchus was torn in pieces and taken up into heaven."

*(Justin Martyr's Apology, I. 71)*

Justin also draws a comparison between some of these gods and Christ, to show that Christianity claims no more for its god than did the heathen for those whom they called "Sons of Jove". He says:

"When we affirm that the Word, which is the first-begotten of God, was born without carnal knowledge, even Jesus Christ our Master, and that he was crucified, and rose again and ascended into heaven, we advance no new thing different from what is maintained respecting those whom ye call sons of Jupiter. For ye well know how many sons your approved writers attribute to Jupiter: Mercury, the word of interpretation and teacher of all men; Esculapius, who was a physician, and yet was struck with lightning and taken up into heaven; Bacchus, who was torn in pieces; Hercules, who burned himself upon the pyre to escape his torments; Castor and Pollux, the sons of Leda; Perseus the son of Danae; and Bellerophon, born of human race, and carried away upon the horse Pegasus. Neither is it necessary that I should relate to you, who already know well, of what kind were the actions of each of those who were called the sons of Jupiter; I need only say, that the writings in which they are recorded tend only to corrupt and pervert the minds of those who learn them; for all take a pride in being the imitators of the gods.

*Ten centuries later Thomas à Kempis would write his Imitation of Christ. He survived into his nineties, but even in his days there were many who suggested he should be burned alive for blasphemy, although his book was carefully respectful towards established Christist theology.*

But if we say that he (Jesus) was begotten of God, in a manner far different from ordinary generation, being the Word of God, as we have before said, let this be considered a correspondence with your own tenets, when ye call Mercury the word who bears messages from God. And if any one objects to us that He was crucified, this too is a point of correspondence with those whom ye call the sons of Jupiter, and yet allow to have suffered. Again, if we affirm that he was born of a virgin, let this be considered a point in which he agrees with what you (fabulously) ascribe to Perseus. And whereas we say that he made those whole, who were lame,



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palsied and blind from their birth, and raised the dead; in this too we ascribe to him actions similar to those which are said to have been performed by Esculapius.

*(Justin Martyr's Apology I, 28, 29, 30)*

*In short, the wily theologian is saying that, since his "Jesus" was not different from the "heathen" gods, the "heathen" should accept his existence; but since he was "better" than the "heathen" gods, the "heathen" should abandon their gods and follow him. But how was he better, since his hagiography was so totally similar or analogous to so many others? Simple: he was better because Justin said so. It remained for the A. . A. . to establish the Method of Science in the study of religion.*

We thus see that the heathen gods and heroes whose father was Jupiter, the Christist Messiah whose father was the holy spirit and the traditional "giants" whose fathers were angels were, in the eyes of at least one Church Father, but different aspects of the same underlying principle: the possibility of marital union between dwellers in the unseen world and dwellers upon the earth, for the purpose of begetting children.

*Now, this is not in the least what Justin had in mind, of course; but if he could be specious, why cannot the wily Ida do the same?... It is easy to see why she was surrounded by a wave of telepathic hatred! Remember that the only reason why Christists no longer burn people alive in public squares is because they are not allowed to do so. Their malice, barred from expressing itself in the ways dearest to their appetites, is no less active on the mental and emotional levels; perhaps it is even intensified by their frustration.*

Today, however, we look upon the story of virgin-born Perseus as fabulous. But the ancient heathen opponents of Justin seem to have accorded as scant respect to the story of the virgin-born Jesus as we do to the story of virgin-born Perseus. Now, to laugh to scorn the birth of Perseus from the occult union of God with one virgin, and then to accept without question the birth of Jesus from the occult union of God with another virgin, is somewhat inconsistent.

*Do you get the point? She should have realized that to try to instil logic into theology is to court the accusation of being mentally unbalanced. She was saying, in fact, that if a holy spirit could have intercourse with the*



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*Virgin Mary, why could not her holy spirit have intercourse with her? The question is unanswerable; the only possible reaction to it is to try to destroy the questioner. This will certainly not prove the validity of your religion; but it will prove its temporal power, which is the only thing the Romish heresy ever worried about, or still worries about to this day.*

On strictly logical grounds, if one story be false, so may the other be false; if one be true, so may the other be true. But Perseus is only one of many virgin-born heroes or gods. We find these children of a visible earthly mother and an invisible, celestial mysterious father the world over, in all ages.

There was Buddha, the child of Maya and a celestial god being who, in the form of a white elephant, entered her side; or, according to De Gingnes (see Higgins, *Anacalypsis* I, 157) his mother conceived by a ray of light, and without defilement.

The Hindu Chrishna was born of a chaste matron who, though a wife and a mother, is always spoken of as the Virgin Devaki. Chrishna, by the way, has many attributes in common with Kama, the East Indian god of love, corresponding to the Latin Cupid. He is represented as black—a symbolism to which I will return later on.

The Egyptian God Ra was born from the side of his mother, "but was not engendered".

The Mayas of Yucatan had a virgin-born god, named Zama.

Among the Algonquin Indians we find the tradition of a great teacher, by name Michabou, who was born of a celestial Manitou and an earthly mother.

"Upon the altars of the Chinese temples were placed behind a screen images of Shin-Moo, or the 'Holy Mother', sitting with a child in her arms, in an alcove, with rays of glory around her head, and tapers constantly burning before her." (*Rev. Joseph B. Gross, Heathen Religion*, 60, quoted in *Bible Myths*, p. 327.) Shin-moo is called the "Mother Goddess", and the "Virgin".

In ancient Mexico, "the virgin Chimalman, also called Solchiquetzal or Suchiquecal, was the mother of Quecalcoatle (evidently the same as Quetalcoatl, who was crucified as a Saviour for the Mexicans, as Jesus was for the Christian world.)



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*This parenthesis is by Ida Craddock, and shows how Christists manage to deturpate everything. She is misinformed; Quetzalcoatl was not crucified. This was a later interpolation of the Spanish missionaries, done in order to corrupt the Indians completely by identifying their Guardian God with the "Jesus" of those who were massacring and enslaving them.*

In one representation he is shown hanging by the neck holding a cross in his hands. His complexion is quite black.

*Again, this is Christist corruption. Quetzalcoatl was always represented as a white, bearded man; and was said to have departed Yucatan many centuries before, promising to return. He abhorred and forbade human sacrifice, and taught the Aztecs many crafts. The Spaniards were well received in Mexico at first, because of their similarity—white bearded men—with Quetzalcoatl, a similarity of which Cortez took advantage, declaring that he was the God returned. The Aztecs' superstitious fear that this might be true was of enormous tactical value to the invaders; otherwise, they might have lost and been destroyed.*

Sochiquetzal means *the lifting up of Roses*. (This is really our Sukey, and the Greek  $\psi\theta\chi\eta$ , Psyche, which means the soul, and which was appropriately applied to the bride of the spirit-lover, Cupid.) Eve is called Ysnextli, and it is said she sinned by plucking roses. But in another place, these roses are called Fruta del Arbor (arbol?).

*As obvious, Ms. Craddock is beginning to hint at the symbolism of the ancient Rosicrucians. "Fruta del Arbor" would mean "Fruit of the Tree." "The Mexican Eve is called Suchiquecal. A messenger from heaven announced to her that she should bear a son, who should bruise the serpent's head. He presents her with a rose. This was the commencement of an Age, which was called the Age of Roses."*

*The following paragraph of commentary by Ms. Craddock shows where she is leading:*

(Is this the age when angels became the husbands of pure-minded women—an age fitly symbolized by the rose, the flower of perfect love? Note, also, the resemblance between this tradition and the Christist tradition, concerning the angel's offering Mary a lily-branch at the Annunciation. Evidently, these are two different aspects of the same symbolism.)

*Not so far as the symbolic polarity of the two flowers is concerned. The*



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*Rose is kteic, but the Lily is phallic.*

Higgins, continuing, says: "All this history, the monkish writer is perfectly certain is the invention of the Devil"...

*That is, the Spanish monk who first recorded the legends of the Yucatan tribes, José de Torquemada. But it was his own obsession that led him to the assertion that Quetzalcoatl had been crucified.*

...and Justin Martyr strove to account for the analogy between the story of Christ and the story of Bacchus by supposing that demons had imitated the Christist Scriptures in advance, so totally unaware was he that both stories had the same esoteric meaning to the initiate. Torquemada's Indian history...

*This Torquemada is not to be confused with the mad Dominican monk who was responsible for the death of more than two hundred thousand Jews, Moors and Gnostics in Spain in the Inquisition bonfires. This is another, minor, and more recent rascal.*

...was mutilated in Madrid before it was published.

*Naturally!*

Suchiquecal is called the Queen of Heaven. She conceived a son, without connection with man, who is the God of Air.

"The Mohammedans have a tradition that Christ was conceived by the smelling of a rose." *Anacalypsis II, 32, 33.*

*There she goes again!...*

In the Finnish epic of the Kalevala there is a heroine by the name of Mariatta (from Marja, "berry") who becomes pregnant through unwittingly eating a berry—the berry here playing a similar part to the rose referred to above in the Mohammedan tradition. She goes from one to another person, vainly seeking a place in which to bring forth her child. At last she is referred by one household to the stable of "the flaming horse of Hisi", and she then appeals to the horse of Hisi in the following words:

"Breathe, O sympathizing fire-horse,  
Breathe on me, the virgin-mother!  
Let thy heated breath give moisture,  
Let thy pleasant warmth surround me,  
Like the vapor of the morning:  
Let this pure and helpless maiden



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Find a refuge in thy manger!"

Observe that, although the mother of an illegitimate child...

*Oh, Ms. Craddock, how could you?!...*

... she, like all the mothers of such children when their father is divine or mysterious, is "pure", the "virgin-mother", etc.

These virgin-mothers are not copies of the Christist Mary.

*Actually, it is the Christist Mary who is a copy of all those virgin-mothers—a bad copy, like everything else in Romanism.*

Most, if not all of them, were known long before the days of Christianity.

*It can be seen here that Ida Craddock attempted a work very much along the lines of Helena Petrowna Blavatsky. But Blavatsky had two advantages over her: first, she was Magister Templi; second, she touched on the tenets of Christism almost in passing, concentrating on Oriental philosophy, and specifically Hindu and Tibetan traditions. This tactics misled the Christists into thinking she was not too dangerous to them. Little did they know.*

*But Ida Craddock, besides being (from what we know of her) merely an Adeptus Minor, attacked Christism at its roots, at the center of its fabric of disease—its obsession with sexual activity. A most remarkably courageous woman, who deserves the gratitude of our entire species, and perhaps that of the cetaceans as well.*

The mother of the Siamese Somona Cadom was impregnated by sunbeams, another form of Danae's golden shower. She was called Maha Maria or Maya Maria, i.e., "the Great Mary". And this brings out some curious coincidences in name among virgin-mothers. Thus:

Marietta of the Kalavala has already been referred to above.

The mother of Hermes or Mercury was Myrrha or Maia.

Maya, the mother of Buddha, is identical in name with the Hindu goddess Maya, who is represented as walking upon the waters, with her peplum teeming with animals, to show her fecundity. Maya is also a well-known Hindu term for "illusion".

The month of May (so nearly like the name of Maia) was sacred to some of the virgin-goddesses of ancient times, as it is now to Mary, the Mother of Jesus. The Christist Virgin Mary was also called Myrrha...

*Myriam, in Hebrew.*

... and she is still called Santa Maria in Southern Europe and in Mexico.



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The title bestowed on her of "Star of the Sea"—a title given to the Egyptian Virgin-Mother, Isis, perhaps two thousand years earlier—shows how close a resemblance tradition and folklore have traced between both of these virgin-mothers and the ancient genitrix of the waters. Also, the Latin "mare" and the French "mer" for "the sea" and the French "mère" for "mother" bear a striking resemblance to the name Mary in sound. And Venus, the presiding divinity of love between the sexes, was born from the foam of the sea. She is credited with having been "indulgent Venus" to a mortal man, Anchises, to whom she bore the hero of Virgil's Aeneid; a Borderland espousal, this, though here it is the wife and not the husband who comes from the invisible world.

The Apocryphal Gospels speak of the Virgin Mary's being brought up as an orphan, in the temple, and they refer to her as an obedient and pure-minded maiden, accustomed to holding daily converse with angels. That she should have been called by the same root-name as these ancient virgin-mothers is, therefore, the less remarkable, if we consider the possibility of her having been trained in the temple by the priests as an initiate in the sacred mysteries, and of her having passed the various ordeals so successfully as to entitle her to be called by the name sacred to the type of womanhood accounted worthy to sustain marital relations on the Borderland.

*First direct insinuation of the fact that names like "Jesus", "Christ" and "Mary" are symbolic of certain initiations. This has been very closely guarded ground for centuries: the insane founders of Christism conditioned their slaves into killing, or otherwise destroying socially, anyone who might try to expose the Mysteries that they profaned with the Council of Nicea and its blasphemous aftermath. Ida Craddock was courting disaster when she wrote about this, half a century before the obtaining of Liber AL. Persecution—deadly, vicious, relentless—and a Death Current of the most poisonous sort would inevitably have followed her stupendous act of courage.*

In some cases it would appear that ambitious princes or other designing politicians of ancient days did not scruple to avail themselves of the current belief in the possibility of divine paternity, when it would serve their purpose. It was an open secret among the Greeks that Alexander the Great



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had not hesitated to do this, on the occasion of his march into Egypt and Syria, when the oracle at the temple of Jupiter Ammon (doubtless for a bribe) declared Alexander to be the son of Jupiter, saying that this god, in the form of a serpent, had manifested to Alexander's mother.

*The rumor, however, had been started years before, by the ambitious Olympia herself, on behalf of her son. The important point here is that such things could be believed by so many people so easily.*

The serpent is, in ancient sex worship, a well-known symbol of the phallus, and therefore of the creative fatherhood...

*However, as usual in such cases, the serpent can also be symbolic of the kteis. Cf. Draco, the Dragon, and Nuit.*

... It appears in several stories of divinely begotten children.

Scipio Africanus was another politician who availed himself of the popular belief in these matters, it would seem. "There is no doubt," remarks Higgins in his *Anacalypsis*, I, 212-213, "that he aimed at the sovereignty of Rome, but the people were too sharp-sighted for him." A. Gellius says, "The wife of Publius Scipio was barren for so many years as to create a despair of issue, until one night, when her husband was absent, she discovered a large serpent in his place..."

*One wonders if the serpent in question had the legendary twelve inches so favored by male homosexuals and by a number of women?...*

... and was informed by soothsayers that she would bear a child. In a few days she perceived signs of conception, and after ten months gave birth to the conqueror of Carthage."

*Who, by the way, destroyed the city so utterly that no trace remains. But Carthage was inconveniencing Rome's commerce. As you can see, the Roman Church is appropriately located.*

The Emperor Augustus was said to have been the result of a mysterious connection of his mother with a serpent in the temple of Apollo.

*A point that should be pondered in such legends is that they are such transparent attempts to transform cuckolds into respectable saints, and cheating wives into Virgin Mothers, that the only reason why they are often so widely accepted is that an unconscious tradition of the possibility of Magickal Births is part of the genetic memory of humankind. Such Magickal Births do exist—I myself am the product of one of them. But*



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*crapulous creeds abound, falsely based on myths that mirror some of the hidden sources of human life. And that is part of what this most talented, most courageous, and most holy woman was talking about.*

Ovid in his *Fasti* records a story that Servius Tullius was son of a mysterious shape, claiming to be a vulcan, which appeared to the mother, Ocrisia, among the ashes of the altar, when she was assisting her mistress (Ocrisia was a captive) in the sacred rite of pouring a libation of wine upon the altar.

Pythagoras, who lived more than five hundred years before Christ, was said to be the offspring of Apollo. He was born on a journey, his father (or rather, his mother's earthly husband) having traveled up to Sidon on business. Pythais, the mother, had been beloved by a ghostly personage who claimed to be the god Apollo. Afterwards this same apparition showed itself to the husband, informing him of the parentage of the coming child, and bidding him to have no connection with his wife until after its birth.

A similar event is said to have transpired in the case of Plato, Apollo his father also. His mother was Perictione, a virgin, who was betrothed to one Ariston at the time. In this case also Apollo appeared to inform the earthly lover of the child's paternity. Higgins, relating this tradition, adds:

"On this ground, the really very learned Origen defends the immaculate conception (Higgins evidently refers not to the Roman Catholic doctrine of Mary's stainlessness signified by that term, but to the conception of Jesus) assigning, also, in confirmation of the fact, the example of Vultures (Vautours) who propagate without the male."

*At this point, our author added two exclamation marks, referring either to the ignorance of Higgins or of Origen or both.*

The Vulture was an accompaniment of Hathor, the Egyptian Venus; and it would therefore seem as though Origen had unwittingly stumbled on a bit of folklore. Graves, in his *Sixteen Crucified Saviors*, remarks (I know not on what authority, but give his remark rather for its suggestiveness than as a vouched-for historical fact:)

"Many are the cases noted in history of young maidens claiming a paternity for their male offspring by a God. In Greece it became so common that the reigning King issued an edict, decreeing the death of all young



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virgins who should offer such an insult to deity as to lay to him the charge of begetting their children."

"The tradition of the Vestal Virgin Rhea Sylvia, who bore Romulus and Remus to the god Mars, is well known. It is a curious coincidence that the name Rhea, which was one of the names of the Mother of all the gods, is applied by one writer to the Virgin Mary, who likewise became the 'Mother of God'".

The Mongolian conqueror, Genghis Khan, and his two twin brothers were said to be the result of an occult union of the earthly mother with a mysterious intelligence.

*One must not think that Ida Craddock believed such absurdities. She was merely laying the ground in folklore and hagiography for her claim to being the wife of an angel, and was quoting her sources without worrying about their reliability. Genghis Khan, for instance, never had any twins. It was normal to try to explain someone's extreme talent by the legend of a miraculous birth: the person being so above normal stupidity as to seem a member of some other species.*

"His mother having been left a widow, lived a retired life, but some time after the death of her husband she was suspected to be pregnant. The deceased husband's relations forced her to appear before the chief judge of the tribe for this crime. She boldly defended herself, by declaring that no man had known her; but that one day, lying negligently on her bed, a light appeared in her room, the brightness of which blinded her, and that it penetrated three times into her body, and that if she brought not three sons into the world she would submit to the most cruel torments. The three sons were born, and the princess was esteemed a saint. The Mongols believed Genghis Khan to be the product of this miracle, that God might punish mankind for the injustices they had committed."

*(Anacalypsis II, 353)*

*This, of course, is absolute nonsense. Genghis Khan's father was a minor tribal chieftain, and indeed the boy was left orphan in adolescence; but the only miraculous thing about his birth was his genius.*

Of the conqueror Tamerlane, who claimed direct descent from Genghis Khan on the mother side, it is related that he was the result of a connection of his mother with the God of day.



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*More nonsense. As to the supposed descendancy of Timur from Genghis, that is not impossible: at the height of his power Genghis Khan had more than two hundred wives and concubines, and is supposed to have engendered four thousand sons during his lifetime. Possibly there is not a Chinese of Mongolian descent today who does not have some of Genghis' blood in him or her.*

Dean Milman says, in his *History of Christianity* (Bible Myths, p. 119):

"Fo-hi of China—according to tradition—was born of a virgin, and the first Jesuit missionaries who went to China were appalled at finding, in the mythology of that country, a counterpart of the story of the Virgin of Judaea."

But, had those same Jesuit missionaries apprehended the idea which lies back of both stories—the substantiality of the unseen world beyond the grave and the possibility of marital relations on the borderland of that world and this, they would not have been thus "appalled". The mother of Confucius, says one tradition, while walking in a solitary place, was impregnated by the vivifying influence of the heavens.

The Chinese philosopher, Lao-Tse, born 604 B.C., the founder of the Religion of the Supreme Reason, was said to have been born of a virgin of a black complexion—a forerunner this, by hundreds of years, of the Black Madonnas in the Italian Churches.

*Poor Lao-Zi! Not even he escaped.*

Do those black madonnas typify, mystically, the darkness of the unknown world beyond the grave whence the Heavenly Spouse emerges?

The Earls of Cleave were said to descend from a union between the heiress of Cleave and a being from the upper air, "who came to Cleave in a miraculous ship, drawn by a swan, and after begetting divers children 'went away at Noon-day, in the sight of a World of People, in his Airy Ship.'"

*One more for the U.F.O. fans, but perhaps too saucy for their palate. The description of the ship recalls Lohengrin.*

The famous Robert le Diable, according to one tradition, was the child of an incubus.

The enchanter Merlin, "son of an incubus and of a holy woman, became the center and the master of all nature", says Peyrat. The Magic of



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the Middle Ages, Rydberg, 204, speaks of a number of adventurers during the Middle Ages who asserted themselves or others to be the bastards of devils and human beings. If they led a blameless life, evincing a firm belief in the dogmas of the Church, the danger of such a pedigree was not greater than its honor. The son of a fallen angel did not need to bend his head before a man of noble birth.

*The irony of this last sentence would be hilarious if it were not tragic.*

"But," it will be objected, "these stories are myths of ancient, or at most mediaeval, times. You don't find virgin-born children nowadays."

Stay!

In the establishment of Schweinfurt, that individual in Rockford, Illinois, who today claims to be the Christ, a woman a few years since bore a child, and steadfastly declared her belief that it was immaculately conceived. Trial, it is said, before a jury of the women of Schweinfurt's establishment, did not succeed in shaking the faith of these women in the possibility of such a thing.

*The cynic might remark that this was very wise of them, since it is always nice to be able to say that an unexpected child is of supernatural origin. Specially if one's husband or boyfriend has been away too long.*

In the Truthseeker of New York occurs this paragraph:

"Mrs. Helen Fields, of Wichita, Kansas, has given birth to a child whose father she avers is the Holy Ghost."

Moncure D. Conway, in his Demonology and Devil-Lore, II. 231, says: "When in Chicago in 1875 I read in one of the morning papers a very particular account of how a white dove flew into the chamber window of a young unmarried woman in a neighboring village, she having brought forth a child, and solemnly declaring that she had never lost her virginity."

It is, of course, easy to dismiss all these stories, ancient, mediaeval and modern, with contempt, as so many falsehoods or, at best, self-delusions. I have already said that, despite the immense number of traditions and miraculous births, I doubt if such ever occur upon the borderland of the two worlds, owing to certain occult principles to which I shall briefly refer further on. Nevertheless, this mass of folklore belief is too overwhelming in quantity and too widely diffused to be dismissed lightly. Back of it all there must be some objective realities and some fire for all this smoke. And



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we must not forget that there is one miraculous birth which is accepted throughout Christendom—the birth of Jesus from a Divine Father and an earthly Virgin Mother. Nevertheless, by the cultured heathen opponents of Justin the story of the divine paternity of Jesus seems to have been regarded with a scorn similar to what with which we regard the above tales today; and that Church Father showed his wisdom when he placed heathen and Christian stories upon the same logical basis.

Am I not right in saying that to impugn the possibility of marital relations between earthly women and heavenly bridegrooms is to strike at the very foundations of Christianity?

*She can't have been that naïve. The entire point, and absurdity, of Christism was that there was only one miraculous birth at any time: the idol behind which the Roman Church hid its thirst for blood, money, and power. To state that such births are possible—in the plural—was to strike at the root of the Nicean Creed itself. And anybody who has studied the history of Christism knows what the Roman-Alexandrine ecclesiastics did, from the beginning, to those who spat upon their crapulous creed. While they could.*

In folklore customs and fairy tales, fantastic though these may be, we find numerous indications of the world-wide belief in bridegrooms and brides from the unseen world of spiritual beings; or, as they were termed in the middle ages, incubi and succubae. (Latin, *incubo*, “to lie upon”; *succubo*, “to lie under”.)

*In short, it appears that mediaeval demons, very appropriately, adopted only the missionary position in intercourse.*

We may set out with that description among the islanders of the Antilles, where they are the ghosts of the dead, vanishing when clutched; in New Zealand, where ancestral deities ‘form attachments with females, and pay them repeated visits’; while in the Samoan Islands such intercourse of mischievous inferior gods caused ‘many supernatural conceptions’; and in Lapland, where details of this last extreme class have also been placed on record. From these lower grades of culture the idea may be followed onward. Formal rites are specified in the Hindu Tantra which enable a man to obtain a companion—nymph—by worshipping her and repeating her name by night in a cemetery.



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Congress with ghostly beings is mentioned in the bull of Pope Innocent VIII in 1484, as an accepted accusation against 'Many persons of both sexes, forgetful of their salvation, and falling away from the Catholic faith'. (*Tylor, ibid.*).

Among the Metamba negroes, a woman is bound hand and foot by the priest, who flings her into the water several times over with the intention of drowning her husband, a ghost, who may be supposed to be clinging to his unfeeling spouse. (T.F. Thiselton Dyers, *The Ghost World*, p. 182.)

In China, it is not considered respectable for widows to re-marry, for the express reason that their husbands are expected to return to them from the world beyond the grave and resume marital relations with them upon the Borderland.

In the case of widows it would appear to be but a resumption of a relation previously established between the two upon earth. And there are indications that the same stress is not laid upon passing preliminary ordeals as is the case with the virgin, who "has never known man". May it not be because of the virgin's greater ignorance, physiologically speaking, so that she has to enter upon a more extended course of training than does the widow, who already has experience?

The myths and fairy tales which speak of maidens with mysterious lovers from the realm of the unseen are certain to contain, so far as I have observed, reference to some rule or pledge which the woman must strictly observe. If she fails to do this, her lover vanishes, and she can find him again only after passing long and toilsome ordeals. Such was the case with Psyche, who broke the command of her heavenly lover, Cupid, not to look upon him while he slept. He had come to her night after night in the darkness, unseen, as is the wont with so many of these heavenly bridegrooms; and she naturally desired to see his face. But, in her eagerness to know him more intimately, she let fall a drop of hot oil from the lamp upon him, which awoke him, and he vanished. This myth is an evident euphemism for a broken law of marital self-control. In other words, she wanted to enter upon the second step in the occult training which she was receiving from her husband, before she had fully mastered the first step. What those steps were—first, second and third—(for there is a third) through which the earthly wife of a heavenly bridegroom must



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pass, will appear further on in this book.

In one of the oldest of the Vedas—those books which contain the legends of the Aryans before they split up into fragmentary races—we find a similar story about Urvashi and Pururavas.

These two stories are usually explained as myths which show how the dawn vanishes as soon as it looks upon the sun. In solar myths, the dawn is often typified as a maiden, the sun-god being her lover who pursues her vanishing form through the heavens—an idea picturesquely brought out in the myth of Cinderella. If these two stories really are a bit of sun and dawn folklore, then Urvashi and Psyche must each be the dawn-maiden, and Pururavas and Cupid must be the sun-god on whose glorious form, unveiled by any clouds, the dawn-maiden dare not look, for, as she looks, the two lovers become separated—*i.e.*, the dawn vanishes before the rising sun. But it is a little curious that in one story the maiden disappears, while in the other it is the lover himself who flees. Obviously there is some other myth than a purely solar one involved in these two stories—stories so strikingly similar and yet so strikingly at variance in the one feature in which they should agree, if true sun and dawn myths.

May not their likeness be due to their being memorials of the belief in Borderland marriages and in the self-control which is obligatory upon the earthly partner in such marriages? May not their unlikeness as to the sex of the partner who disappears when that self-control is violated be due to there being heavenly brides, as well as heavenly bridegrooms?

To these same myths, I take it, belong all those fairy stories of which Beauty and the Beast is the type. Here, a maiden noted as a rule for her amiability and gentleness is served each day by invisible hands, and at night receives her lover, in the form of a handsome prince. By the ordinary light of day, he is a monster, appalling to behold, or, in some of the stories, he is invisible; but night and the marriage couch cause him to materialize in his true shape. Finally, her family and friends—themselves quite outsiders as to these experiences—work upon her feelings and make her believe that this union is evil (in occult parlance, it would be termed diabolical)...

*Not in occult parlance, but in Christist parlance.*

... and she breaks off her connection with him. In the end, true love



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triumphs, and the lovers are reunited under happier auspices—that is, in the fairy story; in actual life, it too often happens that Beauty and the Beast are permanently separated by meddling outsiders who ignorantly assume that everything which they cannot understand comes from the Devil. The poor earthly psychic has so constantly dinned into her ears the fact that her mediumship has revealed glimpses of monstrosities and deceptions that she comes at last to fear lest her invisible visitor be in truth the evil demon which at times, by the sober light of day, he seems to be. All unaware of the law by which her own failures and peccadilloes bring about subjective hallucinations which mislead, she ascribes to her angelic bridegroom a tendency to evil which he does not possess, and finally comes to shrink from him as demoniacal. And the laws of Borderland forbid his undeceiving her so long as she holds fast to her prejudice as if it were gospel truth. Thus Beauty too often turns away from her princely lover forever, so far as this earth-life is concerned, as Beauty in the fairy story did from the husband whom ignorant outsiders had led her to look upon as Beast.

*This last paragraph is of the greatest importance to serious students.*

Pyramus and Thisbe, the lovers who, separated by a huge wall, were fain to satisfy themselves with kisses exchanged through a hole therein, are a euphemistic expression for those marital unions one of the parties to which is invisible to his earthly love, impalpable to the physical senses. In this story a bloodthirsty lion puts an end to the lovemaking. This is probably the solar lion, the meaning being that the ancient faith is superseded by the later and (in some respects) purer Sun Worship which seems to have been a reform movement of the science and materialism of the time against the Borderland sensuality which obtained in the declining age of Sex Worship.

Isis and Osiris are also types of the husband and wife who united upon the Borderland. Egyptian sacred traditions were wont to relate that Osiris was killed by the evil Typhon, who then cut up his victim's body into fourteen pieces, enclosed it in an ark, and set it adrift upon the River Nile. Isis, the Virgin-Mother, sought far and wide for these remnants of her husband's body. One legend states that she found all, except the phallus; another, that she found nothing except the phallus, and from that solitary



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fragment she reconstructed her husband, entire. Here we evidently have two sides of the same esoteric idea—that the loss of sex power constitutes the true death of the soul (not, of course, the spirit)...

*A very significant remark on her part, this parenthesis.*

... and that in the finding of one's marital partner on the Borderland the ghost may be gradually materialized into substantiality by beginning at the same starting-point as did Isis.

*Another extremely valuable remark for serious students.*

Heavenly *bridegrooms*, it will be noticed, predominate over heavenly *brides* in Borderland traditions. The reason, I take it, is that women, because of their social environment, usually lead a more self-controlled and temperate life than men do, and thus are in most (though not all) respects more worthy of marital union with an angel. Custom allows men more freedom—a privilege which the masculine sex is not slow to avail itself of, especially in the direction of wine, women and tobacco...

*Ms. Craddock was not immune to the prejudices of her time. Men, she says, were less criticized than women, and so could indulge in wine, tobacco, and women—what women? Obviously, women who were willing to risk the disapproval of society, or who were socially disgraced; prostitutes, usually. One is reminded of Blake's Proverb of Hell, to the effect that brothels are built with bricks of Religion.*

*The point being that any woman willing to undergo the curse of being considered "immoral" could have enjoyed the same freedoms that men did. Please notice that the hatred of so-called "virtuous" women for so-called "loose" women was a much greater factor in the social ostracism of prostitutes, actresses, and women like Georges Sand and George Eliot than male disapproval. A woman who wants to be free must be "shameless before all men". Pay the price, and the prize is yours.*

... These three dissipations not only exhaust the nerve force of men, but blunt both their physical and their moral sensibilities...

*More moralistic bullshit. Cf. Energized Enthusiasm. Well, nobody is perfect, not even Ms. Craddock.*

... so that the man for whom, in all possibility, his angel mate may be waiting upon the Borderland may find himself handicapped at the outset, should he ever essay an adventure into Borderland romance while still on



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the earth. In this connection, we may remark that in India, where the attempt to obtain a spirit wife is said to be of common occurrence (and, it would appear, often rewarded with success) we find a nation singularly gentle and peaceable in disposition, unaccustomed to drunkenness until taught it by outside peoples (there is a proverbial saying among the Hindus, "as drunk as a Christian")...

*Again Ms. Craddock is deceived through ignorance of real local conditions. Had she but read Rudyard Kipling, she would have had a more realistic picture of the inherent cruelty and callousness behind the mild façade of the Hindus, as well as their remarkable capacity for inebriation by other drugs than alcohol.*

... and endowed by nature with a tendency to aspire to union with God. Last, but not least, it is a nation whose religions, for the most part, recognize the truth that sex is holy; and in this it is in strong contrast with our Western "civilization" where the most sacred function of humanity is looked upon as vile. We occidentals have a whole life's teaching to unlearn, before we can approach the subject of marital relations on the Borderland from a natural and pure-minded standpoint.

The chief tradition regarding spirit brides relates to Lilith or Lilis or Lilot, and is mostly Rabbinical. As in the case of the angelic bridegrooms, she is supposed to be demoniacal. Lilith is said to have been Adam's first wife; one tradition says that by her he begat only demons, another says that she rebelled when Adam assumed authority over her and fled from him to the evil angel Samael, to whom she bore a demon progeny...

*Apparently, then, she was the first feminist. This should please vermin like the Rev. Falwell and Phyllis Schlafly.*

... Another legend has it that being jealous of Eve she slipped back into Eden behind the *particeps criminis* in the temptation.

Another says that Adam kept himself apart from Eve for a hundred and thirty years in order not to fill hell with their offspring; but that in a weak moment a female devil, called Lilith, seduced him and became his wife, and from their union arose devils, ghosts and evil night dreams; and Eve in like manner became the wife of a demon. (The Serpent in Paradise, London.) Of a similar tenor is the tradition about the Zoroastrian Yeina, who fell from a state of innocence by means of a great serpent, the Azis-



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Dahaka.

"For a long period Yena and his subjects were in the power of this evil serpent, Azis-Dahaka. Yena himself, in order to oblige this master, had to abandon his own wife, who was also his sister, and to take a female devil for his wife, and consent to the union of his former wife with a demon. From these unions were produced apes, bears, and black men.

*Very convenient for Ku-Klux-Klan enthusiasts. The Jews, also, have a tradition that the "Ismaelites"—meaning, the Arabs—are fruit of a clandestine union between Abraham and his wife's servant. In short, they are all bastards—and lowly born even for bastards! Very convenient for the Rothschilds, among others.*

During this evil period women much preferred young devils to young men for husbands, and men married young seductive "Paris", or female devils.

*Obviously that is where the name of that wicked city, Paris, comes from. All kidding aside, the legend plainly narrates a time when the Vedic tribes were under the dominion of a different cultural group.*

The psychic who can sustain marital relations on the Borderland must above all be sensitive at the extremities of the nerves of touch. Neither blind people nor deaf people are hindered by their respective infirmities from marrying in this earth-life; and on the Borderland a psychic may be clairvoyant and clairaudient to only a limited extent, and yet be a partaker in connubial joys. For the Borderland husband must materialize more or less fully to enable her to understand the relation clearly upon the physical side. Whereas for most men this is unnecessary, and the spirit bride may remain in all *save a few essentials* invisible, inaudible, intangible—a veritable "woman of air". Hence her ghostliness and her philological connection with the idea of pale blue or pale purple—the color of air and the mist.

*Now, this is real information, fruit of her practical research, and very dangerous indeed.*

Lilith is said to come to young men's bedsides at night to seduce them, under the aspect of a beautiful and finely dressed woman with golden hair. And, afterwards, she strangles them, and they are known to be Lilith's victims because one of her golden hairs is found tightly wound around the



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victim's heart...

*In short, death is not the result of "strangulation" of the neck, but "strangulation of the heart"; which is to say, a heart attack. On the actual possibility of such occurrences we must keep silent. We would be inclined to opine, however, that they would be extremely rare, and that the "golden hair" is, perhaps, prophetic Jewish prejudice against Hitler's little "Aryans"...*

... In the Zoroastrian legends, she is much connected with night and night dreams; and men are cautioned not to sleep alone for fear of the evils of Lilith.

*Now, there is a new line to use on reluctant girls. Or reluctant boys, depending on your personal tastes.*

She also lies in wait for children to kill them if they are not protected by "Amulets".

*In short, Lilith was not only a feminist of sorts, but the first abortionist to boot. Horrors!*

"Herodotus says that the Arabians called the moon Alilat. The Assyrian word for night is Lilat, and Talbot supposes that the Arabians really called the moon 'Sarrat ha Lilat', the queen of night.

"Mr. Talbot also says 'Alilat' may also mean the star Venus.

"The Greeks considered Lilith evidently to be the moon, as with them she is Ilithyia, the sister of Apollo, one of the birth goddesses. Night in Hebrew is *layelah*.

*And in Arabic it is 'laylah', as every Thelemite knows.*

"That the moon should be selected to represent the feminine principle is readily accounted for by her waxing and waning propensities, to say nothing of her controlling or coinciding with the feminine periods."

*(The Serpent in Paradise, etc.)*

Summing up these varying traditions we find the following incidents prominent:

1. A woman who is not of the earth but evidently from an unknown world enters upon relations with Adam or with the men of later generations.

2. The relation is in most cases that of husband and wife and not a mere liaison.



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3. In those cases where the relation is illicit, the earthly partner comes to an unfortunate end.

*Obviously, "lawful" unions were those where you had to be married before a priest—any priest, of any denomination—and pay the usual tithe for the privilege...*

4. This woman from the unseen world is credited with being a seducer and a devil.

5. She bears no children, save demons, and is reputed to destroy children.

6. She causes men to dream evil dreams at night.

Lilith is evidently the complement of the tradition about angelic bridegrooms. That the typical spirit bride should have so much more unsavory a reputation than has the typical spirit bridegroom is also typical of nowadays. The masculine nature is proverbial for its lack of self-control where women are concerned; and in this it has usually contrasted unfavorably with the self-control of women in similar cases. On the other hand, the men of our Western civilization are mostly superior to our women (of the virtuous classes) in the ardent, dramatic and artistic expression of love for the opposite sex—a desirable qualification in the romance and uncertainties and trying ordeal of Borderland wedlock.

If, therefore, the propositions which I have laid down as to the necessity for self-control in occult investigations be correct, we need not be surprised that the spirit bride is ere long denounced as demoniacal and seducing.

*The difficult paragraph above (Mr. Schroeder was a sloppy, if apparently faithful, editor—actually was trying to imply that men are "pigs"—a phrase I heard from my own mother who, being Brazilian, and Brasil being always late about a quarter of a century in relation to the United States, had Ms. Craddock's outlook on the male. Ms. Craddock is saying, in short, that since one's personal virtue is of foremost importance in sexual encounters of the fourth kind, and since if one is not virtuous the encounter may degenerate in disaster, and since men are pigs, it is not surprising that heavenly bridegrooms should be angels, and heavenly brides should be devils. In short, as always, it is the men's fault. Shades of Gloria Steinem and the separatist lesbians!*

But it is the ignorance or the wilful wrong-doing of her earthly lover that



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is to blame, and not the spirit-bride—unless in some rare instance, where the celestial visitor is exceptionally careless. In that case, her superiors in the invisible world interfere and remove her. The connection with her earthly partner is snapped, never to be resumed until he passes over to her world at death. But such failures on the part of the heavenly visitor are rare; and if the resulting phenomena are diabolical, it is the earthly medium's own fault.

*Here Ms. Craddock goes a little too far. It is not only naïve, it is also dangerous to expect that just because an entity is made of finer matter than our bodies' it will be a finer being. One can be as deluded in her "Borderland" as we often are around here. She is perhaps justified to an extent in her belief that personal purity will ensure pure contacts; but, just as one can go out for a stroll and meet a mass murderer, or cross the street when the sign says "Walk" and be run over by a drunken speeding driver, one can meet with unexpected danger anywhere. Caution and preparedness are always wise.*

That she should bear no children except demons points to the proposition which I have already advanced, that children cannot be begotten from Borderland marriage unions. If the earthly husband still insists on doing all he can to beget such children he breaks the law of Borderland, and will be led deeper and deeper into the mire of sensuality, and at last, perhaps, be deceived by a subjective hallucination of devils whom he will be told are his children. If he presses for information, he will probably receive a more explicit truthful statement, *i.e.*, that his spirit bride is unable to bear children on the Borderland of two worlds. But should he fail about this time in some detail of moral duty, or clear-headedness, and especially should he persist in sowing seed where no harvest can be reaped, he will most certainly be misled by all sorts of fantastic excuses. For such is the occult law. The psychic who, whether ignorantly or wilfully, is unworthy, loses his grip on the lines of communication, and his own ill-regulated subliminal consciousness then steps in with its ingenious excuses—such as, perhaps, that his celestial partner is abnormally constituted as a woman, or that she kills their children as fast as they are begotten, etc. etc. And thus, through the failure of the earthly husband to observe the laws of marital self-control on the Borderland, one more tradition is launched upon the



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world about the devil-bride who seduces men and begets demons and kills children.

*Nevertheless, occult writers are universal in stating that it is indeed not only possible, but inevitable, to beget "children" upon some plane or another with one's sexual energy. This question, like that of the vampire, cannot be dealt with too openly. We limit ourselves to reminding the initiated reader that the legend of Saturn, who devoured his own children, may have its counterbalance in this legend of Lilith, who destroyed hers and other people's.*

*This Lilith, incidentally, should not be confused with the one mentioned in LXV iii 4-20. There, energies are being symbolized; here, an entity, that may be purely mythical, is being discussed.*

That she should be credited with being the author of "evil night-dreams" shows how prone the partners of spirit brides have been to subjective hallucinations...

*It is obvious that if Ms. Craddock had been born in this day and age she would be a militant feminist. We poor men have no chance whatsoever. One suspects that she resented, and rightly, the greater sexual freedom allowed the male in her days. A woman had no chance whatsoever in her society. She could either be a servant, a wife, or a whore. No other roles were acceptable. Even the spinster was looked upon with scorn. In Roman Catholic cultures, she could try to kill herself completely while still living on, and become a "nun".*

... We do not find any such wholesale charge brought against spirit husbands of producing evil dreams, as is brought against Lilith. The imaginations of men's hearts must indeed have been evil in those days, and their brains beclouded, or the difference between a materialized spirit bride and the subjective phantasm of an amorous dream would have been more sharply defined. The psychic who conforms two separate planes of existence has forsaken the path of self-control and clear-headedness, and has entered upon the path whose end is insane delusion.

*This is quite correct, of course; but the fact that spirit-brides are more complained about in legend than spirit-husbands has quite probably to do more with the difference in male and female physiology than with the spirits themselves. Again, we cannot enter too openly into this question.*



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*Nor is the field as well-researched at the present date as it could be desired.*

In the supplement of Littré's Dictionary (French), 1877, occurs a suggestive etymology of the lilac (or as it is in French, *lilas*). The writer connects the root of this word with the Persian *nil*, indigo, and calls attention to the various Persian words *nilah*, *niladj*, *liladj*, *lilandj*, *lilang*, all relating to indigo. He connects the word *lilas* (French for *lilac*) with these words and also with the diminutive *lilak* (bluish, as fingers blued by the cold)—a tint which perfectly characterizes the flowers of the lilac of Persia which are of a pale purple. May there be some philosophical connection between this palely purple flower "lilas" and the ghostly "Lilis" or "Lilat" or "Lilith"?

Lilith figures in a text of Isaiah: but we have to go both to Moham-medan and to Ancient Greek folklore to find the connecting link between this text and the Lilith of Rabbinical traditions. The text refers to the destruction which the Lord threatens will befall Eden, and reads:

"And thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and thistles in the fortresses thereof; and it shall be an habitation of jackals, a court for ostriches and the wild beasts of the desert shall meet with the wolves (or howling creatures); and the satyr (or he-goat) shall cry to his fellow: yea, *the night monster* shall settle there, and shall find her a place of rest". Isaiah XXX-IV 13-14, Revised Version.

The word "night-monster" is in Hebrew "Lilith". The King James version translates this word "screech-owl"; the Vulgate, "Lamia"; in Luther's Bible, "Kobold". *Lamia* or *Lamya* is found in the Great Bible, and in Coverdale's, Matthew's, Beck's and Bishop's Bible.

Now a lamia is a mythical serpent-woman of a demoniacal character. Philostratus, in his *Life of Apollonius of Tyana*, gives a memorable instance. A young man on the road near Corinth...

*The road to Corinth seems to have been a very eventful one!*

... met a charming woman who invited him to her house in the suburbs of the city, and said that if he would remain with her, "he should hear her sing and play, and drink such wine as never any drank, and no man should molest him...

*That is, try to seduce or attack him sexually, which presupposes he was a handsome youth.*



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... and she being fair and lovely would live and die with him." The young man was, as Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy* puts it in giving the account, "a philosopher, otherwise staid and discreet, able to moderate his passions, though not this of love"...

*When a Victorian (or near Victorian) Englishman spoke of "love" he meant, of course, plain old sex.*

... and he "tarried with her awhile to his great content." At last he married her. To the wedding came Apollonius, and he at once recognized her as a lamia, and declared that all her furniture was but illusion. She wept and begged Apollonius to be silent, but he persisted in exposing her, whereupon she, her house, and its content, vanished.

*Oh those party-pooping Initiates! Unlike Apollonius, I have not seen the lamias I have met vanish when I warn my disciples against them. On the contrary, they seem to thrive even more, and accuse me of misogyny, or faggotry, or both. Of course, I am not as high an Initiate as Apollonius was, or I might be able to stop my disciples from making pigs of themselves with their Circes. Sigh.*

This is probably a Beauty and the Beast myth on the masculine side, Apollonius playing the part of the outsider who separates the lovers by harping on the things which are illusory and monstrous in the young man's psychic manifestations. It is worth noticing, in this connection, that the young man had been living a temperate and self-controlled life when he was first approached by this Lamia or Lilith, so that he was evidently found worthy to taste the joys of affectionate connubial intercourse with his mysterious bride...

*This gives the woman's point of view, and is absolutely hilarious when one thinks of the unctuousness with which the story is related in Philostratus, and the unctuousness with which it has been recounted since by so many prigs—male prigs, of course.*

... Here, evidently, the young man is not strong enough to endure the training required to consummate Borderland wedlock. He also, evidently, does not have his sub-consciousness well under control, but allows it to run away with him. Mastery of self in every possible aspect, physically, intellectually, morally, affectionally, is one of two requisites for sustained marital relations on the Borderland; the other requisite being steadfast aspiration



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to personal communion with the Divine.

*All of this analysis is certainly valuable, and worthy of close study by the serious reader.*

The ancient Churchyard of Truagh, county Monaghan, in Ireland, is said to be haunted by an evil spirit, whose appearance generally forebodes death. The legend runs, writes Lady Wilde (*Ancient Cures, Charms and Usages of Ireland*, p. 84), "that at funerals the spirit watches for the person who remains last in the graveyard. If it be a young man who is there alone, the spirit takes the form of a beautiful young girl, inspires him with ardent passion, and exacts from him a promise that he will meet her that day month in the churchyard. The promise is then sealed by a kiss, which sends a fatal fire through his veins, so that he is unable to resist her caresses, and makes the promise required. Then she disappears and the young man proceeds homewards; but no sooner has he passed the boundary wall of the churchyard than the whole story of the evil rushes on his mind, and he knows that he has sold himself, soul and body, for a demon's kiss. Then terror and dismay take hold of him, till despair becomes insanity, and on the very day month fixed for the meeting with the demon bride the victim dies the death of a raving lunatic, and is laid in the fatal graveyard of Truagh." (T.F. Thiselton Dyer's "*The Ghost World*", 344-345.)

*Now, the origin of this kind of tale is very simple. Young men are naturally attracted to young women, specially beautiful ones; and it is not fitting, of course, that their thoughts should turn to such evil matters at a burial, where Christist horror of death should be properly cultivated with a sad and castrated mien. So the unclean and unscrupulous priestly mind fabricates a tale of horror, to make sure that the imagination of youth is sufficiently impressed for a semblance of "decorum" to be maintained at the kind of rites that so fatten the Vatican's already overloaded purse. Coming from Ireland, that unhappy land infected with Romanism and all its hatred of health (disguised as patriotism), this legend is no wonder. Its sickness should be compared with the wisdom behind true folktales. It is the inevitable finding that sick stories like this come from Christism and its poisonous influence on its followers' minds; true folktales are Thelemic. Let us see how our author deals with this particular piece of nastiness. We*



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*have already been able to notice that she often writes tongue in dainty cheek.*

In Capt. Richard F. Burton's translation of the Arabian Nights...

*Doughty naughty girl, reading Burton! No wonder she was threatened with prison or the asylum!*

... occurs a story of a female desert-monster, who devours human flesh. Captain Burton, in a footnote, remarks:

"The Ghulah (fem. of Ghul) is the Hebrew Lilith or Lilis; the classical Lamia; the Hindu Yogini and Dakini...

*Characteristically, yogini merely means a female human being who practices Yoga. True feminists will not wonder that a Hindu woman who should eschew household duties or prostitution or, nowadays, politics for such pursuits should be equated with a monster.*

... the Chaldean Utug and Gigim (desert-demons) as opposed to the Mas (hill-demon) and Telal (who steal into towns); the Ogress of our tales and the Baba-yaga (Granny-witch) of Russian folklore. Etymologically 'Ghul' is a calamity, a panic fear; and the monster is evidently the embodied horror of the grave and the graveyard."

In its more usual spelling of "Ghoul", this graveyard monster will probably be familiar to most readers.

"The female Ghul appears to men in the deserts, in various forms, converses with them, and sometimes prostitutes herself to them."

Here we see (1) the spirit bride, degraded to the level of a harlot, (2) vague and unreasoning terror, (3) loathing and horror of the spirits of the deceased, all meeting under one name. So far has Lilith, the Borderland bride, fallen from her rightful estate by reason of the befogged imaginations of mankind.

*One remark, perhaps late: the reader should not confuse Burton, the author of The Anatomy of Melancholy, with Captain Richard F. Burton. Despite the coincidence of names, no two men could be more unlike. Richard F. Burton is, or rather became, Sir Richard Burton, the great explorer and scholar. The other Burton was either a faggot or a hypochondriac or both.*

"The Shiqq is another demoniacal creature, having the form of a half human being (like a man divided longitudinally) and it is believed that the



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Nasnas is the offspring of the Shiqq and a human being. The Nasnas is described as having half a head, half a body, one arm, and one leg, with which it hops with much agility." (A Dictionary of Islam, article *Genii*, by Thos. Patrick Hughes.)

This is another form of the giant progeny of Borderland unions...

*We insist in warning the reader that Ms. Craddock's interpretation of the Qabalistic Genesis text which inspired her entire book is totally at fault. She interpreted literally something that had a purely mystical significance. This, of course, does not mean that her work is not extremely valuable on its own plane.*

... a form so fantastic as to show that its origin is a subjective hallucination, and not an objective reality. In other words, the Mohammedan Shiqq and Nasnas are both of them probably the subliminal invention of some imperfect earthly psychic in the centuries ago, who broke the Borderland law in his or her relations with a spirit bride, or a spirit husband, and who was grossly misled, in consequence, by his or her own subliminal self. That others since then claim from time to time to see these fantastic creatures does not prove that they exist. In psychical matters nothing is more common than for people to see ghosts at a given time and place when their imaginations have been worked up to the expectation of seeing one then and there, of a certain predetermined type.

The Mohammedan Paradise as well as its Borderland recognizes love between the sexes. And in this it differs from the Christist paradise as popularly conceived—although, as I have elsewhere shown, the statement by Jesus that we shall be after death, as regards marrying, "like the angels in heaven", when taken in connexion with the text in Genesis about the sons of God who wedded earthly women, shows pretty conclusively that the Christist Scriptures admit the existence of sex and marriage in the world beyond the grave. Nevertheless, the Romish Church has chosen to flatly contradict the teaching of both the Old and the New Testament in this, with the result of blinding Christists utterly to these potent Scriptural truths. Mohammed, on the other hand, was sufficient of a seer to venture on restoring the ancient doctrine.

Heaven, as is well known, abounds in love-making, beautiful women called Houris attending upon the risen soul of the male Mohammedan as



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he reclines at feast. It is true that apologists have suggested a figurative sense in which the accounts of Mohammed's Paradise are to be taken.

On the contrary, it is not at all remarkable...

*It is quite evident that there is a paragraph, perhaps several, missing here, as elsewhere in the text up to now. Perhaps Mr. Schroeder felt that some of Ms. Craddock's phrases were too juicy for the general reader of his time, even in a technical publication, and kept them for himself.*

... It was precisely because Mohammed was at that time living a fairly well-ordered and self-controlled life that he was enabled to learn sufficiently of the world beyond the grave to assert that love between the sexes survives death and is one of the potent factors in social life there, as here. It is true that, being an Oriental, his "revelations" would inevitably conform to his cast of mind, so that the glitter and luxurious abandon of a feast presided over by Houris might seem to him the acme of ideal bliss. But beneath and permeating all this voluptuous imagining breathes the mighty truth of sex-love in Paradise.

*Ms. Craddock conveniently forgets that in the Mohammedan paradise there are no souls of women, only souls of men; the houris being not the remnant of women, but creatures put there by Allah for man's pleasure. Perhaps Mohammed had heard of Japanese Geishas. As to women, they are supposed to have no soul, and therefore not to survive bodily death.*

That love which mutually strengthens and mutually uplifts as no other love in all the world can strengthen and uplift. I take it is the chief reason for its existence—the propagation of the species being of necessity incidental, therefore, secondary.

*This is totally contrary to the Christist theory that sex is the root of all evil; yet she has been quoting Christist texts in support of her stand. Beat the theologian at his game, seems to say Ms. Craddock.*

But there is also a third reason which, unfortunately, is known to but few. Nor is it likely to be understood as it should be until modern civilization ceases to brand the sacred details of the marriage union with the stigma of impurity. The third reason for the marital union is that for those who are worthy, it is, whether on the Borderland or the earthly plane, the surest and safest method of seeking union with the Divine Heart of the Universe and becoming one with all God's world. Only in giving joyful



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thanks to God, indeed, should that relation ever be entered upon, whether on the Borderland or on the earthly plane. This, not only because it is fitting to give thanks to God for every good thing, but because it is beautiful at that time, and because only those who have experienced the bliss of taking God into the marital partnership in its most intimate relation can be said either to be truly wedded or to truly realize what it is to love God and be in return beloved by Him. This applies in earthly as well as Borderland wedlock.

*Here Ms. Craddock goes directly counter all tenets of the Romish heresy, and the hatred she awakened in that camp must have been incalculably intense.*

Trite and commonplace as may seem this suggestion...

*It is trite and commonplace to a pure-minded person like her; it is the utmost blasphemy to a sex-starved moral imbecile—meaning, the average Roman Catholic prelate.*

... to give thanks to God in this relation and share one's joy with Him, it nevertheless appears to be the inner, sacred truth of all religions on their esoteric side, and of all mysticisms and forms of occult teaching, the world over—a truth which has been jealously hidden away from the masses. It has been concealed for several reasons, probably.

First, it is not a matter to be attained at once, but requires systematic and careful training in self-control. And some degree of intellectual and spiritual *insight* is necessary to rate this training at its just value, as well as to respect the sacredness of the idea which underlies it. There are three degrees to be passed in this training, of which I will speak later on.

Second, inasmuch as it enhances, instead of extinguishing, connubial pleasure, while at the same time it puts the begetting of children absolutely under the control of parents, and this without violation of either civil or natural laws, its initiates evidently feared lest it be turned to base uses by the unscrupulous and licentious. A needless fear, this, however; as to the libertine, the game will never seem worth the candle; while, should he persevere in the training so as to become an adept in the third and last degree, he will be no longer a libertine.

Third. There is a belief among some occultists that an earnest wish breathed at that time, when husband and wife are one, will not fail to be



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granted. This opens, it is said, the door to those who practice what is called "black magic", and enables them to work harm upon other human beings. What foundation there is for this belief as applied to the magicians I do not see. If it really be that a wish is granted then more readily than when the seeker is in any other mood, it is probably because the occultist who attains the second degree has to exercise such supreme self-control at that moment that he is complete master of his sub-consciousness, and if he has attained the third degree he is in rapport with Spirit throughout the universe, so that his desire is granted because he desires only what is in harmony with Good and Right. That a black magician should be able at such a moment to enter upon harmonious relations with the universe by breathing a curse seems to me very unlikely...

*The innocence of the young is so dangerous that they blithely prate of what they do not know.*

I am of the opinion that this belief is due to the mistaken idea that correct living and clear thinking are unnecessary to establish lines of accurate communication with the unseen world.

*One could argue, with equal cogency, (or rather, lack of it), that a professional assassin or C.I.A., or K.G.B. (or whatever) agent cannot be a good marksman, otherwise they would not work for such outfits, or have such a profession. The Universe is a little ampler than the average Minor Adept supposes, and the Masters of olden time did not advise silence and secrecy for nothing.*

And, because occultists have usually assumed the nearness of a world of devils, rather than of a world of angels, and because they have assumed that depravity and prejudice offer no bar to communication with unseen intelligences, whether good or evil, it was a most natural conclusion that it would be dangerous to entrust the secret of the third degree to a "black magician". But, so long as a man is a black magician, he will fail to enter upon the third degree.

*This is wishful thinking, fruit of inexperience. One may have perfect control over one's emotions, which after all belong merely to Nephesch, and still fail of contact with one's Neschamah; or worse, refuse contact with one's Neschamah.*

This last degree is, I am firmly convinced, impossible, whether in earthly



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or Borderland wedlock, for either man or woman who does not live a pure life in self-control and aspiration to the Divine. And the occultist who seeks to attain to the third degree must first become a white magician.

*If all this were true, Ms. Craddock would not have had to flee her own country to avoid the dungeon or the asylum.*

Nevertheless, as I have said, the initiates in the third degree have guarded this secret most jealously, and apparently for the reasons I have assigned.

The first and second degree, however, seem to have been taught publicly in symbolic rites—such as for instance in that much misunderstood dance at the Columbian Exposition—the Danse du Ventre. It was noticeable that the oriental men, one and all, viewed that dance with serious and at times reverent gaze.

*Sure, but the reverence was for the self-control necessary for a woman to perform the dance well; not for the moral outlook of that woman, of which all that could be said a priori would be that, whether she was inclined towards "evil" or towards "good", she would be helped in her path by the self-control necessary to perform the dance. One should not mix the planes, or worse, be unaware of their existence.*

This fact was brought to my notice by two ladies (school teachers) who knew absolutely nothing of the Sex Worship symbolism of the dance, but who had concluded, simply from thoughtful observation, that there must be some religious and pure-minded motif back of it all. Nevertheless, most Americans and Europeans, whether men or women, failed to penetrate beneath the surface of this markedly symbolic dance, owing to the occidental habit of thought which sees naught but impurity in the most important and sacred function of our nature...

*This is the result of a thousand years of Christist dis-ease, and not a normal characteristic of Occidentals.*

... In Oriental countries, however, despite their being "heathen", sex is looked on as holy...

*Not always; specially, not in Marxist countries, which are infected by Orthodox Jewish morality, as Marx was, and the Christists were. If you consider carefully the legend of Adam and Eve, and of the Fall, you will see that the "sacredness" Ida Craddock has been talking about is a perception*



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*totally foreign to Judeo-Christism.*

... in this connection, our phrase, "Give God the glory", takes on itself a vaster significance than is ever taught from our pulpits.

It is no wonder, then, the Oriental occultists should have penetrated at an early date to the underlying principles of marital relations on the Borderland. From their lifelong habits of thought, they viewed sex as simply and naturally as we should view the circulation of our own blood—as a curious phenomenon of absorbing personal interest. With no false shame to overcome, they were fitted to receive the higher truths concerning this subject, whereas our Occidental mediums, for the most part, receive words of impurity or are misled into a loose life. The difference is due to the exact antipodal standpoints of Occidental and Oriental psychics on the the subject of the holiness of sex.

I have said that the initiates of the third degree seem to have made this the inner secret of their mysteries, the world over, and, that they have always jealously guarded this secret from the masses. I am inclined to think that in the beginning it may not have been so, but that this jealous care may have been the result of a bitter lesson learned of the unwisdom of throwing pearls before swine, not because the swine turn and rend one—for the earnest teacher of truth never gives his own danger a second thought—but because the swine are too apt to soil the pearls by trampling them in the mire.

*One can see that Ms. Craddock was infected with the Christist heresy, that the Master should sacrifice himself (or, in her case, herself) and never have regard for his or her personal danger. This lie has been skilfully propagandized by the 'Black Brothers', who desire nothing so much as the demise of all true Masters. Actually, silence and secrecy are of the essence, and the Master who perishes obviously blundered. Neither Blavatsky nor Crowley blundered. Ida Craddock, unless she consciously decided to leave this world, obviously did.*

If it be asked in amazement how this teaching of "Giving God the Glory" and sharing with Him the supreme joy of the marital relation could become so degraded by swinish human beings as to cause its teachers to withhold it in future from the masses, I answer:

By turning it into a commercial transaction with God.



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*This is incorrect. The teaching in question became lost when the sickly invention of "Original Sin" began to infect the human mind, and sex became a forbidden or filthy activity. It would never have occurred to deranged mentalities like Tertullian, Origen, Julian, "Paul", etc. that sex could be clean, healthy or holy.*

*It must be remarked that the disease predates Christism. Orthodox Jews, for instance, do not have sexual relations in the light of day, or even with lights on. It is always in the dark. They are ashamed of their own bodies, for exactly the same motives as the Christists.*

The piggish, greedy man, learning by hearsay of the connubial bliss attending the Triune partnership with God, pressed eagerly forward with one thought uppermost: "I will pay God cash down for so much of my pleasure, and I mean to drive a close bargain with Him."

The voluptuary, seeking to enhance his physical sensations, likewise pressed forward, saying to himself in an outburst of generosity: "God shall receive from me every whit as much as He gives me."

The sentimental, but selfish, mystic, ever yearning for a new subjective experience, likewise pressed forward, thinking, "I shall get acquainted with God on intimate terms by dividing up my pleasure with Him."

*All these thoughts come from Ms. Craddock's own naïve head. If she were capable of fathoming the true cause why the secret was lost, she would not have been persecuted and finally forced into suicide—supposing she did commit suicide.*

Be not deceived; God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth he shall reap.

*As you can see, even a moderately advanced mentality like Ms. Craddock's is not free of theological bullshit. God can be mocked, and is mocked every day. It is true that whatever a man sows he shall reap; but only if someone else does not harvest first. In short, there is no Grace and there is no Guilt. The Law is: Do what thou wilt! Let us have an end with "moral" fables for imbeciles, the only result of which is to foster immorality, as fifteen hundred years of Christism have made abundantly clear. Her next sentence is on a much higher level.*

And each of these types failed to get what they expected in pleasure, because it cannot be secured by any means but by love.



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*Clearly; but love under will.*

Now, these would-be initiates not only failed (to get so much physical pleasure for so much tithing paid over to Him), but they tempted by that very failure to enter upon what we may call (to put it euphemistically) not a new bargain.

The nervous system had been wrought to too high a pitch not to insist upon a purchase in some market—if not in God's market, then in the Devil's. Hence, I fancy too often abnormal vices and abominations of ancient Sodom and Gomorrah of the Orient today and the Roman Empire when Christianity first turned its purifying (though salty) current through the Augean stables of latter-day Sex-Worship.

*Like everybody else, when she starts waxing unctuous she becomes asinine. She is attempting to defend her point by emphasizing Christism as of any value whatsoever; and she got the thanks she deserved.*

For this the initiates who held the whole truth, among other reasons no doubt, usually shrank from revealing even glimpses of it to any one who had not passed a long probation. According to the Talmud, the ancient Hebrews had three names to express the idea of God, the first of which was interdicted to the great number. Sages taught it once a week to their sons and their disciples. The second was at first taught to everybody. "But", said Maimonides, "when the number of the ungodly had increased, it was entrusted only to the most discreet among the priests, and they repeated it in a low tone to their brethren, while the people were receiving the benediction." The third name for God "contained", says Jacolliot, "the great secret of the universal soul, and stood for, if we may so express it, the highest degree of initiation." Regarding this last, Maimonides says:

"It was only taught to a man of recognized discretion, of mature age, not addicted to anger or intemperance, a stranger to vanity, and gentle and pleasant to all with whom he was brought in contact."

"Whoever", says the Talmud, "has been made acquainted with this secret and vigilantly keeps it in a pure heart, may reckon upon the love of God and the favor of men; his name inspires respect; his knowledge is in no danger of being forgotten, and he is the heir of two worlds, that in which we live and the world to come." (Franck's "La Kabbale".)

All of which applies to the earthly partner of a celestial bride or



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bridegroom, when the laws of correct living and clear thinking are obeyed. Those who know this secret and vigilantly keep it in a pure heart are indeed the heirs of both worlds, for they dwell upon the Borderland, harmoniously adapting their lives to both planes of existence and, being at one with God, they can each say, "If God be for me, who can be against me?" Nor is the reward for making a proper use of this Great Secret confined to Borderland wedlock; its Kingdom may come on the earthly plane itself to worthy neophytes.

It was probably to keep the knowledge of this secret from the unworthy that the ancient mysteries of Isis and of Eleusis were designed.

*To the contrary, they were designed to teach this "secret", and others, to the worthy.*

For this purpose, also, the sacred scriptures of all religions—not excepting the Hebrews and the Christians—seem to have introduced stories and aphorisms which should convey one meaning to an outsider, and quite another to an initiate.

"Woe to the man who looks upon the law as a simple record of events expressed in ordinary language, for, if really that is all it contains, we can frame a law much more worthy of admiration. If we are to regard the ordinary meaning of the words, we need only turn to human laws and we shall often meet with a greater degree of elevation. Every word of the law contains a deep and sublime mystery." (A. Franck's "La Kabbale".)

*The word "law" is used here in the sense of the sacred scriptures of the Hebrews. The Torah.*

"If the law were composed of words alone, such as the words of Esau, Hagar, Laban, and others, or those which were uttered by Balaam's ass or by Balaam himself, then why should it be called the law of truth, the perfect law, the faithful witness of God himself? Why should the sages esteem it as more valuable than gold or precious stones?

"But every word contains a higher meaning; every text teaches something besides the events which it seems to describe. This superior law is the more sacred, it is the real law." (Jewish Cabalists, quoted by Jacolliot Oc. Sci.)

The following occurs in the *Book of the Pitris* (Pitris, according to Jacolliot, is the name applied in India to the spirits of the dead) with



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whom communication has long be held, after the fashion of modern Spiritualism, and with the same attendant phenomena:

"The sacred scriptures ought not to be taken in their apparent meaning, as in the case of ordinary books. Of what use would it be to forbid their revelation to the profane if their secret meaning were contained in the literal sense of the language usually employed?

"As the soul is contained in the body,

"As the almond is hidden by the envelope,

"As the sun is veiled by clouds,

"As the garments hide the body from view,

"As the egg is contained in the shell,

"And as the germ rests within the interior of the seed,

"So the sacred law has its body, its envelope, its cloud, its garment, its shell, which hide it from the knowledge of the world."

"You who, in your pride, would read the sacred scriptures without the Guru's assistance, do you even know by what letter of a word you ought to begin to read them—do you know the secret of the combination by twos and threes—do you know when the final letter becomes an initial and the initial becomes final?"

"Woe to him who would penetrate the real meaning of things before his head is white and he needs a cane to guide his steps." (Quoted by Jacolliot, *Oc. Sci. in India.*)

*All this is the kind of bullshit adequate to ensuring that the Guru's food bowl will be kept filled, or the priest's wallet will be kept fat, or that old dodderers will not be sent to what is euphemistically called a "home". Disregard it in everybody's case except mine, of course.*

The closing paragraph becomes significant, when we reflect upon the danger which the initiates feared would accrue to those still in the heyday of manhood's passions, if they proved unworthy of the Great Secret. The expression "The secret of the combination by twos and threes" has probably a double meaning here—the esoteric meaning turning upon the two kinds of marital partnership known to the initiates; husband and wife being the "combination by *two*" (in the second degree), and husband, wife and God, three in one, a sacred trinity in unity, being the "combination by *three*" (in the third and highest degree), and they who have once rea-



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lized the blessedness of this triune partnership will move heaven and earth to make it renewable at will—so much sweeter and more helpful in every way it is than the mere “combination by two”.

Now, because sex is distinctly emotional in its manifestations, there is always a tendency, with failure to reach the highest, to allow the emotions to slump down, as it were, to a lower level. Few natures are so supremely self-controlled as to say, at a critical moment, “the highest—or nothing. I will wait for that!” And the types I have mentioned above as failure, the piggish man, the voluptuary and the sentimental, selfish mystic—when, because of the delicate balance required of the initiate who would enter on the third degree, they slipped off their pivot, fell quite outside the circle of what is lawful, sure, and normal, to chaotic, unlawful and horribly vile. From this, dates much of the black magic. And this was the controlling subjective influence which made witchcraft a very real, objective terror to the victims of the witches during the Middle Ages. There is little doubt that many of the witches did practice a sorcery of the most diabolical type...

*As we said before, Ms. Craddock, by trying to make the best of both worlds, ended by losing one. We refer the reader to Rossell Hope Robbins' masterful encyclopedia on this question of witches. Nothing that the witches may have done could have been as diabolical as what the Christists did to them.*

... a sorcery based upon the principles of hypnotic suggestion, and of the wilful projection of the astral, or double; a sorcery whose object was to cause evil, and which did cause evil in many cases where the victims were not protected from occult mischief-working by living pure and upright lives; a sorcery, finally, whose impelling motive was due to insane hallucinations resulting in a very large number of cases from having violated the laws of right living in sex relations on the Borderland...

*Say rather, from the horrible and unnatural concepts of sexual “purity” imposed by the mentally unbalanced Christist priesthood.*

... It is probable that many of these witches passed the second degree, while few, if any, gained the third—the inner degree where aspiration in mingled purity and passion to union with God is chief factor. Some of the attributes of a witch (we need not enumerate them all; the literature of the



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subject is voluminous)...

*Yes, and all written by torturers, madmen, or Jesuit priests trying to defend their so-called "Church".*

... were: 1st, that she sustained or was supposed to sustain occult sex relations with the Prince of the Powers of the Air, Yclept the Devil; 2nd, that she received on some part of her body a devil's mark or stigma, which was his seal of authority over her and which seems to have been hypnotically rendered insensible to pain. There were men who did a business in discovering witches by pricking a suspected woman's body all over with a pin until they found some place insensible to the pain of the prick, when they would triumphantly announce this to be the "Devil's Mark"...

*Nevertheless, it is a well-known fact of physiology that innervation varies from body to body just as much as vasculature, which means that there is no human being living who, at some point of his or her body, will not be less sensitive to a pinprick than at others. This, however, is not all: for many of those so-called witchfinders would cheat during their so-called examination, by pricking a person deeply and painfully several times in succession, enough indeed to draw blood, and then pricking lightly near the same spot. The pain threshold having been raised, the person would not feel the lighter pinprick, and would immediately stand doomed to the torture and to the pyre.*

*Most of those witchfinders were men, and most of them were sadists; but some held grudges against a particular person, or were paid by the person's enemies to find a witch. At any rate, a witchfinder would normally find anybody a witch, just as Hoover's F.B.I. men found everybody a subversive. The alternative was to be declared a witch (or a subversive) yourself. A variation of that absurd system is to be found today in the system of daily quotas for policemen. A policeman is expected to either fine or arrest a fixed number of persons every month, and a policeman that does not fill his quota is very likely to be demoted or transferred or fired. Thus the police, instead of doing their job of (in theory) keeping the peace, are encouraged to disturb citizens in order to keep their paycheck coming. Develop this, and you get to the absurdity of a citizen being arrested because a policewoman enticed him into trying to buy her favors, or because a policeman opened his (the policeman's, we suppose) zipper in*



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*some sleazy bathroom and wagged his weenie (still the policeman's, we still suppose) temptingly at some unfortunate dupe.*

3rd, that the Devil or one of his imps at times visited her in the guise of some animal—a dog, a cat, even a huge butterfly, to suck some part of her body, and that, whatever the part of her body chosen, it and no other spot was always resorted to by the impish creature thereafter...

*The way in which such interesting information was elicited, lacking "eye-witnesses", was very simple: the accusation was made, and the accused tortured, with an ascending degree of severity and pain, until he or she confessed; then the inquisitors would loudly proclaim thanks to "God" that the soul was saved, and take the necessary steps to ensure burning of the living body.*

*It may be noticed in passing that the Roman Catholic Church has repeatedly insisted that the priests never tortured or burned anybody personally, and therefore cannot be held responsible for what the temporal authorities may have done. This although they were the moral arbiters of those same authorities, and gave them Communion every weekday (for in those days, if you only went to church on Sunday, unless you were a nobleman, an army officer, or a priest, you might find yourself in the Inquisition's dungeons in no time.) The Protestant churches were never so hypocritical or imbecile (or both) as to use this excuse.*

*They have admitted freely that their history is infamous; however, they still hope for their "God" 's mercy. Seeing how little mercy their "God" has shown everybody else, it is quite possible it has some left at the bottom of its coffers for its "chosen". But we do not.*

...Sometimes witnesses testify to seeing these animal familiars, as in the case of a witch ill in bed who was being closely watched.

*Isn't that sweet? Such concern for a "witch"'s good health!*

The witness, who was on guard, testified with much detail of circumstance to having seen a huge "fly", like a miller, which buzzed in among the hair of the sick woman and after a while flew away, when the witch called to the witness to lift up her hair, that she might show a sore place on the scalp which, she said, was where the Devil, in the form of a fly, was wont to suck her.

*In this statement we see that the witch herself confided to the witness in-*



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*formation that would lead her to the torture and to the fire. Either the witch was demented, or she was a sick woman infected with the religious—if it so can be called—delirium of the times. As to the fly, the modern reader can hardly realize the conditions in which people lived during the Dark Age of Roman Catholicism's extreme power. There were no sewers in towns: refuse was thrown from windows or doors into the streets, and the gutters were the community's city dumps. Rats, fleas, lice infested all households; rabid dogs ravaged the streets. Bathrooms were unknown, and baths were so rare that anybody who should bathe more than once a year was immediately suspected of witchcraft. The average life span of a "Christian" was thirty years, and one of the reasons why the Arabs and the Jews were considered to be creatures of the Devil was that they lived much longer.*

*It has been alleged, by unthinking persons, that this was a natural phase in the progress of civilization, since modern hygiene was unknown. But hygiene is not a modern concept. The Greeks and the Romans had public baths, and bathed daily. Average life spans of eighty were not unknown either in so-called "pagan" Rome or so-called "heathen" Greece. Roads and aqueducts built by the Romans survive to this day in Europe, as eloquent witnesses to a time when civilization was higher, and finer, than the madness that affected Europe during a thousand years of the Nicean Creed.*

4th, that she could work harm to people at a distance by what appears to have been hypnotic suggestion, and that she usually was wickedly and viciously inclined to do this at will.

*For sure, there are no people nowadays inclined to do harm to their enemies, true or imaginary, specially at a distance!... Except, of course, politicians, C.I.A. and F.B.I. agents, and Roman Catholic priests. It is well known that Nixon kept a little black book. He was not the only one, and the practice goes on.*

5th, that she could appear in what seems to have been her double, or astral form, to her victims.

*The expression "double", or "astral form", reveals that Ms. Craddock cannot have got this information from mediaeval sources; for the expression, and the very concept, date from the late eighteenth century.*



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*Paracelsus seems to have popularized the expression "astral body", but his concept was not magical or spiritistic: the "astral" was theorized as being a body of fine matter intimately linked with the physical, through which the influence of the celestial bodies—the astral influence—was transmitted to the physical, creating psychological traits or propensity to certain diseases. In short, it was a first conceptualization of the electro-magnetism of the nervous system, and as such it was a giant step in medicine. But "astral travel" and the use of the "double" are much more recent concepts, and were used by unscrupulous priests of the Jesuit Montague Summers type to try to explain away the mad persecutions of the Roman Church against non-christists during the Middle Ages.*

Now, regarding this last, the extremely critical and level-headed Society for Psychical Research have collected some three thousand cases of apparitions of living doubles at the present day, all of them well attested by witnesses. Most of these apparitions (some of which were so like real flesh and blood as to be taken for the person himself), according to the Society's records, were spontaneous, only a few being deliberately self-induced—a fact which indicates that the projection of the double is probably a normal power and that it ought to be, therefore, not so very difficult for an illiterate old woman to acquire. A few apparitions of doubles seem to be due mostly to one of the following causes:

1. Violent shock, as a roadway accident, danger of drowning.
2. A state of health indicative of approaching death, so that the astral form (is this the soul, the body of the immortal spirit?) seems already poised for flight.
3. The moment of separation of soul and body, specially if caused by drowning, suffocation, contusion on the head, wounds received in battle, etc.
4. Falling into a "brown study": gazing fixedly at an object in an abstracted way (self-hypnotization); listening abstractedly to a continuous and monotonous sound.

*There must be a lot of astral travelling done during House and Senate sessions and during Sunday mornings in the U.S.A.*

5. Falling asleep with an earnest desire fixed in one's mind to visit such or such a person or place.



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Any of these may be induced accidentally and, so far as we know, without the conscious will of the ego.

6. Deliberately willing, under some of the above circumstances, to have one's double appear at such and such a place. This act may or may not include—according to the extent of the psychic's training—an after-memory of the event.

*Obviously, if it does not, and the other party or parties, or people at the place visited, cannot afford corroboration, there is no way whatsoever of proving that the whole thing was any more than the psychic's imagination at work.*

From the above it will be seen that the apparition of the double, whether spontaneously or deliberately induced, seems to be brought about by a sudden focusing of mental force. I am inclined to think that some of the surest vouchers for the material objective substantiality of the world beyond the grave will be found among the phenomena attending the appearance of the double; inasmuch as the double, when most clearly manifesting, comports itself like an earthly being, with earthly necessities; and if this double be, as appears, identical with the soul-body which quits our mortal frame at death, we have only to collate and compare instances of the earthly double, and acquire the art of projecting our own double intelligently and without loss of memory while in earth-life, and we shall know beyond all doubts what its habits of thought, its appetites and necessities are likely to be beyond the grave.

In the witchcraft days, what is called *repercussion* was a common phenomenon. That is, the witch who appeared in astral form to her victims, if wounded with a knife, might be afterwards found to have sustained a similar wound in her physical body. This carries out the idea of the Theosophists and other occultists, that thought has power over matter, and that our physical frame is in reality moulded by the spirit and soul which inhabit it. Col. Olcott gives an interesting account of repercussion in his own case.

*All the above is highly speculative material that borders on wishful thinking. For instance, to know how the double behaves is absolutely not to know how the "spirit"—if there is a "spirit" in the spiritist sense—behaves in the "afterlife". Nothing whatsoever is known about the*



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*"afterlife" except that there is something that remains—in some cases, at least! The theory of the afterdeath expounded in LIBER ALEPH, Ch. 193, is the one that best expresses what one might call the "state of the art". But it is still just a theory. We know nothing that could be expressed as incontrovertible fact. Certainly not the ravings of the spiritualists, or the wily conmanship of the "Rampas" and the "Seths".*

Instances are not wanting where the earthly double has shown that its sex capacity remains apparently unaffected by temporary separation from the body. The following case, though probably founded on the falsehood of a clever woman (S.V. Feconditée), shows with what serious respect the phenomenon of the double was viewed some three hundred and fifty years ago.

In the *"Dictionnaire Infernal"* there is a report of a trial before the Parliament of Grenoble, in which the question was, whether a certain infant could be declared legitimate which was born after the husband had been absent from his wife four years. The wife asserted that the baby was the offspring of a dream, in which she had a vivid idea that her wandering spouse had returned to love and duty. Midwives and physicians were consulted, and reported on the subject. As a result, the Parliament ordained that the infant should be adjudged legitimate, and its mother should be regarded as a true and honourable wife. The judgment bears date 13th of February, 1537. (Inmen's *"Ancient Faiths and Modern"*, p. 265, footnote.)

*Please bear in mind that Me. Feconditée must have gone to church daily, and have been seen there by all her equally virtuous neighbors, to have been able to pass this absurdity through the stomach of Parliament. Also, she must have had friends in high places, for other women were not so lucky, and were burned alive under accusation that the child was a child of the Devil. Very likely, the child's father was the local vicar, or an influential merchant, or a nobleman.*

The following incident was told to me by a gentleman who had heard it from the lips of one of the parties. For obvious reasons, I suppress even localities:

"A gentleman who was intensely dark, of a Spanish type, was in love with a girl of the true blonde type. They never married, but later on she married someone else and moved to another part of the country. One



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night this gentleman had a very vivid dream, in which he fancied himself to be her husband. So real seemed the experience that he could scarcely convince himself on waking that he had not actually just come from her presence. Several years later, he happened to be in that part of the country, and bethought himself of hunting up his former lady love. He found her husband to be a decided blonde, like herself. A little child, a decided brunette, ran up to him, exclaiming joyfully, "Papa, Papa!" "Well!" laughed the host, "I am glad that she has found someone to call 'Papa', for she steadfastly refuses to recognize me as such." Whereupon the lady appropriately fainted. The visitor learned afterwards, by making inquiries of her, that she had had a dream similar to his at the same time, and just nine months previous to the birth of the child."

*Now, the Italians have an old saying for this kind of story: Se non è vero, è ben trovato. Meaning, "If it is not true, it is well told." One wonders what kind of inquiries the dark gentleman made, and under what circumstances.*

*Such tales remind us of Ambrose Bierce's priceless fable: A man is in a group around a camp fire, and someone relates a most interesting and moral happening. Everybody is amazed, except the man. His neighbor asks him, aside, "Aren't you surprised by this most edifying story?" "Not at all," the other answers peacefully. "I'm a liar myself."*

*Without full corroboration of all the parties involved, it is obvious that the above tale is totally valueless; with corroboration, it might have been of the greatest scientific interest. Too bad the delicate sensibilities of so-called "morality" interferred. Or perhaps, lucky for the teller.*

Was this a case of repercussion? Did his double meet her double (but not her physical self) on the astral plane and was that thought-world more powerful in moulding her child than was her physical environment as a wife? Or was it merely a telepathic impression conveyed from his mind to hers with sufficient vividness to "mark" the child? I may here remark that I do not consider the theory that he was the physical father of the child, as it seems to me that that would be a violation of the natural laws of Borderland. Nevertheless, if he really was the physical father, the stories would only be in keeping with the stories of the giant progeny from angelic fathers, and the stories of women confined in high towers and yet becom-



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ing pregnant by a celestial visitor. In the case of Danae, her visitor materialized as a shower of gold—quite after the fashion of modern apparitions of spiritualistic seances where the spirits often materialize as floating masses of radiant mist. At recent seances, too, trained scientific observers have perceived the medium's double (I now speak of mediums who are not fraudulent and who are willing to submit to experimental tests) partially or wholly dissociated from the medium's physical self. Col. Olcott gives an interesting account of his double oozing through the walls of Mrs. Blavatsky's room on its way to the sitting-room to add three words to a MS. on which he had been busily writing just before retiring. Both the earthly double and the celestial spirit appear to possess this faculty of oozing through blank walls. May they not be one and the same? In that case, we see how easy it may be to confound spirit bridegrooms from the world beyond the grave (who cannot beget children on the Borderland because this would be a violation of natural laws), and astral doubles of earthly lovers who can stimulate the begetting of children upon the astral double of an earthly woman so vividly as to mark the child of her lawful husband and herself with the likeness of the astral lover.

*It should be remarked that Ms. Craddock's assertion that children cannot be begotten by the action of an "astral body" on the "astral body" of a woman is sharply contradicted by A.C.'s assertion in **BOOK FOUR Part Three, Ch. XI, Section II, Footnote.** We cannot enlarge on this subject for lack of personal data. We are aware of magickal children, but our experience of physical children born in such circumstances is nil. It remains for others to prove or disprove it.*

At this point it may be objected that such information as I am here giving should not be spread broadcast, lest unscrupulous libertines take advantage of this power of projecting the double to get innocent girls into their power, since high towers and bolted doors appear to offer no barrier to the double's entrance. It is precisely for this reason that this information should be widely circulated, in order that these possibilities may be made known to the general public and guarded against. The present flood of Theosophic and other popular occult literature, as well as the published records of the S.P.R., have already placed the knowledge of this power within the reach of the libertine, if he chooses to avail himself of it.



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*We are inclined to remark, somewhat plaintively, that libertines come of both sexes, and women are just as likely to take advantage of this sort of information as men, if not more. All kidding aside—supposing we were kidding—a conscious libertine will rather, we think, try to contrive a physical meeting than be content with an "astral" one. But the true seriousness of the situation, which Ms. Craddock, perhaps from a feeling of misplaced delicacy, does not touch upon, is that such astral copulation occurs daily all over the world, specially in societies where sexual activity suffers unnatural restrictions. In other words, the doubles of sex-starved men and women nightly visit the unfortunate and unwary objects of their fixations, if magnetic affinity be established between their persons. For instance, it is well known that so-called "demonic" infestations are more common near Roman Catholic nunneries and monasteries than anywhere else.*

*So what can the average person do in order to protect his or her virtue or—where this still exists—virginity? Leaving aside the subject of the definition of virtue, or the desirability of virginity, we believe anybody will agree—both men and women—that it would be preferable to choose one's partner, astral or otherwise, rather than suffer the importunities of the sex-starved, who usually are emotionally unhealthy, and thus have an unhealthy influence on the visited. In the first place, contact will normally be impossible to the untrained astral unless there is a definite affinity between the victim and the visitor; in which case the name "victim" hardly applies to the former. Dirty affinities attract dirty contacts, as Ms. Craddock was at pains to point out before. In short, you are not likely to be victimized astrally. In the rare cases where someone is—literally—raped astrally against their will, these are trained astral bodies maliciously employed against the innocent and the unaware. Such cases do happen, but they are rare.*

*The best protection, in all cases, is to live in a healthy community where morality is the expression of common sense, not the excreta of diseased minds. Hence the constant effort of the Adepts to moralize society, sometimes—as in Ms. Craddock's case—at the expense of their own lives.*

*The second best protection is to become a trained magician, and use the normal techniques of defense—banishing rituals, a magickal circle, etc. etc. These matters are more serious than may seem, especially for artistic or*



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*mystical temperaments, who are usually hypersensitive to astral influence; and, of course, for those undergoing initiatic training, it is absolutely necessary to protect and isolate oneself. The astral atmosphere of most big cities, especially in cultures infected by sexually-restrictive creeds such as Christism, is unbelievable.*

When he can have this for the asking, it is high time that the general public know something of it also, as well as of the fact that correct living and clear thinking will always protect us from evil induced by occult means. It is an interesting question, however, as to whether children could really be begotten by a double upon a virgin...

*This emphasis on virgins has to do with the Roman Catholic concept of the "Virgin Mary", to which she will return later. It is obvious that it makes no difference if the woman is a virgin or not, provided she be not pregnant, or having normal sexual relations with anyone, at the time. But perhaps Ms. Craddock is also waving her virginity as a banner in the nostrils of us libertines. Ho-hum. As Theodore Sturgeon once remarked in his priceless story, Maturity, virgins give nothing but trouble. At least, to men whose egos are not inflated or protected by female ignorance.*

... or, as in the case tried before the Grenoble Parliament, upon a married woman whose husband is away.

*Apparently, in Ms. Craddock's universe, a woman could not be unmarried and not a virgin. Chaste flower! And child of her age.*

I am inclined to think not, since the double is for the time being on a different plane of matter from the physical body; being, in fact, in the same world as it will be after death; so that it must obey the law of the Borderland quite as much as if it were an angelic bridegroom, which is to sow no seed, inasmuch as no harvest can be reaped therefrom.

*In this, Ms. Craddock's essential emotional affinity with Romanism becomes quite explicit. Angels are not to expel semen, since they can beget no children... Later on she gives some idea of the kind of relationship she had with her angelic—supposing it was angelic—"husband". Her idea of how the "double" works is quite wrong; if the phenomenon of repercussion be possible, obviously pregnancies provenient of astral sexual contacts are also possible. Finally, her idea that the double, out of the physical body, is in the same state in which the double will be after death presup-*



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*poses that the double survives death—which not only is unproved; there is a lot of evidence to the contrary.*

But in this case, what becomes of the scientific basis of such stories as Danae and other virgins who become the mothers of children by a Borderland lover—whether earthly double or heavenly angel? There is but one way, so far as I see, by which a Borderland Bridegroom could beget a child by an earthly woman. The woman must live each moment in strict obedience to the laws of her earth-life and also of his heaven life. She must be capable of appreciating the intellectual thought of his advanced world. She must understand and live in accordance with the higher code of ethics current in his realm. She must neglect no earthly duty; she must be conversant with the intellectual thought-world of her earthly associates; she must not crush out a single instinct of her nature, but properly use every physical appetite and passion to round out a symmetrical earthly life...

*Ms. Craddock has just described the task of the Dominus Liminis before the Invocation of the Angel.*

When emergencies arise on either the earthly plane or on the Borderland, she must never make a mistake, for to do so will cause the lines of communication to waver, and presently to part. In short, her life, judged not only by the highest earthly standard but by the more advanced standard in the world beyond the grave...

*Again we must observe that Ms. Craddock is begging the question. The world "beyond the grave" has nothing necessarily to do with the planes where angels—or Holy Guardian Angels—dwell.*

... must be absolutely perfect, if she is to conceive, gestate for nine long months and give birth to a child begotten by a Borderland father; that is, she must be psychically on the same plane with him, and at the same time fulfill the laws of both planes, and without a single break. Only thus were the laws on the Borderland obeyed.

*The attentive reader will readily perceive that she has just contradicted herself. First, she stated conception was impossible. Now, she states that it is possible, and proceeds to establish the conditions. But let her speak for herself.*

The Roman Catholic Church in its dogma of The Immaculate Conception claims perfection for the blessed Virgin Mary. In so doing, it shows its



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wisdom. Though I am by no means a Romanist, I emphatically say that from the occult standpoint the immaculate life of Mary for a long period prior to the Annunciation and until at least the birth of Jesus is the only foundation upon which the possibility of the mysterious conception of Jesus as a Borderland child can rest. Having once attained this high plane, it is unlikely that she would ever descend to a lower plane afterward: so that, accurately speaking, the Roman Catholic doctrine of her immaculate life must have been absolutely perfect on all points, or she could not have conceived a child by a heavenly bridegroom (which is of God; for God does not break his own laws.) Nor is it likely that the heavenly bridegroom would break his laws in order to beget a child upon an earthly woman provided that woman were suitably trained for sometime for the occult espousal, and provided that God has a tangible form, as He appeared to Moses to have when he had Moses remain in the cleft of a rock while He passed by. (Exodus XXXIII, 21, 23.) This is the strength of the one Catholic doctrine concerning Mary's stainlessness of life; and from the Apocryphal Gospels, it appears that Mary had had the advantage of being brought up as an orphan in the temple under the eyes of the priests. It was customary for her to see and talk with angels and to receive food from them before her espousal to Joseph.

*Remarkable woman. Ms. Craddock rants on:*

My own idea of it, however, is that such a conception—if conception there were—would require Mary's mentality to rise not only to the standard of an angel but to the omniscience and all pervading tenderness of God, in order for her to be so thoroughly his spouse on the Borderland as to conceive and bear a child to him. On the other hand, it is interesting to note in connection with this the record in the Apocryphal Gospels as to the appearance of an angel visitor to Mary in the guise of a handsome youth, and the opinion expressed to Joseph by the virgins left in charge of her during Joseph's absense, that it was the angel who had made her pregnant.

*Is it possible, perhaps, that Ms. Craddock, in her innocence, purity and high-mindedness having attracted the love of a genuine Higher or Subtler Being, and being in intimate relation with this Being, aspired, rather pathetically, to become a physical mother by Him (or Her, or It)? Is this what is behind this preoccupation with the totally fictitious "Virgin Mary"?*



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*and the preposterous tale of "Jesus"? We have appended The Wake World as a sort of Preface to Ms. Craddock's book in order to explain what is really meant by the universal symbolism of Saviors being born from Virgin Mothers. Was she materializing the symbols, even in her innermost mind? If so, her final ruin becomes totally explained. She would have immediately lost contact with her Angel. But it is too early to tell whether this is the case, or whether she is still writing with tongue in cheek. Let us go on.*

Perhaps, when we come into harmonious rapport with the mystical theory, popularized by the school of divine science and other mystics, that each one of us is a part of the universal mind, and that that mind may know all things in the universe, we might allow even this on the Borderland. However, the Roman Catholic Church has seemingly provided for the high standard of mentality required from a spouse of Divine Science on the Borderland by ascribing to Mary not only the name, but the attributes of "Mother of God".

In "The Perfect Way, or the Finding of Christ", written by Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland, occurs a remark about "the notion, far from uncommon, that by abjuring the ordinary marriage relation, and devoting herself wholly to her astral associate, a woman may, in the most literal sense, become an immaculate mother of Christs." It is needless to add that the authors deprecate this, but their remarks show their total misapprehension of Borderland sex-relations, since it is only between husband and wife that those relations can exist objectively, all else is but subjective illusion. And, therefore, the command of Mary's Heavenly Bridegroom that Joseph was not to approach her as a husband until after the birth of the mysteriously begotten child would be strictly in keeping with Borderland laws, monogamy, and not bigamy, being the law of Borderland, because it is the highest ideal of both worlds.

*So, we are brought to the brink of suspense. Could Mary, or couldn't Mary? Would Joseph, or wouldn't Joseph? Did God, or did the handsome youth? Somewhat on the level of a French farce, with Joseph possibly the patron saint of cuckolds (which he would be, if he had ever existed, and if the Roman Church and its saints could ever have existed. We mean, really existed). As to "monogamy" being the law of Borderland—perhaps she*



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*meant Borderland, meaning, her "United" States?*

The mediaeval witch, as well as the Blessed Virgin, had her chance of Borderland nuptials on a high plane; but unlike Mary, she failed to pass those ordeals which require correct living and clear thinking on the part of the earthly psychic. In the first place, the witch (poor woman) lived in days when the physiological relations of husband and wife occupied a far lower place in popular estimation than it did in the days of Mary...

*Is it possible that her tongue is still in her cheek? Or can she have failed to realize that this lower place in popular estimation was precisely the consequence of the universal acceptance of the sorry tale of the Gospels?...*

... and moreover, in the Orient, Mary's home...

*I had thought Ms. Craddock's knowledge of geography somewhat deficient, since she disposed of India, Indochina, Siberia, China and Japan by calling Palestine the "Orient". But my colleague Mr. M. P. Starr has pointed out to me that she was merely as ignorant as her times.*

... the relation of husband and wife had then and still has a holiness on its physiological side which is foreign to European or American habits of thought.

*She is still sore about the belly-dance, but her notions of anthropology are just as poor as her notions of geography, or she would know that the sexual relation was so sinful in the eyes of Jewish Orthodoxy that husband and wife could not copulate except in total darkness, when they could not see each other's nude body. She is confusing Arab eroticism with Hebrew priggishness.*

When the peculiar psychical experiences of the witch set in, therefore, she naturally jumped to the conclusion that, first, they were sinful; second that, being sinful, they were the work of Satan. These assumptions were a departure from clear, unprejudiced thinking...

*Which, as everybody knows, had been common in Palestine for centuries, and became very popular in Europe after the triumph of Romanism.*

... and from that moment began her diabolical illusions, and she saw monsters, hobnobbed with imps, was lashed by scorpions, etc. etc., to the full extent of her willingness to receive these illusions as objective realities.



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*Her knowledge of history and psychology seems to be also at fault, since the fact that witches were tortured to death, or burned alive, shows that their insane delusions were fully shared by at least a minority of the population, and certainly the majority of the authorities. Otherwise they would have been put in hospitals, not in prisons, or laughed at, not taken seriously; would have been cured, not martyred.*

The poor creatures, indeed, had not our advantages in the perusal of records of hypnotism and of the Society for Psychical Research, and would have been sadly puzzled to draw the line between subjective illusion and objective materialization. Nevertheless, her angel lover was with her when she thought him the Devil. He comforted her in her poverty and loneliness (many of these witches, remember, were old women, whose lives had been the bare, dreary lives of the terribly poor) and he promised her such influence among her neighbors as she longed for most. This was an ordeal, had she but known it, which, if passed successfully, would have brought her to a higher and sweeter pleasure. Some there were, here and there, who seem to have chosen the better part, and to have become "white witches", capable of clairvoyance, of healing human beings and cattle of strange diseases, forecasting the future and the like. But usually these poor old women had been so embittered against selfish or heedless neighbors that the influence they longed for most was to pay back their wrongs (real or supposed) with interest. Here again, they broke the occult law which calls for correct living on the part of the psychic, and trod the downward path of hatred and diabolism...

*A thorough study of the problem of witchcraft during the Middle Ages cannot be done without perusal of works like Michelet's **La Sorcière**, Margaret Murray's **The God of the Witches** and documents of life at that time, at all levels of society. Ms. Craddock's analysis leaves much to be desired.*

... In many cases, no doubt the psychical experiences of a witch started from this fierce desire to be revenged upon those who had slighted her. She probably began with some simple form of self-hypnotization imparted to her by a neighbor who had already acquired some proficiency in the art. Once she had accomplished this, the astral world lay open wide before her with all its illusions or all its realities, according to how she proved worthy



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of one or the other. Sometimes, no doubt, she struggled upward to benevolent thoughts and prayers for help in resisting temptation and was accordingly rewarded with true occult power and with union with her angelic mate who was both her husband and her guardian. That she thought him the Devil partially interfered with the physical strengthening and psychical happiness which that union brought; while he, on his part, kept steady watch over her infirmities, always ready to help the slightest impulse of her spirit to rise to higher things, seeing as only angels see, beneath that misshapen earthly body, the soul, the astral body, which, despite the temporary disfigurements caused by evil thoughts, is ever young and fair, and waiting patiently throughout her poor, stumbling, sinful life, as only a man who truly loves a wife can wait, for the time when she will live down her mistakes, and see as clearly as himself.

If it be objected that this occult wedlock with an angel whom she ignorantly mistook for a devil brought her to misfortune, I answer: *Not unless she broke the law of correct living by trying to turn her occult powers to base purposes, or failed to keep clear-headed.*

But in that case?

In that case, also, her guardian angel took her through the deep waters and along the rugged, toilsome mountain path for her evolution, that she might be made perfect through suffering. Are we not all convinced that that is what God means by putting us, who are not witches, in a world where each of us has to wrestle with adverse circumstances in betterness of spirit? In our inmost being we recognize God's wisdom in our being taken through sorrows, temptations and conflicts, for thus only can we grow strong and rise to our full stature as made in His likeness.

*This is orthodox Christist sado-masochism disguised with the trappings of spiritism.*

And to the witch, Heaven was no less merciful than to us, in that it forced ordeals upon her which, when she passed them, brought her happiness, but which, when she failed to pass them, brought her suffering.

*Sentimental blah blah blah.*

It is noticeable that most of the witches who came to grief, and who confessed to intercourse with the Devil, referred to certain ceremonies customary at each "Sabbath", although records of witchcraft point rather



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to subjective illusion of performing abominable rites than to actual practice of the same. For details, the reader may refer to almost any work on witchcraft.

*We again refer the serious reader to the works previously quoted; then, if she or he feels fortified enough morally to do so, go to absurdities such as the "Malleus Maleficarum" and others, and learn to what abysses of perversion Christism may lead a theological mind. It is not even parapsychopathology anymore; it is straight psychopathology, made more abysmal by the fact that so much evil was done in the world for so long under the name of religion.*

He will there see that, with all the fuss made by the judges and persecutors about this intercourse with Satan, there was very little of real impurity, and what there was seems to have been entirely subjective—the illusion of an insane imagining. In short, the witch, as well as other brides of angelic lovers, was evidently far from impure-minded by nature at the start, and this, too, in an age of vulgar expressions, coarse ideas and from which even the genius of Shakespeare did not escape without contamination.

*Again her lack of knowledge of history leads her into error. The age of Shakespeare, at least in England, was remarkably free of witch trials and persecutions. But once more, her practical wisdom leads her to defend the "Sabbath" dreams as harmless, much as enlightened people today would defend pornography. What she fails to realize, however, is that those "Sabbath" dreams were not of the witches, but of the inquisitors: they were fed the victims, word by word, on the rack, and the torturing continued until the wretches confessed to performing the acts the priests dreamed they would perform—if they were witches.*

Yet these women were mostly illiterate and miserably poor. It is probable that their poverty, however, had been their educator in ascetic deprivation and in bearing up under slights from more fortunate neighbors, and so had laid the foundations of that stern control of self which is absolutely necessary in the true occultist. That this feature—their feelings under slights received from neighbors—played an important part in their thoughts and consequently in their development is shown by the fact that many of their attempts (real or supposed) at bewitching date from



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an unkind refusal of a neighbor to give them a bowl of soup or an old shirt. Ill-temper, then, morose broodings over wrongs, general sourness of spirit, were not the least important of the causes which turned those earthly partners of angelic bridegrooms into devil-haunted witches.

Another cause seems to have been their failure to think clearly and without prejudice. Poor creatures! They were nearly all of them prejudiced (i.e., "pre-judgers") from beginning to end. They pre-judged angels to be the Devil; they pre-judged the monsters imagined by their own sub-consciousness to be real; they pre-judged the wedlock into which they entered on the Borderland to be sinful; they pre-judged their mysterious visitor to be a tempter to lead them away from religion and the church...

*But the point of it is, if "he" were a true angel, "he" would have to try to lead them away from that religion and that church. She misses this—or bypasses it.*

... they pre-judged him as requiring unhallowed rites—dimly remembered survivals from the ancient Sex Worship, too often on its vilest side; they pre-judged him as the means of ignoble satisfactions of their hatred and their animal desires. And thus they sank to diabolism.

There was yet another cause—not so much of evil as of illusions. This was the "Devil's Mark"—that special mark of his with which they supposed themselves stamped on some part of their bodies. With this, we may classify the spot at which the Devil or one of his imps was said to suck them, and also the peculiarity that their bridegroom in his marital relations chilled them as though with ice.

There are many phases of occult sensitiveness. The ear for the clairaudient, the eye for the clairvoyant, the easily swayed arm and hand for the writing medium, are the three physical organs through which communications usually reach us. But for the wife of a heavenly bridegroom, the nerves of touch, it is evident, must be the chief focuses of occult sensitiveness. Now, in order that the delicate balance of nerve sensation be maintained, it is important that such a psychic distinguish readily between real touches and illusory touches, between objective realities impinging upon the ends of her nerves and hypnotic suggestions, either self-induced or induced by an outside intelligence; say by her spirit bridegroom. And not only must she learn to distinguish thus between real and unreal sensa-



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tions, but she must also learn to resist all hypnotic suggestion to feel sensations which do not exist or which are unlawful. No psychic can be considered thoroughly self-controlled who has not acquired this power of resistance to hypnotic suggestion of unlawful touches or of unreal things as real. No psychic's testimony can be considered reliable so long as she fails to distinguish between genuine and illusory touches. So long as she is lacking in any of these essentials to the wife of a heavenly bridegroom, just so long will her guardian persist in putting her through a course of training—a training which she must undergo until she passes her examination and is promoted into a higher class, there to take up still more advanced lessons in psychic discrimination and psychic self-control.

*It will be noticed that Ms. Craddock is now telling us something of her own personal experience.*

Now, the "Devil's Marks" and the "sucking" were both, so I hold, illusory sensations which the witch failed either to classify or to conquer, but to which she mistakenly succumbed. When the supposed Devil's mark showed non-sensitiveness to pin-pricks, it was probably a case of auto-suggestion—or, in the case of some, a hypnotic dulling to pain caused (oftentimes in mercy) by the angel guardian.

*As you can see, she starts canting again. This is due to her superficial knowledge of the period of the witch trials. It would be sheer stupidity for the "angel guardian" to stop the wretched woman from feeling the pain of pin-pricks, when the result of her insensitivity to this small pain would be her being led to suffer the much more hideous pain of the "Question". No. The truth of this matter is what we have stated before, and Ms. Craddock errs grievously in trying to separate what the inquisitors did to the witch from the vileness of any human being capable of doing what they did.*

Of the same illusory character is that phenomenon which has so puzzled all the writers on witchcraft—the icy chilliness of the sperm. This experience is entirely subjective; because it is forbidden by Borderland laws to evoke a nervous energy for no definite result; and as a harvest in offspring on the Borderland cannot be produced, it is breaking Borderland laws to sow the seed.

*Here Ms. Craddock is at the same time right and wrong. It is not break-*



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*ing "Borderland" laws, under certain rare and special circumstances, to "sow the seed", as she very delicately puts it; but it is absolutely true that it is forbidden to evoke a nervous energy for no definite result. We refer the serious reader to A.C.'s masterly analysis in his Commentaries to AL i 51-52.*

The very fact that the Devil, who is supposed to be a deity of fire, seemed cold in the Borderland marital union, ought to have shown his earthly partner that it was an illusion. And the psychic who expects or thinks to enact a forbidden experience on the Borderland has only her own ignorance to thank for the illusion.

Incubi and Succubae, evil spirits who were supposed to force themselves as lovers upon both men and women, played an important part in withcraft days. Deformed children were supposed to have sprung of such a union. Luther believed implicitly in this. Virtuous women seemed to be especially subject to the attacks of incubi, and this was looked on as attesting the cunning of Satan, who thus aimed at those noted for purity of life. It rarely, if ever, seems to have occurred to people in those days that a virtuous woman, reasonably clear-headed, is a being who is under especial angelic protection, and that when such a woman was persistently singled out by a spirit for lover-like attentions, it must have been owing to the favor of Heaven, and not to the malignity of devils...

*Quaintly innocent, as usual, Ms. Craddock fails to realize that the mediaeval definition of a "virtuous woman" differed very little from the modern definition of a sex-starved woman, and that in fact the orthodox Judeo-Christist definition remains at that same level of understanding.*

... That these attentions became a great annoyance at last was only because the woman either broke the moral law in some way or became prejudiced against every such being as an emissary of Satan. In time, by the workings of the laws of Borderland, she who through natural curiosity and romantic sentiment at first hearkened to the angel lover and afterward, through the failure to live aright or think clearly, felt bound to reject him as a devil, became subject to hallucinations and also, in some cases, to annoying physical manifestations. Some picturesque stories have been told of such women, to whom the spirit lover has appeared in the guise of a handsome youth...



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*The connection with "Mary"'s angel disguised as a "handsome youth" in the Apocrypha, that she mentioned before, is inescapable. Will she describe the appearance of her angelic—if it was angelic—lover for us before the end, or is she doing so now by innuendo? Let us on.*

... vainly wooing his earthly love night after night. The stories usually wind up with an account of fearful persecutions at the hands of the rejected lover who thus, by his malignity, reveals himself as the Devil. Sometimes the priest is appealed to but not always successfully. The Roman Catholic church has a regular rite to exorcise demons and is probably successful with the psychic through hypnotic suggestion. But in the case of a spirit lover who has once been received (whether as husband or only communicating spirit), it would seem as though his hypnotic suggestions often outweighed that of the priest. But I am inclined to think that the very lingering of these subjective experiences indicates that her psychic hallucinations were often not only due to hypnotic suggestions by her spirit lover, but also the result recorded in her subliminal consciousness of a veridical phenomenon which she at first encouraged, whether through harmless curiosity or through the romantic and tender sentiment of a pure heart, or through the grosser impulses arising from a luxuriant and untrained imagination, it matters not. When her season of ordeals set in and she was obliged to distinguish between the illusory and the real, in order to maintain communication with her interesting visitor, she either grew alarmed at the phenomena of the ordeals or rashly assumed the whole thing to be diabolical. From this time on, it were indeed strange if she should fail to see subjectively what she expected—i.e., the Devil. All in vain now was it for her to exclaim in terror or indignation: "I will have nothing to do with you!" Her angelic lover had indeed ceased to communicate; but her subconsciousness had not ceased to vibrate along the lines of psychical illusion; and, unless she possessed great self-control and had her sub-conscious nature well in hand, time and time only could work a cure, unless, indeed, she should implicitly submit her inner self to the priest or to some other earthly human being as her hypnotizer, in which case it was a change from the hypnotic control of a clear-seeing angel to that of a more or less blind, fallible man of earth...

*It must be clearly understood here that the relationship between a*



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*human being and a being from subtler planes that can exist on the same level as Humanity NEVER is a matter of hypnotism. It is ALWAYS a matter of free mutual choice. "Black Brothers" need not apply.*

... who may or may not take undue advantage of the power placed in his hands over her mainsprings of action. When one (1) considers that every nun who enters a convent is pledged to a mystic union with a heavenly bridegroom, denominated Christ; (2) that the union more often than the public is aware becomes so objectively real that the confessor feels obliged to term it "Congressus cum daemonis"; (3) that ignorance on the nun's part of Borderland laws will render her experiences fantastic or diabolical; (4) that her deliverance from these experiences may be secured by a change in hypnotizer, from an unseen angel to a visible earthly priest; we see that a power resides with confessors to mould the minds of the nuns to carry out this hypnotic suggestion for the glory of the church. For the person who has been hypnotized by spirits and who has not acquired the power of resisting hypnotic suggestion will more readily yield to an earthly hypnotizer. That the angelic lover should force himself upon her as an incubus against her will is contrary to Borderland laws; for in the world beyond the Borderland (the world beyond the grave) it is reckoned a sin for a woman to have aught to do with husband or lover save for love's sake, and hence the idea that a woman may be forced into a marital union on the Borderland is totally incorrect, inasmuch as the highest standards of social and ethical duty in both worlds must be lived up to by the two who meet upon the borders of the two worlds. Rationalists have tried to explain the spirit bride and spirit bridegroom as a nightmare arising from a plethoric condition of the body—an explanation which has force only when the spirit is an incubus and not a succubus, and when the earthly psychic (man or woman) is asleep or dozing. But the clearest and most convincing manifestations of the objectivity of the heavenly bridegroom always come when the psychic is most clear-headed. It seems, indeed, that it is not even in a trance but only when the psychic is wide awake that the marital union takes place objectively. And this, I think, will be found to be the case with the witches. When their union with the supposed Devil was based on the faithful tender love of one woman for one man and its reciprocity, in accordance with high moral standards, then was the union objective and



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natural. The gross rites of the Witches' Sabbaths, with their abnormalities and absurdities, were evidently the illusions of an insane imagination in great part—although it is also doubtless true that, as Professor Wilder says, "There is little reason to doubt that these 'Witches' Sabbaths' were formerly celebrated and that they were, in some modified form, a continuation of the outlawed worship of the Roman Empire."

*A veiled barb, an innocent afterthought, or the impulse of her angelic bridegroom? Let us on.*

Early in the 17th Century, a light dawned upon the horizon of these illusions and diableries. That light was the manifesto of a secret society of mystics called the Rosicrucians or followers of the Rosie Cross. In 1605, the sect became known; in 1623 it placarded Paris with mysterious announcements; but it professed to have existed long before. Who its members were, whether the society really existed, or whether the whole affair was a joke on the mystics, are questions which today remain still unsettled. But, whether a reality or a myth, the Rosicrucians were a factor in the literature and mysticism of their time, and a secret society of the same name still exists. They dealt a powerful blow at the superstition which assumed the spirit bridegroom and the spirit bride to be diabolical.

"They discarded forever all the old tales of sorcery and witchcraft and communion with the devil. They said there were no such horrid, unnatural and disgusting beings as the incubi and succubi and the innumerable grotesque imps that men had believed in for so many ages. Man was not surrounded with enemies like these, but with myriads of beautiful and beneficent beings, etc.—all anxious to do him services. The sylphs of the air, the undines of the water, the gnomes of the Earth, and the salamanders of the fire were men's friends, and desired nothing so much as that men should purge themselves of all uncleanness, and thus be enabled to see and converse with them. They possessed great power, and were unrestrained by the barriers of space or the obstructions of matter. But man was in one respect their superior. He had an immortal soul, and they had not. They might, however, become sharers in man's immortality if they could inspire one of that race with the passion of love towards them. Hence it was the constant endeavor of the female spirits to captivate the admiration of men, and of the male gnomes, sylphs, salamanders and un-



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dines to be beloved by a woman. The object of this passion, in returning their love, imparted a portion of that celestial fire, the soul; and from that time forth the beloved became equals to the lover, and both when their allotted course was run entered together into the mansions of felicity. These spirits, they said, watched constantly over mankind by night and day. Dreams, omens, and presentiments were all their work, and the means by which they gave warning of the approach of danger. But though so well inclined to befriend man for their own sake, the want of a soul rendered them at times capricious and revengeful; they took offence at slight causes, and heaped injuries instead of benefits on the heads of those who extinguished the light of reason that was in them by gluttony, debauchery, and other appetites of the body." (*Mackay's Popular Delusions. Mysteries of the Rosie Cross*, by A. Reader, Orange Street, Red Lion Square, London, 1891.)

*Nothing of the above relates to the true theories of the ancient Rosicrucians; but it was part of their effort to clean up the psychic atmosphere of the race from the obsessive nightmares of Christism, among others. Savage and disruptive fairy tales had been told to children—meaning, normal men and women. So they replaced those bad fairy tales with others. The effort continues its effect to this day: Christist disease has been stopped, and the condition is now regressing. Prognosis is favorable.*

There is a book called *Sub Mundanes*, which in a vein of delicate humor deals with this belief of the Rosicrucians. It purports to be written by an acquaintance of one Count of Gabalis. It was published by the Abbot de Villars, nephew of Montfaucon, in 1670.

*This book is part of the Reading Curriculum of the A. One, Section II. It is Class C.*

*Sub Mundanes* refers to stories told of the Gothic Kings being born from a bear, and a princess of Pegusians being born from a dog and a woman; of a Portuguese woman, who was exposed on a deserted island, having children by a large monkey. The author goes on to say that the sylphs of the Rosicrucians, seeing that they are taken for demons when they appear, in order to diminish aversion take the form of these animals, and accommodate themselves thus to the whimsical weakness of women, who would be horrified at the sight of a handsome sylph, but less so at a dog or



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monkey.

*We wonder what certain militant feminists would have to say to this, in our opinion, hilariously acute remark.*

Sub Mundanes tells a story of a hard-hearted Spanish beauty who repulsed a Castillian gentleman so effectually that he left her and set off to travel to forget her; a sylph fell in love with her, took the shape of her absent lover, wooed her persistently and won her. A son was born; and when she was again pregnant, the earthly lover returned to Seville, quite cured of his passion, and hastened to call on her, saying he should now displease her no longer, as he had ceased to love her. Result: a scene, tears, reproaches on the part of the young woman; parents come in and the whole matter is brought to light. The writer continues:

“And what part played the Airy-Lover (interrupted I) all this while? I see well enough (answered the Count) that you are displeased that he should forsake his mistress, leaving her to the Rigour of her parents and to the Fury of the Inquisitors. But he had reason to complain of her: she was not devout enough; for when these gentlemen immortalize themselves they work seriously, and live very holily; that they lose not the Right which they came to acquire of Sovereign good. So they would have the person to whom they are allied live with exemplary innocence.”

Sub Mundanes also tells of a young Lord of Bavaria who was not to be comforted for the death of his wife, whereupon a Sylph took her shape and appeared to him. The same story, as told elsewhere, however, stated that it was his own wife who returned from beyond the grave. They lived together many years, and had children. But “he swore, and spoke lewd, uncivil words”. She reproved him vainly, and at last “she vanished one day from him, and left him nothing but her Clothes, and the Repentance of his not having followed her Holy Counsels.”

These two stories show what stress is laid by the spirit lover upon the necessity for the earthly psychic to keep the moral law.

Another story, unreal and fantastic as is the catastrophe, shows that bigamy is not condoned on the Borderland, and that no man can serve two mistresses without punishment, when one of the earthly partners of one of these nymphs is his Borderland spouse. It appears that he “was so dishonest a Man as to fall in Love with a Woman; but as he Dined with his



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new Mistress, and certain of his Friends, there was seen in the Air the Loveliest Creature of the World; which was the invisible Lover, that had a mind to let herself be seen by the Friends of her unfaithful Gallant; that they might Judge how little reason he could have to prefer a Woman before her. After which the enraged nymph struck him dead immediately.” (Sub Mundanes.)

But popular prejudice regarding the reality of witchcraft died hard. The Rosicrucians were charged with doing as did the witches—projecting their astral forms for selfish and lawless purposes. It was believed by the populace, and by many others whose education should have taught them better, that gentle maidens who went to bed alone often awoke in the night and found men of shape more beautiful than the Grecian Apollo, who immediately became invisible when an alarm was raised. (Mackay’s En. Pop. Delusion.)

*Believed by the populace? The Rosicrucians were never so famous as all that. But believed by Christist clergy—projecting their own sexual frustrations in the deeds of others.*

But this seems rather unlikely, when we carefully consider the following pronunciamento with which they placarded Paris;

“We, the deputies of the principal College of the brethren of the Rose-cross have taken our abode, visible and invisible, in this city by the grace of the Most High towards whom are turned the hearts of the just. We shew and teach without books or signs, and speak all sorts of languages in the countries where we dwell, to draw mankind, our fellows, from error and from death.”

Moreover, the Rosicrucians maintained most positively that the very first vow they took was one of chastity, and that any of them violating that oath would be deprived at once of all the advantages he possessed, and be subject to hunger, thirst, sorrow, disease and death like other men. Witchcraft and sorcery they also “most warmly repudiated”. (Mysteries of the Rosie Cross, by A. Reader.)

*The subject of initiatic chastity should be closely studied in **LITTLE ESSAYS TOWARD TRUTH** by the Master Therion.*

And the editor of *Sub Mundanes*, in a footnote, refers to the Rosicrucian marriage with the elementary or Spirit-life, esteemed a duty by the sages



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and cultivated with fasting, watching, prayer and contemplation and acquiring thereby that condition of spiritual repose, in which only inspired visions occurred.

Why did these mystics call themselves *Rosicrucian*? Some writers have attempted to derive the name from two words meaning "dew" and "cross"; but the usual interpretation is "followers of the Rosy Cross"—a cross with a rose being used as the society's symbol. Some derive the word from the name Christian Rosenkreutz, the reputed founder of the society; but in view of the fact that it is uncertain that he ever lived, and that the stories told about the opening of his tomb 120 years after his death have a decidedly mystical flavor...

*Less mythical than the celebrated death and resurrection of the Christist "Gospels"; and certainly more mystical.*

... one may be pardoned for considering this personage a myth, invented as a convenient explanation to outsiders to throw them off the track of the real meaning of the society's name.

Now, the cross is an old, old religious symbol of the union of man and woman the world over and dates from an unknown antiquity. The rose is a well-known symbol of love under its most ardent form. We have already seen that the Mexican Virgin, Sochiquetzal, was presented by a heavenly messenger with a rose when the annunciation was made that she should bear a mysteriously begotten son; that her name means the "lifting up of roses"; and that this event marks the commencement of an epoch called "the age of Roses". We have seen that the Mexican Eve sinned by plucking roses which elsewhere are called, apparently, "the fruit of the tree". We have seen that quite on the other side of the world among the Mohammedans is found a tradition that Christ was conceived by the smelling of a rose, and there is an Eastern legend that the burning bush in which the angel of the Lord appeared to Moses—a bush which burned without being consumed—was a rose bush. May not these roses be symbolically one and the same with the rose upon the Rosicrucian cross? If so, remembering the Rosicrucian teachings about the duty of chastity, the joy of nuptials with a being from the unseen world, and the obligation to enter upon that heavenly marriage with "fasting, watching, prayer and contemplation", we may well believe that they had learned the inner mystery of aspiring



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through passion to communion with God and of placing the rose of Divine Love upon the cross of marriage union in Borderland wedlock.

Also in a book entitled "In the Pronaos of the Temple of Wisdom", by Franz Hartmann, occurs a list of Rosicrucian symbols followed by the significant remark: "He who can see the meaning of all these allegories has his eyes open."

Many of these symbols are evidently phallic, and yield easily to the interpretation that they are symbols in the training of the occultist in the three degrees to which I have already referred.

But, despite the good work done by the Rosicrucians in lifting Borderland wedlock to a higher plane in the estimation of the public, it was not all plain sailing yet. The Church—that conservator alike of the useful and the useless things of the past—clung to the old belief of witchcraft days. When one of her mystics—either nun or priest—became thus espoused, the Church seems to have steered a middle course between the old and the new. Usually she termed such experiences "*Congressus cum daemone*", and bent her powers to exorcizing the evil one. But occasionally, as in the case of St. Teresa, the nun was a clear-headed woman of known integrity and purity...

*Actually, a woman from a rich and influential noble family, whose relatives had the ear of royalty and prelates.*

... "*Congressus cum daemonibus*" was out of the question where such a woman was one of the parties to the union in these instances. By what one can only call an inspiration from on high...

*Oh come now, Ms. Craddock! No wonder you ended up by committing suicide! One "inspiration" among three hundred thousand expirations?...*

... the Church promptly decided that the *congressus* was not diabolical, but heaven sent.

*What a lot of money and influential relatives can do now, they could do then.*

And, since the nun was the professed "Bride of Christ", what more natural than that her experience should be viewed as a mystical union with this Divine Bridegroom? In this, the Church acted according to her light, and I think it must be admitted she did fairly well, considering the ig-



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norance and prejudice of the times.

*Ms. Craddock lifts her alleged virgin's skirts and skips lightly over the maimed or roasted corpses of hundreds of thousands of women who, not being of rich families or not having influential relatives like Teresa d'Avila, did not enjoy the benefit of Romish 'light'.*

It is noteworthy, however, that in St. Teresa's case her confessor, after having her write out a detailed account of her experience, ordered her to burn a great part of it. Was it because the objectivity of her experiences did not harmonize very well with the mystical idea of "espousal to Christ"?

*More likely, the information imparted to her in her visions did not harmonize with the Roman Church's official version of their "Christ".*

Latin scholars will notice that the laws of Latin syntax require a word to be supplied in translating this phrase—a general term, such as the word "something", or "that which belongs to". As this grammatical construction was used by a very learned Roman Catholic priest when discussing the matter with me, I cannot suppose it to be a slip of the tongue, as I should have supposed, had the speaker been less of a scholar. This construction, however, instead of obscuring, really sets forth the matter with clearer resemblance to the psychic's useful physiological experience, as will be seen by comparing it with the legends I have referred to regarding the finding of the body of Osiris by Isis. Only by comparing this Latin expression with the legends and their application will this phrase be properly understood.

Where the earthly partner in these unions was a woman, and a nun at that, pledged to unfaltering obedience to her official superiors, it was probably an easy matter for her confessor to lump all her experiences—veridical as well as illusory—under one heading, that of subjective. A virgin is usually, by reason of her environment as a woman, so ignorant of the physiology of marriage that it is difficult for her as a psychic to distinguish what is real from what is unreal until she has been a Borderland wife for some time. But for the priest to whom the blessed experience of Borderland wedlock came in all its fullness, a different course of treatment must have been necessary, since, being a man, with the opportunities of knowledge open to a man, and to a priestly confessor of sinful men and women, he could not be hoodwinked by his superior into taking for subjective illusions these experiences which were distinctively objec-



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tive. The records of witchcraft contain accounts of priests who were burned at the stake for a union of this sort extending over forty and fifty years, with a spirit assumed to be the Devil in the form of a woman.

*Such cases are totally unknown to this reviewer. The priestly gang always stuck together, and only laymen—or laywomen—got roasted. Once in a very long while a mere nun or a mere monk would have it. Cases like Urban Grandier's were so unique that they became historical.*

Pope Gregory VII, who is known as Hildebrand, that pope who strove so persistently to purge the priesthood of simony and unchastity and to emancipate the Church from interference by the temporal power, was said to have a familiar spirit with whom he maintained such a union.

*It was this pope who, more than once, anathematized Frederic II of Hohenstaufen—and both times failed to destroy him, or the enlightened tolerance among Christists, Jews and Moslems that the Emperor encouraged and supported.*

... But what is done with priests nowadays who enter upon Borderland wedlock is not, so far as I can learn, revealed to the general public. From a French physician, however, I learned of a custom among the Continental priests concerning their sleeping arrangements which suggests that more allowance is made nowadays than formerly for those whom Heaven has thus singled out, and that the Church bows to the will of Heaven in this matter, and lays no blame upon the priest.

*This is absolute nonsense. The fact is, the Roman Catholic Church is perfectly aware that priests masturbate, practice homosexuality (usually seducing young boys in Sunday school, seminaries, or chorus work), and copulate with their woman parishioners, (usually seducing them in the confessional)—and throws a pious curtain of silence over all this to keep its money and its political power. No possibility of union with "heavenly brides" is contemplated.*

Theophile Gautier has written a novelette called Clarimonde, which recounts the love of a beautiful vampire woman for a priest. She comes to him each night and they mount and gallop away to her palace, whence he returns at daybreak for his priesthood duties. The author represents the priest as struggling between his duties as a priest and what he considers the allurements of sin; and in consonance with the idea that punishment is



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visited upon the sinner, Gautier reveals her as a vampire sucking the blood of her lover while he sleeps.

It would seem as though the author was catering to the popular superstition that it was sinful, specially for a priest of God, to enjoy sensuous love. But if anyone in the world is entitled to the joys of true Borderland wedlock, it is surely a priest who has kept his vows of asceticism, and who is really pure-minded...

*This can, and has to be, so rare, that in the course of twenty years this reviewer has been informed of one solitary case—and has sympathized with the plight of the unhappy wretch, who has tried to reconcile Truth with dogma—and, naturally, has failed, and kept failing.*

... If anyone in the world needs it, it is surely the priest who is supposed to stand midway as a bridge-builder between earthly sinners and celestial beings of the unseen world beyond the grave, since it is pretty generally acknowledged that a well-ordered sex life is necessary to the development of a symmetrical character. For, what mean the words "holy" and "holiness"? They mean "whole-ly", "wholeness"...

*We do not know if Ms. Craddock was inspired, or was associating sounds for her own ends, or had researched the meaning of "holy" and "whole"; but she is absolutely correct. Both words come from the Indo-European root kailo, which means "hale", or "healthy". Cf. LXV iv 7 and the Commentaries thereon. Integration and Initiation are synonyms.*

... The man or woman who expects to be indeed "holy" must be "whole". *i.e.*, symmetrical. In Old Testament times, Jehovah forbade any priest who was a eunuch to minister before Him, thus recognizing the importance of sex in the perfect man...

The Rev. Arthur Devine, Passionist, in a book entitled "*Convent Life, or the Duties of Sisters Dedicated in Religion to the Service of God*", and this voluntarily. Cf. Liber CLXXV, v. 46.

The Rev. Arhut Devine, Passionist, in a book entitled "*Convent Life, or the Duties of Sisters Dedicated in Religion to the Service of God*", 1889—a book which, the title-page shows, is "intended chiefly for superiors and confessors"—takes up the subject of nuns who are subject to visions and supernatural revelations. Considering the question as to whether such experiences are true visions or the results of deception and er-



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ror, he mentions as one test the consideration of "Whether it (the revelation) contains anything false, because in this case it cannot proceed from the spirit of truth: Therefore, it is necessary to consider whether it is confirmable to Scripture, to faith and morals, to theology and to the doctrine and traditions of the Church. Are they (these communications) accompanied by the cross and by mortification, and do they tend to the manifestation of the faith and the utility of the Church?" From which it will be seen that a heavenly bridegroom who is not a good Catholic has every prospect of being classed as demoniacal, if he happens to fall in love with a nun and to tell her that he is not of the same religious belief as herself. This is a case where religious prejudice furnishes the standard by which to test the communication. Andrew Lang, speaking of some table-turning experiments by the Swiss investigator M. de Gasparin, remarks: "It would seem that the Roman Catholic Church, upon any subject when dealing with occult phenomena, is certain to bring about occurrences of a fantastic, misleading or diabolical character.

The *spiritus percutiens*, "rapping spirit" (?), conjured away by old Catholic formulae at the benediction of churches, was brought forward by some of M. de Gasparin's critics. As *his* tables did not rap, he had nothing to do with the *spiritus percutiens*. This proves, however, that the Roman Church was acquainted with raps, and explained them by the spiritualistic hypothesis.

A learned priest has kindly looked for the alleged *spiritus percutiens* in dedicatory and other ecclesiastical formulae. He only finds it in benedictions of bridal chambers, and thinks it refers to the slaying spirit in the Book of Tobit." (Andrew Lang, *Cock Lane and Common Sense*, pp. 316-317.)

The "slaying spirit" in the Book of Tobit, it will be remembered, was a so-called evil spirit who was in love with Sara and who objected to her marrying, and who slew seven successive earthly aspirants to her hand on the bridal night of each. He is always referred to as an instance of the incubus. But let us not forget that so-called incubi are angels, and are never evil; since in order to hold communication with the beloved earthly person they, as well as the psychic, are obliged to live correctly and think clearly. And what is evil on the Borderland is always subjective and never objec-



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tive.

*This should not be misinterpreted, as perhaps Ms. Craddock did, to mean that you cannot be harmed by a "spirit". A shark is a rather dangerous predator, and has been known to eat or maim thousands of swimmers; but it would be silly to say that the shark is "evil". It is merely dangerous and inconvenient. There are dangerous and inconvenient "spirits".*

And the number seven, too, in regard to the husbands of a virgin who already has a spouse has a suspiciously mythical, folklorish look.

That the Roman Catholic Church should take account of such a spirit in the benedictions of bridal chambers shows that it has had good reason to suspect the visits of incubi to the virgins of its laity, as well as to the virgins of its nunneries. Indeed, Tylor in his *Primitive Culture* tells us that the frequency of incubi and succubae "is set forth in the Bull of Pope Innocent VIII, in 1484, as an accepted accusation against many persons of both sexes, forgetful of their own salvations, and falling away from the Catholic faith."

*Which merely meant that the unnatural sexual restriction imposed by the priesthood produced erotic dreams in the people; and these dreams took on the character of nightmares due to the perversion of the natural instinct. It is extremely unlikely that real succubae or incubi participated in all this miserable attempt to deface nature and human health; unless they were demons incarnated as Romish "priests". Which, as all Initiates know, quite often happens.*

The following, which I take from *Sub Mundanes*, refers to one of the most noted instances in convent life of an incubus who was objectively as well as subjectively the spouse of a nun. "A little Gnome got into the affections of the famous Magdalen of the Cross, Abbess of a Monastery at Cordova in Spain; she made him Happy when she was but twelve years old; and they continued their *Amours Libres*...

*Meaning, their love affair without the "benefit" of matrimoney. (Sorry for the pun. Oh well, not so sorry.) The concept was so totally French from the point of view of English-speaking readers of the time that the translator did not dare put it into the vernacular.*

... for the space of thirty years...



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*Married love has never been known to last that long, except among liars.*

... until an ignorant Director persuaded Magdalen that her Lover was a Fiend; and forced her to demand absolution of Pope Paul III. Yet it was impossible that this could be a Demon; for all Europe knew, and Cassidorus Reniris has made known to all Posterity, the great miracles which daily were wrought in Favor of this Holy Woman; which certainly had never come to pass, if her *Amours Libres* with the Gnome had fallen so Diabolick as the Venerable Director imagined."

*It must be remarked that the operation of miracles is not a sign of true spirituality; usually, much to the contrary. The author of these tales was a Roman priest, simultaneously trying to discredit the Rosicrucians and to encourage qliphotic infestation of the type that produces "miracles" such as the phenomena of Lourdes and Fatima .*

Another account, however, informs us that the abbess was accused by her nuns of magic—"a very convenient accusation in those days when a superior was at all troublesome"...

*The source of the quotation is not disclosed.*

... —and that she very cleverly anticipated them by going to the Pope to confess all and throw herself on his mercy. Inasmuch as he granted her absolution, one cannot help wondering if he did not read between the lines of this confession the occult truth and recognize her as a lawful Borderland spouse.

*This kind of absurd hope that the Roman Catholic Church and its minions can be less vile and morally corrupt than they really are—especially when they are allowed to reach popehood by the Curia—has been the ruin of many an occultist, as it was the ruin of Ms. Craddock. The Roman Church does not recognize truth—it merely recognizes its vile dogma. And since this dogma is false and unnatural, the entire logic structure of Romanism is an attempt to uphold involution over evolution, regress over progress, stagnation over change. How could the pope distinguish between lawful and unlawful "Borderland marriages"? Could any true morality justify the hideous tortures that Romanism imposed on so many wretches, merely because their "bridals" did not support the Creed of Nicea? Obviously, what Magdalen did was to tell the pope that she was on his side—we will resist the temptation to pun "the side of the angels", lest*



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*some inattentive reader become confused, and thinks that we would say that Romanism could ever, at any time, be on the side of true spirituality. The whole meeting was two thieves getting together, and helping each other in the gang effort. No "lawful" concept of spiritual intercourse was involved, or could have been involved. Those extremely few Roman ecclesiastics who, throughout the centuries, have reached the level of true initiatic morality have either been forced to leave the Roman Church or have wasted away attempting to make of it something more decent, and closer to true humanity. We respect their efforts; but this does not mean that they have had any results that could be called respectable. Some have killed themselves, and achieved freedom in a subsequent incarnation.)*

... Most of the accounts state that Magdalen's lover was the Devil, who appeared to her as a black man. Here we come upon the same root idea, doubtless, as that behind the black Madonnas, the black Krishna and the black Quetzalcoatl of Mexico; a symbolism due perhaps in part to the darkness of the unknown world whence they emerge, and in part to their folklore and occult aspect as deities of nighttime and Borderland nuptials. "I am black, but comely," says one of the lovers in that mystical and passionate Song of Solomon.

*There is a further and deeper meaning that Ms. Craddock leaves unmentioned, although perhaps she was aware of it. Cf. LXV i 18-21, and the Commentaries thereon. And we remind readers, once more, that Quetzalcoatl was not black, but white.*

I have already referred to the Song of Solomon as being interpreted by Christist commentators, and said to be a poetical statement of the rapturous union between Christ and his Bride, the Church. A sidelight is thrown upon the interpretation by a note in Kitto's illustrated Bible, which quotes Lane (Modern Egyptians) as saying that the odes sung by Mohammedans at religious festivals were of a similar nature with the Song of Solomon, generally alluding to the Prophet as the object of love and praise. In the small collection of poems sung at Zikrs, it appears, is one ending with these lines:

"The phantom of thy form visited me in my slumber; I said: 'O phantom of slumber! who sent thee?'

He said: 'He sent me whom thou Knowest:



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He whose love occupies thee.

The beloved of my heart visited me in the darkness of night.

I stood to show him honor, until he sat down.

I said, 'O thou, my petition and all my desire!

Hast thou come at midnight, and not feared the watchmen?'

He said to me, 'I feared; but, however, love

Had taken from me my soul and my breath.'"

"Finding that songs of this description are exceedingly numerous, and almost the only poems sung at Zikrs; that they are composed for that purpose and intended only to have a spiritual sense (though certainly not understood in that sense by the generality of the vulgar), I cannot entertain any doubt as to the design of Solomon's Song."

This religious mysticism finds a modern echo in a little publication recently issued by the Adi Brahma Samâj of Calcutta, as the first step in a new propaganda. It is entitled "*The Religion of Love*". In its pages occur these words;

"Though these terms, Father, Mother, Friend, Husband of the soul, are allegorical, they very aptly express our sweet relationship with God, and we have every right to use them. Among these allegorical designations the Husband of the Soul is the best."

*If, however, you are a man, and use it, expect to be called vulgar names by people of Grady McMurtry's mental and moral level.*

Zanchius wrote an "*Excellent Traité du Mariage Spirituel Entre Jesus Christ et son Eglise*", in which he drew a close parallel between earthly wedlock and the spiritual and divine marriage of Christ with the Church Universal. Among other things he laid stress on that scriptural saying of earthly husband and wife, that the twain shall become one flesh; and he said that, according to Scripture, it was neither God the Father nor God the Spirit who is Spouse of the Church, but the Son, who was made of like nature with ourselves—like in all things to us, but without sin. He added:

"His soul does not pervade all space, because it went out of his body when he died and consequently was not in all places, since going out of the body it did not remain therein, afterwards being returned to the body and never was and never will be (any more than the body) in all places.



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*It is interesting how people who have never seen Heaven, and would be unable to see it even in their own narrow theological definition, always prate so much about the slightest details of its—geography? Just as it is interesting that people who claim to abstain of sexual intercourse are always trying to moralize about it, and people who have never died try to explain the afterdeath to us. In the case of this particular imbecile theologian, it is hilarious how he limits his "Christ". What is not so hilarious is that this kind of mind always has the disposition to kill you, or hate you, or to make you suffer as much as possible, if it senses that you find it ridiculous, or even if it just senses that you disagree with it.*

"In this spiritual marriage, all the person of each faithful one—that is to say, the body and the soul—is conjoined with all the person of Jesus Christ, and is made one flesh and one person with him."

As to the method by which this combined fleshly and spiritual union of the Christist with his Christ can take place, Zanchius seemed to think that the Eucharist in which one partakes of the body and blood of Christ is the sole appointed means.

Now, the Eucharist, or the use of bread and wine in a sacred rite, was an old Pagan custom bound up with the idea of entering into blood brotherhood, of which Jesus made use to emphasize his own brotherhood with his disciples...

*Actually, the Christist "mass" merely plagiarizes a daily ritual practiced by the Jews in the privacy of their homes hundreds of years before the so-called "birth of Christ".*

... The ceremony of the Eucharist was found in Peru when the Jesuits first landed. In fact, it is a very, very ancient rite existing in widely separated countries. The Christist writer, Arnobius, rebukes in cutting terms the Pagan mock modesty which blushed at the mere mention of "bread and wine"—a matter which indicates some folklore connection between the Eucharist and sex; and if so, then between the Eucharist and the ancient mysteries of phallicism...

*Actually, Arnobius totally mistook the situation. The "Pagans" who offended him so much did not blush or look embarrassed because they connected the Christist "Eucharist" with sex; they were not afraid of, or embarrassed by, sexual matters. They blushed and looked embarrassed*



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*because of the self-importance with which the Christists tried to "reveal" to them things that had been part of their own theurgy for thousands of years. In short, they were trying to be polite. But politeness is a quality that Christists are totally incapable of understanding, since a sense of humor is necessary for it. To say nothing of true love, that is to say, respect for one's fellow humans.*

... Inasmuch as by far the greater part of all that was pure and holy in Phallicism is bound up with Borderland wedlock, it is possible that the eucharist may have esoterically a wider significance than either Arnobius or Zanchius was aware.

*In this context, it is amusing to remember that in a certain "rosicrucian" organization in Brasil, to which this editor belonged at a time (he was in his teens, and too silly to know better), a form of the Eucharist was practiced, under the aegis of "Gnosticism". But grape juice was used, instead of wine, since those "virtuous" "rosicrucians" did not want either to offend the "pure", or give occasion to criticism to themselves. Their "Mass", incidentally, was open to the public. This editor partook of it, once—and felt absolutely nothing. Mayhaps, it had this virtue: if it did not uplift, at least it did not corrupt—as the Roman "Mass", in the hands of sickly and disturbed priests, does most of the time.*

Modern believers in the union with Christ have taken a less mystical and more practical view of it than did Zanchius...

*Since Zanchius' Christ was a fiction, this practicality in no way improves the basic situation, and may worsen things! Let us hear what she has to say:*

... Mrs. M. Baxter of the well-known institution for Divine Healing, Bethlehem, London, has issued a little pamphlet on that text of 1st Corinthians VI. 13. "The body for the Lord, and the Lord for the body." In it she says:

"One of the most successful devices of Satan has been his attempt to divorce our bodies from our souls in their relation to God..."

*Now, this is in total contradiction to William Blake's statement of the "Devil"'s position in THE MARRIAGE OF HEAVEN AND HELL. It is also in contradiction with historical reality, for if there is one thing that everybody knows about Christism, since its inception, it is that it always*



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*tried to divorce the flesh from the spirit; indeed, to mortify the former, under the delusion that thus it would improve the latter. Either Mrs. Baxter was talking tongue in cheek, or she was a complete fool. With this important reservation in mind, let us go on:*

... "Your soul is the Lord's, of course, but your body is your own. You must serve the Lord with your soul, but enjoy yourself with your body!"

*This is totally contrary to formal Christist theology, in which "Satan" wants humankind to deny "Jesus", so it can be damned. Any sinner, according to Roman dogma, can save himself or herself from hell by confessing his or her "sins" at the last moment and appealing to the mercy of the "Son" or—if the "Son" seems too difficult—of the "Virgin Mary". Under such circumstances, mere indulgence in bodily pleasure would not be enough to damn anyone. Indeed, hypocritical—which is to say, concealed—gross indulgence in bodily pleasures is a common habit in Roman Catholic countries. The purpose behind torturing people and burning them alive was precisely to try to compel them, at the last moment, in the insanity of pain, to make propaganda for the Christist dogma. It was a game, for the mob, to go to those public executions and watch who would or who would not appeal to "Jesus" or to the "Virgin" at the last moment. Some did, and the mob and its tyrants went away properly edified. Many did not, and the mob went away muttering among themselves, amazed at such wickedness but excited by it, as well. Institute public executions again, and you will see the public squares filled with this type of so-called humans, who will take their babes and sucklings to watch the fun, too.*

... "Such is his counsel to those whose tendency is gross and carnal, such as easily become drunkards, fornicators, or prostitutes, and form the large class of fallen men and fallen women in our midst. To another class he comes and says, 'You are religious; but it is your soul with which you can serve God; all you can do with your body is to punish it, and destroy it by slow degrees.' Many look upon this as religious heroism; but it is as much a lie to the truth of God as is the grosser misuse of the body for lust or appetite. God comes with his glorious claim, 'the body is for the Lord, and the Lord for the body'. (Mrs. M. Baxter.)

*Cute. One can see what she was trying to do, but she was quite wrong.*



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*Excretion is a natural function of the body; and ejaculation (either male or female) and orgasm are forms of excretion. These are basic animal functions that should be normally satisfied. No one should be compelled, under the threat of "separation from God", to behave in any other way than what comes naturally to each individual in her or his own right. Now, there are people in this world who feel compelled to aspire to that thing, or state, or whatnot, which we call Union with God—whatever their definition of "God" may be. Such people should be taught that natural functions cannot be "wicked", and thus partake of this effort towards what we call "spiritual", "divine", etc. (for lack of better names for it). They should be encouraged to find "God" in sex, as in all other physiological functions, as in all Nature, both "beneficent" and "maleficent" (Cf. LX-V iii 30-33, and the Commentaries thereon.). They should never be compelled or blackmailed to be anything else than that which they should want to be, themselves.*

*Naturally, this is a very difficult problem. One is always bound to make mistakes. One of the best ways to avoid such is to always teach people both sides of any question.*

*Under the Divine Touch*, a pamphlet written by Chester E. Pond of Philadelphia, contains the following recorded experiences, which, mystical as they may be considered from one standpoint, are singularly suggestive of the earlier experiences of the psychic who has entered on Borderland wedlock, but who has not yet learned to distinguish between subjective and objective touches—that is, between a touch which is material, tangible, real, and one that is only an hypnotic suggestion made by the Borderland spouse.

*This last phrase is significant. It is very probable that the description that follows corroborates Ms. Craddock's own experiences, within the limits specified by her.*

*"For the last eleven months, my whole being has been open more or less to the joys, delights and peculiar sensations of heaven. Recently the Lord has been giving me his choicest foretastes of heavenly blessedness just before I arise in the morning. During these eleven months I have been daily and almost hourly conscious of His positive and holy touch in some part of my natural body. But during these recent morning experiences His*



touch has been more sweet and more powerful than usual. These heavenly experiences, when viewed from a human standpoint, seem remarkable. But when viewed from a heavenly standpoint, they seem perfectly natural. They have come to me very gradually. In every way they have been orderly and helpful. They seem just what might be expected to come to any devout Christian. For the Lord is no respecter of persons. In considering these experiences it should be borne in mind that Jehovah Jesus is in every way infinite, that He never makes two things just alike in the natural world, and that He never acts twice alike in the spiritual world...

*Now, this assertion is patently absurd. Science, indeed, is the study of patterns of phenomena. However, it is quite true that no phenomenon is totally identical to another. There is always some difference, minimal though it may be.*

*That there are patterns in mystical experience is obvious even to the normal psychologist, else William James would have been unable to write his great Varieties of Religious Experience. If there were no patterns, the Qabalistic Tree of Life would not be of the slightest help to students. Magickal correspondences would not exist. Chaos, not Cosmos, would be the norm. Mr. Chester E. Pond is, therefore, both wrong and right. Phenomena do not repeat themselves; but patterns of phenomena do.*

... Hence, as might be expected, He touches my 'natural body' through my 'spiritual body' in an infinite variety of ways, and with infinite sweetness. But for convenience I will classify and say that He touches me, first, directly or immediately...

*This, apparently, is the assertion that led Ms. Craddock to comment, veiledly, that Mr. Pond was still not sufficiently experienced to distinguish between an actual physical contact and 'an hypnotic suggestion made by the Borderland spouse'.*

... secondly, He touches me through the medium or ministration of angels...

*It is not quite clear what is meant by 'angels' here. Perhaps Mr. Pond was theologizing, which is a pity.*

... and, thirdly, through the medium of His Written Word.

*Most definitely theologizing.*

"To my distinct consciousness the spirit of the Lord is that living divine,



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or divine substance which constantly proceeds from His divine person, somewhat in the same way and manner that rays of light and heat are continually proceeding from our natural sun...

*The expression "natural sun" seems to suggest that Mr. Pond believed in a spiritual sun.*

... It is written that 'God is love' and that 'God is light', or truth. From this we learn that love and truth constitute the divine essence. And in the ordinary use of language, heat corresponds to love and light to truth. We call a loving person warm-hearted, and an educated person enlightened. Jesus Himself taught spiritual truths by natural symbols.

"The Lord, in His mercy, tempers the inflowing of His spirit to our different states of receptivity. If He had poured His divine love and truth into my soul and body one year ago, with the same degree of heat and power that He does now, I believe I should have been consumed.

"My experiences are endless in variety. At times, when love seems to predominate over truth, the divine proceeding that streams forth upon me appears to my spiritual vision like the golden beams of autumn sunset, but when truth predominates over love, they appear like streams of white light reflected from burnished silver.

*It should be obvious to the "enlightened" reader that all these are forms of Dhyana, which the jejune Pond let, literally, go to his head.*

"At times I am consciously alone with the Lord. At other times I am consciously in the presence of angels. Since these touches of the Lord are infinite in variety, I can never tell one minute what will occur the next. As I now sit writing I am so literally full that every particle of flesh in my body feels as if it were alive and moving. This extreme fulness in the daytime does not occur every day. It will probably not continue more than eight or ten hours. While I am busy it is not excessively delightful. But if I were to lean back in my chair, or to go and lie down, I should soon be completely deluged with floods of heavenly glory, and be 'lost in wonder, love and praise.' The movings of the spirit are usually undulatory. When I am still, and sometimes when at work, they come like waves of liquid sweetness, and roll over me and through me in every conceivable direction, and with all conceivable variety...

*It should be remarked that all these phenomena are perfectly possible.*



"Occasionally at night the Lord touches me all over alike for a few seconds. At such times I seem to be literally resting *in* and *on* the Divine. Sometimes He touches only a few fibres in some very small muscle, and through these He fills and thrills my whole being with unutterable divine glory. At times His holy touch is very delicate, tender and meltingly sweet. At other times He touches me with a power that moves the very foundations of my being, and that seems almost startling. Sometimes He moves very slowly, at other times so rapidly that it seems as if the next wave of glory would loosen my 'spiritual body' from its present moorings in the 'natural body'...

*This 'spiritual body' may have been Mr. Pond's astral body, or some other of the Sheaths. It is impossible to say for sure, in the absence of fuller data and with the subjectiveness of his descriptions; although he is clearly striving to be objective. This is a defect due to lack of mental training in the exact sciences. Cf. LIBER ALEPH, Chs. 2, 47-49.*

... "A few mornings ago while lying in bed under a divine influx that filled me with divine love and sweetness to the very utmost extent of my present capacity, I could but exclaim, 'O Jesus, my dear heavenly Father! Thou alone art infinitely wise and infinitely holy! In Thy presence I am nothing, I am nothing! Before Thee I know nothing, I know nothing. These sweet touches of Thy spirit, these indescribable sensations, these angelic delights, these ineffable thrills of divine glory I cannot understand! I can now understand them no better than if I were a new-born infant lying at Thy feet! Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it! Dear heavenly Father, I can no more understand how each divine touch can fill me with such holy sweetness and with such transports of joy than I can understand how Thou canst create a world!...

*Now, just a cotton-picking minute, Mr. Pond! Enough is enough. He confuses Father and Son, totally ignores the Holy Ghost, babbles about Jehovah Jesus, and so forth and so on... what the heck is he up to?*

*Actually, the Being Mr. Pond is talking about is very likely the same type of Being that we have convened to call the Holy Guardian Angel. He calls it 'Jesus' because that is his intellectual conditioning; the sensations described, the ecstasies, are common to many different cultures and individuals. Mr. Pond's abasement before the "Lord" suggests strongly that*



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*he is sado-masochistic; but this we already knew—were he not a Christist. He experiences an ecstasy of "abasement" (Cf. LXV v 7 and the Commentaries thereon.). He is a bit too emotional, and may run into trouble later on because of this; emotional people tend to allow the ego to come between themselves and Attainment. (You must not think that "humility" is necessarily ego-mortifying. An excellent example of this was given by Ramakrishna, Vivekananda's Master, who in a moment of great vanity offered to sacrifice his health to diminish, even if just a bit, the general suffering of humankind. He developed cancer as a result, and just before dying confided to his favorite disciple, Vivekananda, that he had committed a mistake, and would have to reincarnate in the West in order to balance his spiritual progress in his next incarnation.)*

*Self-sacrifice is the last trap that the ego sets to the truly devotional type, the type that a certain system calls "sixth ray type". This refers to Netzach, and the problem is peculiarly one of the Grade of Philosophus. Self-sacrifice does not solve anything, unless it is the true self-sacrifice, which consists in minding one's business, and doing it. This is the only way to relieve efficiently the Karma of humankind: to stop being a load on it.*

*... "O Thou Eternal Word, by whom the worlds were framed! I can no more comprehend Thy present movings within my own little body than I could have comprehended the ancient movings of Thy spirit upon the face of the great deep if I had been present when Thou didst say, 'Let there be light, and there was light'.*

*This is the result of too much Bible-reading. It softens the brain. Mr. Pond, energized by the touch of his Angel, has decided to make the Angel responsible for the Creation of the Universe itself. Lack of perspective of this sort leads people eventually to blame their "God" for earthquakes, saying that He, or She, or It, is punishing them for their "sins". Of course, to admit, even for one moment, that "God" might produce an earthquake just for the fun of it, with no concern whatsoever for the "sins" of worshippers; indeed, might produce it when the worshippers were being extra virtuous—this admission would send many a seemingly "humble" devotional type totally mad. How could "God" be so mean to them?...*

*It may not be totally useless to repeat what we have already said*



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*elsewhere: Nobody is interested in us but us. Don't expect "God" to help you—help yourself. And if you have energy to spare, help others. But only if you have energy to spare. This is called intelligent selfishness. Why intelligent? Because it is efficient. Why selfishness? Ah... find out.*

"Through the loving touch and conscious presence of an angel, be it a man or a woman, the Lord can fill me with celestial delights and sensations that are similar and almost equal to those produced by the direct inflowing of His own holy spirit. The difference between the two is easily discernible, but not easily described. Both are immeasurably superior to any soul or bodily delight we ever experience in the ordinary planes of Christian life. As near as I can describe it, the difference between the two is this: When waves of glory are produced by the direct touch of the Divine Spirit they seem to have, as it were, a golden tinge, a delicate crest of holy sweetness, which does not accompany those produced through the touch of an angel...

*These "angels" are not to be confused with the Holy Guardian Angel, which, in Pond's case, is the "Lord" he talks about.*

"The angels are so thoroughly honest, so perfectly free from all false modesty and pretended humility, and are so free from all formality and human ceremonies, that the presence of an angel is always elevating and refreshing.

*It should be noticed that this description fits the kind of being that Blake calls 'devils' in **The Marriage of Heaven and Hell**, and not the kind he calls 'angels' there. It is true that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, but when you go buy roses, you better use the name known to the seller, or be able to point out the flower.*

"The Lord touches me consciously now through the medium of His Written Word... When I read the Scriptures my whole 'spiritual body' can feel the touch and power of the Living Divine that flows through its words and sentences, just as plainly and unmistakably as my natural body can feel the touch and force of the wind...

*This is one of the bad aspects of too much Vedana. Cf. The Psychology of Hashish, Section XIV. Mr. Pond, when gushing over the "Scriptures", probably refers to the so-called "New Testament", since we think it most unlikely that a mystic as emotional and simple-minded as he would have*



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*been able to stomach the barbarities described in the Bible as committed in Jehovah's name. But Initiates have a little more balance—that is the whole point of Initiatic training. When reading the Christist "Gospels" the Initiate of the genuine Christian current can detect where the text reproduces faithfully the writings of Christian mystics, and where it has been changed, interpolated or fabricated to accomodate the greed, vanity, cruelty and hang-ups of the Christist "Fathers".*

*When we speak of the "genuine Christian current" we may confuse some of our readers into thinking we admit the historical existence of the Nicean "Jesus". We refer the serious student to Crowley's **The Gospel According to Saint Bernard Shaw** (the original edition by Mr. Karl Johannes Germer, not the sloppy piracies put out by unscrupulous thieves like Francis King and Israel Regardie); or, lacking this, **Letter to a Brazilian Mason**, where the subject is covered in a more condensed form.*

... "And at times the 'Spirit of Truth' flows all through me, and all over me, so forcibly that I feel as if I were literally 'in the Truth'. At these times the Eternal Word shines through the Written Word with such illuminating power that various human theories and speculations are scattered to the four winds. And under such illumination 'it is given to know the mysteries of the Kingdom of God'... I can learn more in one hour under such practical tuition than I ever learned in a whole year at Yale Theological Seminary.

*Well, one should hope so!... But diploma factories won't have been too happy to hear this.*

In religion, theories have their uses, but the school of experience is the only school that can be relied upon for instruction in the mysteries and deep things of God. It often seems to me as if the Christian world, ministers included, were looking more to their creeds, and to one another, for their theology, than to the Word and the Spirit.

Before anyone can become personally acquainted with the Lord, and with the true meaning of His written Word, he must necessarily forsake every known sin and he must know what it means to live up to every known requirement and privilege of the Gospel. He must also ask for and receive a tender conscience, an enlightened reason, and a sanctified common sense. Then he will no longer be afraid to use his own reason and



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his own good sense. I have recently received from the Lord, as I believe, the following unsectarian motto: *Love everybody, learn of everybody, and follow nobody but the Lord Jesus Christ.*

*It should be remarked that the above motto presupposes that one can learn something from people who are not Christists. Mr. Pond was a genuine mystic, something rare among Christists, to say the least. To put the situation in historical perspective, we should remark that, although quite obviously a very saintly man—at least at the time he was having these experiences—he would have had no chance whatsoever of being recognized a saint by the Roman Catholic Church. Indeed, the essential condition for any mystic to be propagandized as a "saint" by that wealthiest of congames was, and is, acceptance of the whole corrupt and tawdry setup. In short, the Roman Church was never interested in true spiritual purity, which leads to tolerance and good-will; it was interested in political power and material wealth. The people who have been canonized by the Roman heresy were but the dregs of the genuine mystics who rose, once in a while, from its structure, as flowers rise from piles of manure. The thought expressed by Mr. Pond, that a person genuinely in contact with God is not afraid to use his or her own reason and common sense, would have been immediately attacked by the Canonic Examiners as containing the dangerous seed of heresy. The first requirement of the would-be saint was that he or she, in spite of his or her illumination, should still be willing to uphold the Nicean Credo and the stability of the Roman Church's structure. Now, this was obviously a very hard thing to do for anyone whose ecstasy transcended Vedana enough to touch upon Sanna (at least). The usual trick was to accuse the unwilling of the sin of pride, and beat the wretches over the head with this accusation until they gave in. Since voluntary humiliation was part of their training, they usually did give in. Those who did not, did not become saints, and sometimes were burnt at the stake, like Jacques de Molays, Jeanne d'Arc, Giordano Bruno and many others. Jeanne was canonized after she had been conveniently dead long enough not to be able to speak her mind; and then, only because France had again become strong enough to rate papal brown-nosing.*

*"To obtain and retain constant Divine guidance and tuition I find that my higher nature must bear complete and easy sway over my lower nature;*



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that the 'old man' must be wholly put off and the 'new man' wholly 'put on'; that the affections and thoughts of my 'inward man' must have easy and complete control over every appetite, passion, and desire of my 'outward man'; and that I must keep myself so full of the Lord that I can live 'a heavenly life upon earth', in all places and under all conceivable circumstances, just as easily and naturally as I can breathe the sweet air of heaven.

"This loving and indescribable union with God is no longer a mere matter of faith with me, but it is a matter of actual knowledge and sweet experience... While enjoying these heavenly experiences the Lord has given me better health than during any eleven months for the last twenty years. And He has dealt more tenderly with me than any human mother ever dealt with a helpless infant.

"I sincerely hope that the love and goodness of the Lord, so bountifully manifested in giving me such large foretastes of heaven while yet in the body, will prove helpful and encouraging to every honest-hearted reader. But since the ways of the Lord are infinite in variety, let no one look for an experience precisely like mine. I have prayed for years that the Lord would make me just as pure, just as holy and just as useful as lay within the scope of human and Divine possibilities. He is now taking His own way to answer my prayers.'" (*Under the Divine Touch*, by Chester E. Pond, No. 1432 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. First published in the *Mount Joy Herald*, Mt. Joy, Pa., under dates of April 8 and 15, 1882.)

In the following experience, it will be seen that this so-called Divine touch reveals itself as that of a Borderland bridegroom. It is taken from a letter written by a lady, a devout and pure-minded Christian, as will be noticed. Her experiences occurred at a well-known summer resort in the United States where a cottage for divine healing had been established. But as the letter was shown to me by a third party, I do not feel at liberty to mention the town, lest some clue be given to the writer's personality. Indeed, it was only on this condition that the person who showed me this letter allowed me to make use of it herewith.

*This is exactly the kind of arrangement that takes all validity away from this sort of testimony, at least from the point of view of scientists. Nevertheless, one must sympathize with the people involved, when we*



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*remember that a short two hundred years ago they might still have been burnt alive for having anything to do with this kind of experience; or when we ponder on the relentless persecution by libel, slander and black-balling that followed Crowley wherever he went, just because he chose to come out into the open. To say nothing of Ms. Craddock's own fate.*

*"Dear Sister N...—Since learning from Miss X. that you know the experience which is mine, I have thought I should write you.*

*"At first, as the newly married Bride, I shrank from exposing the secrets of my Love. They were sacred between my Beloved and myself. Now, it has shown me that this wondrous truth, as well as all other truth, must be acknowledged, and that a most glorious part of my high calling is to cooperate with Him in calling His Bride unto Himself.*

*The writer is using Christist symbolism. It is evident that she equated her "Heavenly Bridegroom" with the theological "Jesus", who has commanded her to reveal their boudoir secrets because he wants to call his "Bride"—that is, the Church—unto himself. How this "Church" should be defined is an interesting question, the solution of which one must leave for the theologians.*

*We must emphatically remind readers of the important fact that the human mind, faced with unusual experiences, tends to translate it in terms of parameters with which it is familiar. In short, a "bad trip" is always associated with the "Devil", whatever may be the religious concept in which the tripper was brought up as meaning unpleasant things, and a "good trip" is always associated with "God", no matter how the conditions of one's upbringing may have defined this gaseous vertebrate. To transcend such limitations of nomenclature is not easy, for the religious education of most people is not only sectarian but limited. The Holy Books of Thelema, and the Method of Training of the A.: A.:, are the first attempt to systematize religious experience in a non-sectarian, truly catholic way, ever openly done in the West since the days of Eleusis. Until now such catholicity was only practiced behind closed and barred doors. This was necessary because of the relentless fanaticism of the Roman heresy; and not until the political power of those madmen is totally neutralized will true religious tolerance be practiced. They can no longer burn, but they still jail, still blackmail, still defame without qualms. Anyone who doubts this*



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*statement has never lived in a country where Roman Catholicism predominates; and even in the United States of America their deleterious power is noticeable. Check, for instance, Ms. Madlyn Murray's interview, some years ago, with Playboy. Or take a look at the antics of the so-called "Moral Majority" right now.*

"For myself, I had not time to question; the truth was sprung upon me unexpectedly, and I just went under. The fears and questionings came afterwards; but blessed be my God! He did not let me parley long with the foe, but Himself strengthened me to shake off his power...

*The "foe" here being, natch, the "Devil".*

... and, coming fully under the shelter of *His love*, press on—until He had fully established me, and I, impelled by His mighty Spirit within me, reach eagerly forward to the glorious unfolding of *His love* and *power* that lie beyond.

"Suffice it to say, I am in great and abundant fullness and blessing, alike in my physical and in my spiritual nature, and that His own abounding life flows *in power* through my *whole being*.

"I would have it *fully understood* that this is the fulfilment of the marriage relation between *Christ and the body*—that as he has been recognized in the soul as Lord over it, and also over the other parts and organs of the body, so now must He be recognized and accepted in the organs of generation as Lord over them; and *His life* must be allowed to come in, where, through fear of evil, the motions of life have heretofore been suppressed. Satan is bound to beset the soul with fears, it may be the most terrible, and to whisper, perhaps, dreadful things...

*As you can see, 'Satan' is rather ubiquitous, considering that such objections would most likely come from "men of the cloth". As Blake said in his "Proverbs of Hell", as the caterpillar chooses the most beautiful flowers to lay its eggs on, so does the priest lay his curse on the most beautiful joys. Or words to that effect.*

... The only way is to remember the faithfulness of Him who has led us these many years—*never* betraying our *confidence*. Standing upon the written word, and casting ourselves in complete abandonment upon Him, let Him have His way in every part. The life abundant must flow into every part of His *purchased possession*...



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*Meaning, purchased by the sacrifice of crucifixion, etc. etc. etc. Ad nauseam. The lady, as Shakespeare might have said, doth protest a little too much. Such are the beautiful results of sexual restriction in a society upon the people who might bring some redeeming value to that same society. Any knot in the psyche is bound to become inflamed by the impinging energy of the Angel, and produce aberrations. Hence, the Aspirant must be most carefully trained into balance of all his or her faculties, and into healthy skepticism and total self-control as well, before the Invocation of the Holy Guardian Angel is undertaken. Anyone who disregards this does so not only at his or her own peril but, unfortunately, at the peril of all humankind. The Torquemadas, the Savonarolas, the Montague Summerses, the Stanfeld Joneses, the Tränklers, the Grants, the La Veys, the Kahanes, the Falwells and the Popes always rise from unbalance and indiscipline of the mind and the emotions.*

*... ere we are fully redeemed.*

*"Inasmuch as we withhold from Him one part or organ, we are robbing God of just this much. God has given us no idle words in his written Word; EVERY PROMISE is to be realized by us, as we follow on, and enter into the experience portrayed in each particular position of the word.*

*The quotations that follow should be carefully studied by serious students; they may prove rewarding.*

*"'The Body, the Temple of God'. I. Thess. IV. 3, 4; I. Cor. III. 16-19.*

*"'The Living Sacrifice'. Rom. VI. II. 12, 13; VIII. 10-13; Rom. XII. 1.*

*"'The Bride and Husband'. Isaiah XXVI. 9; LIV. 5; Cant. III. 1; Eph. V. 29-32; 22, 23; 2 Cor. XI. 2; I. Cor. XII. 21-23; Col. I. 25-27; Ezek. XXVI. 25; Hos. II. 14-16; John XVII. 23; Hos. XIX. 20; Hos. VI. 3; Rev. XIX. 7-9; Rev. ch. XXI; Ezek. ch XIII, to end.*

*Of course, it is always possible to find anything in a book of so many pages, by so many different authors, treating of so many different subjects, interpolated and falsified by so many unscrupulous scoundrels, to fill one's needs. In this particular situation, unless you have some personal experience of what is being talked about, you will be led astray in the worst of cases, and profit not at all in the best of cases.*

*"The Song of Solomon was not to be a dead letter, but meant by the Holy Ghost to be the experience of the Bride of Christ...*



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*One could marvel at the prescience of this "Holy Ghost", making Solomon or whoever penned that beautiful erotic poem, so much in the Semitic tradition for that kind of poetry, just so it could be used by Christists some centuries later while they banned or burned alive members of the culture whence the poem came. But in theology all miracles are possible, and there the "infinite power" of the Christist Trinity is only equal led by its infinite narrowness of mind.*

"... I find God now in wondrous reality in His written Word. The meaning, hitherto unknown, of different passages, stands out clear and distinct—and the Living Word within me, throbbing and thrilling and permeating my whole being with His glorious Presence, bears witness of the written truth.

*No dildo is going to compete with this throbbing and thrilling; possibly no penis, either.*

"One day, I read in the Word, being led to it, the assurance of the angel concerning Mary...

*Oh, not again!*

"... Perhaps that day—or very soon after—the Spirit brought to me, as I was preparing dinner—'Fear not, that which is conceived within thee is of the Holy Spirit'. Such a rapid and powerful witness to the Word went through and through me, beginning at the organs of generation, going all through, what I was in great weakness, physically...

*The experience described is, evidently, the rising of Kundalini, under the prodding of the Angel. And the awareness of her analogy with "Mary" is, apparently, genuinely mystical—for a change! Cf. **The Wake World**.*

... The tempter had been busy about this time, casting fear upon me lest the flesh were in the matter. Thus the Spirit gave him answer—with the revelation came the thought, 'I am with child!'—but so sure was the witness, that instead of being greatly alarmed—*praise* the Blessed One, a great joy welled up within me at the thought of such a possibility.

*Meaning, we suppose, the possibility of actual physical, material, pregnancy and parturition. As if the earth were not overpopulated enough!...*

"A glorious victory, afterwards. He showed me that it meant that this precious truth of the marriage relation between us was, 'that which was in



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me was of the Holy Ghost.' *Praise the Lord!* He has made me willing to do—to bear—to suffer anything for Him. He is making me fearless and filling me with His own desire for the spread of *all* His *truth*—though I feel more especially the desire to win souls for Him. I am assured that this, His most glorious and satisfying revelation of Himself, *must* be acknowledged as He shall call upon us to do so, or we shall come into darkness indeed, and distress. Shall the chosen and honored wife shame to confess her husband when he would *woo* others, through her, to the same high place?

"When we enter into this union He is, as never before, the Life within us, and how shall we seek to suppress the Life that has entered in to displace our own old self-life, and to manifest Himself in and through us, in *whatever way He wills*. He must be permitted to speak through us—and as I constantly pray, to *love, through me*. Oh! with us there must be no question but one, viz.: 'What wilt Thou, my Beloved?'—and ready response, opening up to meet His blessed will.

*These passages should be compared to similar passages in LXV. The serious reader is invited to remember what we said in our commentary to Ch. I v 24, the last paragraph.*

"As Thou wilt"—'no longer I, but *Christ*'. No more *my* will, in the slightest particular, but the adorable will of my Beloved.

"Reading Madam Guyon in 'Spiritual Progress', Part II, on 'Union with God', I find the experience into which I have entered.

"We have, in these last days, by the (words missing) been realizing, as we did in the earlier days, the Presence and power of Him whom we *love*. God comes upon us as we meet together from 6 to 7 o'clock in the morning, to wait in silence before Him—at the table, before and after meals; as we partake of the food He gives. We meet Him in our rooms, and bow down before Him. As I go about my work, oftentimes, His Presence so fills me—or I hear the sweet wooing of His voice, until I am constrained to step aside, where I may—to be *alone* with my *Love*, and fall at His feet in adoring worship.

"One asks, how is this Baptism obtained? In the *same way* exactly that all other of His gifts are—if we are in the condition to receive them, that is, by faith. He says, 'Thy Maker is thy husband', and 'in that day thou shalt call me—Ishi'.



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"I would say, whatever you do, do not question, lest distress and perplexity come in; but immediately go to Jesus, accepting Him as Ishi—with the words I have given—'be it unto me as Thou wilt'. He will do the teaching afterwards. Then, again, lest one should make of it too scriptural a truth, separating it entirely from the physical, it should be plainly understood that the *union* is as the sexual intercourse of husband and wife.

"If we expect this, when the sensation comes we will not be alarmed, but willingly and freely give those parts to our Divine Husband as the *Bride* would naturally do.

"I have written very plainly because, first, I *know* it is the way *He* would have me write; and secondly, because I would seek to save from distress and fear, that would harass, if the whole truth is not understood, viz.: If one looks for one kind of manifestation (spiritual), and finds physical and animal.

*Meaning that both types are possible, and both could happen.*

"Let me hear from you both, when the Lord leads.

"Lovingly in Him, ....."

The same friend who showed me the above letter also showed me letters from a gentleman who is the editor of a religious newspaper, giving a similar experience, upon several occasions in his life but with more circumstance of detail. Nevertheless, he regarded it as entirely a union with Christ, the Bridegroom of the Soul, and spoke of it reverently.

*Cf. the Bagh i Muattar The gentleman referred to may be the same Mr. Pond she already quoted. This paper was obviously written hurriedly, and never revised; and Mr. Schroeder seems not to have made matters much better; to the contrary.*

Madam de Guyon has left us memoirs of her rapturous union with the Divine Bridegroom of the Soul, and verses concerning His love and watchful tenderness which are rare specimens of pure and delicate sentiment. Yet, so little was Borderland wedlock understood by the learned of those days, that Bossuet made a coarse joke about her marriage with the Child Jesus; and another French bishop says Arthur Little wrote what might almost be called an episcopal lampoon. One couplet will be enough:

"Par l'epoux quelque foi une jeune mystique



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Florence, burned with so great a heat of divine love that she would at times exclaim "O love, I can bear thee no longer!", and she used to be forced to cool her bosom with a copious sprinkling of water...

*Teresa d'Avila, under similar circumstances, burned her breasts with red-hot irons. Such is the lack of balance Roman Catholic theology provokes in the wretched mystics who try to follow its system.*

By Christ she was wedded with a ring, and crowned with a crown of thorns; whilst by the Blessed Virgin she was covered with a most white veil, and by St. Augustine she had twice written upon her heart, "the Word as made flesh". Being rapt out of her senses while embroidering she used, though the windows were closed up and her eyes veiled, to proceed with her work and finish it most accurately. She was canonized by Clement IX in 1669. (Breviary—Nuns and Nunneries, 37-38.)

St. Rose of Lima: The first flower of sanctity from America was the Virgin Rose, born of Christian parents...

*Rich parents, mind you. The poor have no time to become Christist saints, being usually too busy trying to make both ends meet.*

... at Lima, who even from the cradle shone with the presages of future holiness; for the face of the infant being wonderfully transfigured into the image of a rose, gave occasion to her being called by this name...

*She must have been a remarkably ugly girl.*

... to which afterwards the Virgin Mother of God added the surname, ordering her to be henceforth called the Rose of Mary...

*How did the Virgin Mother transmit this order? By letter, telephone, telegram?*

*There is something that must be clearly understood about the astral, and this is that you will find there very solid, very real-appearing images of any kind of religious icon, particularly those that may have been worshipped for a long time by a great number of people. Such phenomena are called egregorae, meaning "aggregates". These astral automata will exhibit at all times the kind of behavior the worshippers attribute to their deities or their saints. These are not Gods, mind you; astral images of the Gods usually have some link with the Force they personify. They are not demons, either: they have no real existence beyond that given them by their worshippers. To perceive their irreality it is necessary, first, not to believe in them; sec-*



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ond, to examine them from a higher plane, whereby the truth of their structure will become clear. Thus, we need not postulate demons masquerading as the "Virgin Mother of God" in cases like the above (though this does sometimes occur); the egregora itself would tend to seem to act and decide in the way expected from it.

At the age of five she made a vow of perpetual virginity.

*At that tender age, it is obvious that the vow originated with her unscrupulous, probably very dirty-minded, parents.*

"Having wondrously familiar intercourse, by continual apparitions, with her guardian angel, with St. Catharine of Sienna, and the Virgin Mother of God...

*Poor child.*

... she merited to hear these words from Christ—Rose of my heart, be thou my spouse. At last being carried to the Paradise of this her spouse and glittering with very many miracles, both before and since her departure...

*This means that "miracles" were attributed to her during her life, and were obtained from her—supposedly—after her death.*

...Pope Clement X enrolled her with solemnity in the Catalogue for Holy Virgins. (From Breviary?)

The following are extracts from the Bull of her canonization:

"At this time she was favoured with the following revelation: There appeared to her in her sleep an extraordinary person, beautiful above all the sons of men...

*One wonders why such apparitions are never ugly, unless they are the "Devil". Simplistic, childish, shallow-minded and dangerous fools.*

... habited like a sculptor on a festival-day, and he seemed to court her as a lover. Before Rose would consent to his proposal...

*But had not she sworn at five to perpetual virginity? This one is not even bene trovato.*

... she set him a task, namely, to carve a piece of marble; and she bade him return again shortly, when the sculpture would be finished. At the return of her spouse...

*Spouse? The girl hadn't even given in yet!*

... the virgin blushed when she perceived the task she had assigned him was accomplished in a manner beyond his strength...



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*What the heck is this phrase supposed to mean? And why did the "virgin" "blush" (oh, those blushing virgins!)? Was the sculpture, perhaps, an erect phallus, or some other such blasphemous item? Balls.*

... and he opened to her his workshop, where were a number of elect virgins, working like men at carving and polishing marble...

*Working like men, huh? And "a number", huh? Cute. Now, if someone will tell me what the difference is between this dream and Crowley's dream of Bluebeard in John St. John, the Seventh Day, I certainly would like to know.*

She discovered that they were his espoused, by the style and beauty of their nuptial dresses; they were moistening the stones, and preparing them for cutting by their tears, which dripped upon them...

*That's always the result when a man tries to bite more than he can chew (to put it delicately). The poor girls get sad.*

... "Rose perceived that she was to be dressed like one of them, and prepared to be advanced to a like espousal. (*words missing*) The mystery was disclosed to her thus: On Palm Sunday, when Rose was absorbed in meditation, in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin of the Rosary, her lover thus addressed her: 'Rose of my heart, be my love'. The virgin trembled at the sweet voice of her Divine Spouse and at the instant she heard the voice of the Mother of God wishing her joy, and saying, 'Rose, it is no mean honour which this my Son proposes to you.'

After this revelation, Rose began to torture herself more than ever.

*The father, the mother, and the incestuous nuptials. Freud would have had a field day with this. Observe, as well, the egoic pride of this virgin from a "good" family, and the sado-masochism implied in her "torturing herself".*

"When her Spouse did not appear to her at the accustomed hour, she used to admit an angel (who was always visibly present with her as her guardian)...

*Even in the bathroom? Oh well.*

... to her confidence, as his footboy or valet (*ut pararium aut veredareum*)."

Various miracles were said to have been wrought through St. Rose of Lima: such as, for instance, the materialization of bread and also of honey



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in her father's house in time of scarcity...

*Hmn. Peruvian communists might have a choice word or two to say about such miracles.*

... also, in answer to prayer, the payment of a debt of her father by a stranger who appeared at the house, bringing the money wrapped up in a cloth.

*The proverbial napkin?... All kidding aside, the parallels between this description and that of the supposed results of the Operation of Abramelin are striking.*

“These are the assistances which her divine Spouse promised to the parents of Rose, that he would give her as a dowry, when he wooed her in the character of a heavenly sculptor.” (Ibid.)

*As you can see, no disquieting criticisms of Roman Church policy and wealth, and no aspersions on the Credo or the pope. This girl knew what side her bread should be buttered on.*

In this last, we seem to be getting back to these angelic bridegrooms spoken of in ante-Nicene Christist literature, who materialized gold and other precious articles for beloved earthly spouses.

But, it may be asked, are these unions with a heavenly spouse mere marital unions with angels, and does God (or Christ, as His human manifestation) play the part in them? By no means. God is a party to Borderland wedlock in its highest aspect, whether that wedlock be an objective marriage union (as in earthly wedlock) or a subjective and mystical blending with a divine invisible intelligence. Mme. de Guyon was right in saying that her love toward God and God's love toward her was the blissful feature in Borderland experience. There are lower aspects of Borderland wedlock than that which includes union with God; which are subject more or less to illusions, fantastical or diabolical. Only when the earthly partner aspires to the Divine Soul of all things does the supreme bliss of union with the angelic mate transpire...

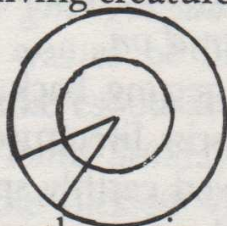
*Cf. Crowley's vision of Madimi in The Vision and the Voice, and her explanation of her seeming difference from the Madimi of the Dee and Kelly visions. (17th Aethyr)*

... At such times one is fain to apply such a conception as that of Mrs. Gillen, a London teacher of Divine Healing, which is:

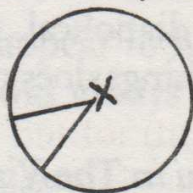


## THE EQUINOX

"The Universe consists of three factors: a Thinker, the outward Expression of His thought, and the realm of Mentality which lies between that Thinker and His Expression, and which is the means by which the Uncreate shapes what it thinks into Expression in physical, material forms. If we conceive this Great Thinker (God) as the central nucleus of a great circle (This should be, of course, a sphere, and it is thus that Mrs. Gillen prefers to conceive the Universe. But a circle, being flat, is easier of comprehension by non-mathematicians when divided into sectors, and I have therefore adopted Mrs. Gillen's method of this easier representation.), which embraces the Universe, his Expression of thoughts, motives, feelings, will be on the rim of the large circle, and the sphere of Mentality, where those thoughts are being moulded into shape previous to Expression, will be the zone lying between the nucleus, or Central Thinker, and the outer rim of His all-embracing circle. Each living creature, as part of this great circle, is a sector in the circle, thus:



Such a sector consists, as does the entire circle, likewise of three factors, (1) that which thinks; (2) mentality, where thoughts are shaped; (3) the body, the material life, where spirit finds expression as outward form. Nos. 2 and 3—mentality and the bodily form—are but the instruments of the spirit, the thinker within us. The thinker within us is part of the Great Thinker at the centre of the circle of the Universe. So that, according to Mrs. Gillen, it is incorrect to say "*I have a spirit.*" We should say "*I am a spirit*", i. e., "*I am part of God*". When the zone of our mentality is kept unclouded between our material, bodily form and that within us up at the point of the sector



which thinks, we are, as will be seen, in unbroken communication with the Great Thinker, God, who is Himself all in all: for our thinking self is part of Him. The application of this conception, from Mrs. Gillen's point of view, is that when that zone of mentality is unclouded by dislike or other



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antitheses of love, then disease and other mundane annoyances no longer exist for us; since, being part of God, and being one with Him at the heart of the Universe, we have His power to create outward circumstances.

From my own point of view, this conception has a bearing on the third and highest degree in the mysteries of Borderland wedlock. But before enlarging this, it may be well to begin with the preliminary training necessary to render one the Borderland wife or husband of an angel...

*First time she mentions the possibility of being husband to an angel, outside of such droll anedoctes as the Abbé de Villars'; but she has already described an angel's catamite quite well, through Mr. Pond.*

... and to set forth the three degrees in order with such detail as may be allowable in a work like this, which is intended for the general public. The readers hope to profit by these instructions for personal development, inasmuch as if one can persuade one's earthly partner to try, with one's self, to live the life which is obligatory for Borderland wedlock, it brings the Kingdom of heaven into earthly relations.

The preliminary training necessary may be summed up by the admonition: Live a correct moral life, according to our own highest standard (a standard, by the way, which should never be fixed, but always moving onward to still greater excellence), and strive to think clearly and to form accurate conceptions of ideas, to express conceptions with exactness, and to follow Truth, wherever she leads, and whatever your previous convictions upon any given subject. Especially, you must have such high and clean thoughts about sex that you can think about it, read about it, and talk about all the details without agitation, without grossness of thought, and with as impersonal a state of mind as if you were discussing the circulation of the blood. And you must learn to recognize the educational value of sex attraction in the evolution of humanity from savagery into civilization. Chiefest of all, learn that sex is holy before God and the angels. During this preliminary training, all sex union must be refrained from absolutely. The nervous energy which has hitherto been evoked for expenditure in this direction must no longer be expended, but, by continual self-mastery, be returned to the system for its upbuilding. Gradually, as the neophyte who has habituated himself to a pure-minded and idealistic conception of sex becomes accustomed to thus maintaining self-poise, no matter what the



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temptation, there will spring up in him a joy in his own power which will amply repay him for all his struggles.

*This in case of success. Failure leads into such forms of debauch as masturbation, marriage, "sex-orgies" or, even worse, celibacy in all its varieties.*

The first degree embodies the teaching of what is known as Alpha-ism. Its principle is: "No sex union except for the distinct purpose of begetting a child".

*We cannot enlarge upon the meaning of this principle, for Ms. Craddock is treating of very serious matters indeed—matters that only begin to be disclosed in the Inner Circle of the O.T.O.. We should like to remark, however, that Little Essays Towards Truth is, perhaps, the best preliminary treatise ever written on all these subjects, and can safely replace the little pamphlet to which she referred above. For more advanced study, cf. Liber Aleph, Chs. 85-88.*

*One last warning: chastity, in the Initiatic sense, is paramount. No one will advance in this path without bearing Ms. Craddock's "Alpha-ism" principle firmly in mind.*

The bearings of this principle will be discussed in my forthcoming treatise on "Psychic Wedlock". Suffice it to say here that the staunch adherence to this principle has uplifted and brightened the lives of many husbands and wives who had begun to find the marriage state a hell on earth. But it is a mistake to consider this the most advanced teaching regarding the marital relation. It is beautiful, helpful, and necessary to acquire for those who would live the life of the truly wedded; but it is only the first of the three steps which lead husband and wife up to the ideal relation. In *The Christian Life*, a journal edited and published by Rev. J.D. Caldwell, Chicago, the teaching of Alpha-ism will be found set forth clearly and reverently.

Following this should come another pamphlet called "*Diana*", written by Prof. Parkhurst, the astronomer, and published by the Burnz Publishing Co., New York, price 25 cents. This pamphlet is, unfortunately, marred by being printed in the reform spelling, but one forgets after a page or two. It is a psycho-physiological essay, intended for husbands and wives; written from a high standpoint, and in refined language. *Diana* will



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furnish the initiate with a bridge between the first and second degrees; and it is one of the most important and helpful contributions to the sex question that have ever been published.

*All those pamphlets were fruit of the Brotherhood of Luxor's work.*

It is evident that this first degree is likely to prove a stumbling block to those who degrade this beautiful principle of Alpha-ism (a principle embodied in the Scriptural command, "Be fruitful and multiply") into an excuse for sowing more seed than is needed to produce the harvest...

*Very delicately put. In practice, what is meant is that one intercourse should be followed by a period of wait to see if conception had successfully occurred; and intercourse should be repeated only if this had not. Alpha-ism is likely to interest very few customers of such places as Plato's Retreat!*

*The average reader may ask, somewhat plaintively: "What has all this to do with Aleister Crowley's teachings on sex?" We answer rudely: Find out for yourself.*

... The man or woman who, whether on Borderland or in earthly wedlock, thus persistently distorts the above Scriptural command into a permission for something very different from what was intended will never get beyond the first degree of the marriage relation. To create children is not only a high and holy joy to every right-thinking husband and wife, it is a solemn duty imposed upon them by the laws of their own being. And the psychic who shirks this duty in Borderland wedlock, although maintaining marital relations by the angelic spouse, will be misled by all sorts of fantastic or diabolical illusions. Conversely, wedded on the Borderland to an angel, holds fast the thought of the duty of the married to create (*under suitable conditions*), will ere long be shown the truth, i. e., that between two people dwelling on entirely different planes of matter, while the marital relation is possible, lawful and beautiful., to beget a child is impossible until the earthly partner shall have crossed to the world beyond the grave.

*It will be noticed that this last sentence is very irregularly constructed. This is probably fruit of Mr. Schroeder's editing.*

The principle of Alpha-ism must be mastered by those who aspire to the second degree, whether on the Borderland or the Earthly plane. The second and the third degrees have this principle for their corner-stone. In



none of the three degrees is it allowable to sow the seed except for the distinct purpose of begetting a child who has been reverently and prudently planned for at just that time...

*On this matter of prudence, cf. LIBER ALEPH, Ch. 53.*

... Nor is it ever allowable to waste the seed by throwing it away (and with it the psychic energy). The second degree launches the initiate upon the perilous waters of sense-gratification. If his previous training has enabled him to build a staunch craft for the voyage, well and good; otherwise, he may be swamped at the first wave, or, if he rides its crest, and the crests of succeeding waves, he may rashly venture too near the fatal rapids and be engulfed. It is possible that was the error into which Josephus says the "giants" fell when they trusted in their own strength. The second degree was practiced in the Oneida Community for thirty years, and was obligatory upon all its male members. The result was highly satisfactory, despite the society's unsavory practice of community of women...

*Ms. Craddock is writing tongue in cheek: she will mention further down that this "mistake" was merely social, not occult. Actually, the Community was attacked by Christism under the allegation of the men holding wives in common, an emotional argument geared to incense Christist women, who—unless very intelligent—would not perceive that you can't hold wives in common without holding husbands in common as well.*

... They do not seem, however, to have seen the necessity for a similar training of female members.

*The Oneida Community practiced coitus reservatus, or withheld ejaculation. It is likely the men thought that pleasuring the women was enough. Feminism was not rampant yet, so the women seem to have agreed with them. It must be understood that they all took the matter very seriously. The Community prospered for a long while, despite the constant and vicious attacks of the Roman Church and other Christist denominations.*

The author of that popular novel, "The Strike of a Sex", has been preparing a book called "Zugassent's Theory", which is intended to deal with this method from a popular standpoint. I have not seen the work (which I believe is now going through the press); but from what I know of the author's reputation and his efforts hitherto in the cause of social purity, I feel that the book is likely to be judiciously worded and to be an aid in



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mastering the second degree. I doubt, however, if it deals with the training of the feminine partner...

*Grouchy, Ms. Craddock!*

... But the principles underlying the training of the man may be studied out from such a work and applied by the woman...

*So there.*

The author is George N. Miller, 59 Murray St., N.Y. The second degree is the most difficult of the three degrees to acquire, physiologically speaking, inasmuch as it exacts supreme self-control at a crucial moment. Those who have never attempted this degree, when told of it, are apt to either declare it impossible, or to scorn it as undesirable.

*Or to pay lip service to it while constantly profaning it in practice.*

But those who have once mastered this degree would no more forego the power which is now theirs than a freed prisoner would voluntarily return to his dungeon. This way lies the path of liberty and life and joy, and they who have once trodden it in the perfect fulness of magnetic union with a dearly loved spouse will never care to stumble along the old paths. The Oneida Community, despite its social mistake of promiscuity...

*Please notice that now she stresses the mistake was purely social; that is, the Oneida Community was attacked by Christists for practicing what the Christists would love to have practiced for purely sensual ends, instead of for very serious ones, as the Community did. Their real mistake was, perhaps, in not keeping their customs totally confidential.*

... has made the human race its everlasting debtor, in that it has left a thirty years' scientific experiment on record detailing the methods and attesting the value of this second degree.

*The methods she refers to enjoyed a passing popularity again in the Thirties under the name of "Karezza".*

But let it never be forgotten that this second degree must be built upon the first degree, Alpha-ism. To make use of it as a means to increased sensuality is to degrade it, and to do so effectually bars the initiate from entrance upon that third and highest degree where all joys, physical, mental, emotional and spiritual, reach an intensity besides which the joys of the first and second degrees pale as a candle-flame pales in the radiance of sunlight. Moreover, if this degree be thus degraded by the initiate, it is



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almost certain to bring nervous diseases of a very distressing character in its train.

*This is not correct of the sensualist, who may enjoy in good health; but it is true of the Aspirant who falls from his or her aspiration into debauch. "Thou hast no right but to do thy will."*

On the third, and highest degree, no book has yet been written, so far as I know. The teaching seems to have been handed down orally, or else by pictured symbolism or mystic rite, understood only by the initiates of this degree. I am now compiling notes for my work on "Psychic Wedlock" which I hope will take up the projected three degrees in more detail than is possible in this treatise. For the present, I can only lay down a few general principles, and these principles which cannot be fully grasped by any except those who have mastered the first and second degrees.

The Hindus have the theory that God can enjoy food, drink, and, in fact, all sense-pleasures only through the offering of an earthly devotee. Therefore, the devout Hindu offers God a share in all his gratifications of appetite—thus living out, indeed, the Christian Apostle's admonition of "whether we eat or drink, do all to the glory of God". Too often, it is true, this doctrine is perverted into an excuse for sensual excesses, the debauchee soothing his conscience by an offering to the god whom he worships. Thus has this sacred inner mystery become degraded by the unworthy, even by the tried and staunch initiate of the first and second degree, unless he holds grace as he enters upon this third degree, unless he holds fast to the teaching, "aspire to the highest". Only in reverent and earnest aspiration to the Divine, to the source of all things, to the Eternal Energy of the Universe, may this third degree be entered upon, either in Borderland or in earthly wedlock. The more intense the emotion, the more absolute the necessity for aspiring with all one's faculties to union with the Divine...

*The emotion to which she so delicately alludes is the sexual pleasure.*

... Every element of selfish desire must be eliminated; one must aspire at that time because it is right and beautiful to bring one's holiest and tenderest and most ecstatic emotions into the presence of the Great Thinker, in order that they may there be purged of all dross and be a worthy expression of our own best self...

*It must be emphatically remarked that not only is all this information*



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*meant extremely seriously by this very unusual woman; it also agrees with Crowley's own teaching and the teachings of Initiates of all times and all racial strains.*

... That is the first half of this highest degree. The second half is entered upon when spontaneously—not from selfish desire—it dawns upon us that to offer God a share of our pleasure at that moment may give Him pleasure. When single-heartedly and in all sincerity and benevolent feeling toward God we invite him to become the third partner in the marital union, then, indeed, do we understand what it is to love and to be loved. We enter thus into a personal relation with God, in which, Impersonal Force though He be...

*If it be Impersonal, why call it "He"? But names are difficult when naming such things. Cf. the Dao De Jing.*

... we realize vividly that we are one with Him, and with Him one with all the universe. For that in us which thinks—the apex of our particular sector of the circle of the universe—is, on the one hand, in unclouded relation with our physical self on the outer rim, and on the other hand, it is merged into the Great Thinker, the Great Nucleus who is at the centre of all creation...

*Please notice that, high-minded as this woman was, she was limited in that she thought of Divine Power in terms of thought. This is said not to demean Ms. Craddock, but to remind the serious reader that there are other contacts, some closer contacts with "God" than merely through the intellect.*

... From that moment, we are able to say to this Pantheos, Great Thinker, to this All-Pervading Energy, "My friend!"...

*Cf. AL ii 24.*

...(And inasmuch as God is love in the fullest possible sense of that expression, the connubial bliss of Borderland lovers is increased tenfold)...

*The expression "Borderland lovers" does not here refer to the special case of an incarnated human wedded to a subtler being, but to human couples who practice this "third degree" she is talking about. Cf. LXV v 34-37.*

*For sure, this does not mean that the expression could apply to that special case as well.*



... From that moment, we know what it is to truly love God. This divine trinity in unity must be the final goal of Borderland wedlock, if such wedlock is to be permanent.

It is in this sense, I am inclined to think, that Mme. de Guyon, St. Teresa, and other mystical Spouses of Christ, received the Divine Bridegroom. Subjectively mingled with this rapturous union with Deity, no doubt, were the experiences of union with the angelic husband, of whose very existence as such they were unaware, confounding him with the Impersonal Deity who was the third element in their union. Then, too, we must remember that these women, intelligent as they were, were untrained in the nice distinctions of the subjective and objective, hallucinatory, veridical, automatic, telepathic, sub-conscious, etc., evolved by the modern Society for Psychical Research and other recent investigators of the occult...

*Such as Messrs. Darwin, Freud, Mendel, Eddington, Rutherford, and others. Ms. Craddock's educational limitations, or limitations of personal sympathy, lead her into occasional blunders of this sort. Also, she seems not to realize that the freedom of thought and speech that almost made her life and her writings possible was the gift of pioneers who often experienced hideous ends at the hands of the organizations upheld by both Mme. de Guyon and "St." Teresa.*

... Moreover, there are psychical experiences in Borderland wedlock which are subjective while they seem to the untrained occultist to be objective. Of such a nature (apparently) was the experience of a Philadelphia lady, a Spiritualist, who told me of her spirit husband. She was a widow, and this spirit was a deceased lover from whom she had been separated in youth by a misunderstanding. He returned from the world beyond the grave to explain matters, and to reclaim his lost love, and finally proposed that she should consider herself to be his wife from that time on, assuring her that it was so recorded in his land. Thereafter, on several occasions, she experienced (when she was by no means prepared) a series of galvanic shocks extending upwards through her body...

*Cf., for a comparable phenomenon on a much higher level, VII vii 5.*

... These were doubtless hypnotic suggestions to prepare and train her for experiences of a more objective character. The manifestations, however,



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were interfered with by the return of a chronic complaint of the liver with which she had suffered at intervals for years.

If it be asked how a misty, vaporous being, such as a ghost is popularly supposed to be, can sustain an objective marital union on the Borderland, I reply that the ghost is not mist-like in reality, but only appears so because he is in a new world of matter, with a more extended scale of vibrations per second for the various forces of sound, heat, light, and electricity than obtain upon our earthly plane.

Beyond the last faint violet ray of the spectrum, science has demonstrated that there are rays of color to which we are blind, but which so lowly a creature as the ant can perceive. Dogs can trace a scent of which we have no perception. Many people are so color-blind as to be unable to distinguish a red from a green light—a fact brought out some years since very markedly in an examination for railways service in England. An astigmatic person is almost, if not quite, blind to a fine line running in some one direction. Recent experiments by Galton have shown that cats and birds are sensitive to a whistle which is inaudible to the human ear. If our inferiors in the animal Kingdom reveal such marked superiority to ourselves in sensitiveness to vibrations, is it unlikely that our former equal, and now our superior, the deceased human being who has passed out of earth-life into a wider realm, shall also acquire sensitiveness to a wider range of vibrations? The ghost probably senses all things on our plane, plus a great many more things on his own. Our sensations are included in his, but his extend far on each side of our own. Therefore we cannot perceive his form or hear his voice in all his material relations, because he is in a world where forms, colors, sounds which we are physically incapable of perceiving—except in the exalted condition of the Clairvoyant or Clairaudient—are part and parcel of his daily life. When we see him, we see only through the narrow range of our own limited scale of vibrations; so that we see him but in part, and therefore mistily, or hear his voice but faintly, or perhaps not at all, as it may cover a range of vibrations per second quite one side or the other of our own scale of sound vibrations. For this reason, he is often obliged to speak to the psychic by the interior voice—an hypnotic rendition, apparently, of his voice through the medium of her subconsciousness...



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*We must remark here that there is no proof whatsoever that what is really important in a human being will communicate through "mediums" or "psychics" at any time; and that magickal experience proves over and over again the wisdom of Crowley's analysis of spiritism in BOOK FOUR Part III, Chapter XXI, Section IV.*

... For this reason, because his voice is not audible, as a rule, to her physical ears, the psychic must learn to discriminate accurately between this interior voice and the voiced imaginings of her own sub-consciousness, which will utter themselves quite as audibly as does the interior voice if the psychic has not acquired the faculty of holding her sub-consciousness well under control. With experience, however, the discrimination comes in time to be made unerringly, as St. Teresa has stated.

*The choice of pronouns indicates that Ms. Craddock is indirectly speaking of herself, as indeed has been obvious from the beginning.*

Through the interior voice, a Borderland mystic may be wooed and won as a wife if she be clear-headed and keep the moral law with scrupulous care. She does not need to be clairaudient to hear her lover's voice interiorly. Nor does she need to be clairvoyant if she be willing to go it blindly, so to say. She is then in the condition, however, of a person who is totally blind; and who is almost totally deaf. Since she needs to be on the alert quite as much as if she were dependent on an ear-trumpet, in order to make no mistake in catching the remarks made by the interior voice. Nevertheless, even people who are blind and people who are deaf may fall in love with someone on this earthly plane and marry despite the defective means of communicating ideas. Fortunately there are other means of transmitting ideas than by the interior voice or by the eye or the ear. In this connection the following article by Paul Tyner, on "The Sixth Sense and How to Develop It" in *The Arena* for June, 1984, offers a suggestive thought.

"I have said that I regard psychometry as the key to the development, on rational lines, of the sixth sense. Psychometry itself seems to be a development on the psychic side of that physical sense, which is at once the finest, the most subtle, the most comprehensive, and the most neglected of all the five senses—the sense of *touch*. While distributed over the whole surface of the body, through the nervous system, this sense is more delicate



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and sensitive in some parts than in others. The marvelous possibilities of its development in the hands are shown in the cases of expert silk buyers and of coin handlers. The first are enabled merely by touch to distinguish instantly the weight and fineness of a score of different pieces of cloth hardly distinguishable to the eye. Girls employed in the mints, while counting gold and silver coins at an astonishingly rapid speed, detect at once the minutest difference of overweight or underweight in the coin passing through their hands. The remarkable sensitiveness developed by the blind in the tips of the fingers, under such scientific cultivation as that provided in the Perkins Institute, of which Laura Bridgman in the past and Helen Keller in the present, are such conspicuous examples, is familiar to most readers.

“It may not be so generally known that recent post-mortem examinations of the bodies of the blind reveal the fact that in the nerves at the ends of the fingers, well-defined cells of gray matter had formed, identical in substance and in cell formation with the gray matter of the brain...

*This, so far as we know, is totally false.*

... What does this show? If brain and nerves are practically identical, is it not plain that, instead of being confined to the cavity of the skull, there is not any part of the surface of the body that can be touched by a pin's point without pricking the brain? It shows, moreover, I think, that all the sensations generally received through the other physical organs of sense may be received through the touch at the tips of the fingers. It proves that a man can think not alone in his head, but all over his body, and especially in the great nerve centers like the *solar plexus*, and the nerve ends, on the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet. The coming man will assuredly perceive and think in every part, from his head down to his feet. Need I suggest the importance of remembering, in this connection, how much in our modern life is conveyed by the hand clasp, of the deep delight that comes to lovers in caressing touches, when impelled to pat the hands or cheek of the beloved one, or to stroke her hair? It is through the emotional life that our sensitiveness is led from the physical to the psychic plane of sensation.”

It is through the nerves of touch that Borderland wedlock becomes objective. The lover may remain forever invisible, as in the fairy stories,



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materializing only at night, and then only to the touch of those nerves most capable of sensing this tangibility. But, ghost though he be, it was the testimony of Reginald Scot in his "Discoverie of Witchcraft" that the Witch "hath more pleasure that way, they say, than with anie mortall man."

*It is significant that Ms. Craddock should quote Reginald Scot, who was the first man in the United Kingdom to come to the defense of the witches, claiming they were mostly sick or deluded poor persons, in need of care or treatment, not of torture or fiery death. Scot was also the first person to explain the "miracles" of charlatans in terms of prestidigitation and illusionism. A very great mind indeed.*

*Not trying to demean angelic lovers, one must remark that they could hardly be less complimented in an age when the physical body was despised, sexual relations were considered obscene, and human beings were believed to be born in sin, already condemned to eternal damnation. Any man who could be a sensitive lover would either not be a Christist, or would not be human, in the ordinary sense.*

The angelic bridegroom, as well as his earthly partner, must live a correct moral life and think clearly; and this means that he must exercise a tenderness, a considerate regard for his wife's comfort and happiness, and also a marital self-control of which too many earthly men are ignorant. No wonder, then, that on the plane of sentiment she should prefer this ghostly spouse to "anie mortall man". And on the plane of physiological relations, I think I have already shown that the husband who is an initiate in the third degree, who has trained his wife therein, can assure her of *con-nubial bliss which is perpetual*. The Borderland bridegroom has this advantage, too, over the earthly bridegroom: being able to read his partner's thoughts, he can adapt himself to her most delicate fluctuations of sentiment at a moment's warning, and so never fail to be truly her companion.

"If one could prolong the happiness of love into marriage", wrote Rousseau, "we should have Paradise on earth".

In my own case, Paradise—the Kingdom of Heaven—has come into my earth life. And it has come through my heavenly bridegroom.

*A final comment is necessary to Ms. Craddock's opus. First, we think it sadly limited for a woman to extoll her heavenly lover for no greater reason*



## HEAVENLY BRIDEGROOMS

*than the sensual pleasure that he affords her; and we do not think that love depends on sexual activity for its existence. But we do not grudge Ms. Craddock her connubial pleasures, as she would have put it, since she was morally courageous enough to come to the defense of sex as a means to religion. We will remark as well that Crowley's intercourse with his Holy Guardian Angel was instrumental in producing Thelema, perhaps the greatest thing that ever happened, up to now, in the history of humankind; and that, above and beyond this, in Crowley's diaries we find annotations that indicate that Aiwass came to him under many different human shapes in the Abbey of Thelema in Sicily, both as man and woman; and that they enjoyed their love for each other just as simply and limitedly as any pair of human beings—or indeed, any pair of living beings—can show love for each other on this plane of matter. Those annotations, incidentally, have not been reproduced in the pirated editions of those diaries; we give witness to having read them in the original typescripts which were personally lent to us by Frater SATURNUS X° O. T. O., Mr. Karl Johannes Germer.*

*Love is the law, love under will. Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.*



WHO WAS

SHE,

REALLY?

In my own case, Paradise—the Kingdom of Heaven—has come into my earth life. And it has come through my heavenly bridegroom.

A final comment is necessary to Mr. Cuddick's opus. First, we think it only fitting for a woman to tell her heavenly love for the greater reason



## IDA CRADDOCK

*When we decided to publish **Heavenly Bridegrooms** it was suggested by Soror K. A. that perhaps Ida Craddock had not existed at all, and had just been a pseudonym employed by Theodore Schroeder to put forth his own ideas. Since this was possible, we asked Frater Meithras, who disposed of the necessary facilities, to research the facts of Ms. Craddock's life for us. The results came to our hands after our introduction and our main notes to **Heavenly Bridegrooms** had been written, and readers are requested to compare the following account with what is written there.*

*Ms. Ida C. Craddock was born in Philadelphia on August 1 1857 e.v.; her parents were Quakers and her family was wealthy.*

*She was never declared insane at any time.*

*She was never voluntarily committed.*

*She was under constant attack of the "Society for the Prevention of Vice", a Roman Catholic organization, and was brought to trial for "violating Sec. 3893 R.S. in unlawfully and knowingly depositing and causing to be deposited in the Post Office of the United States in Chicago, for mailing and delivery, a certain pamphlet which contained obscene, lewd and lascivious matters of an indecent character."*

*The exact character of this loathsome pamphlet is not known, because, and again we quote from the transcripts of the trial, it "contained divers obscene, lewd, lascivious and indecent matters, words, ideas and language in print, which were and are so obscene, lewd, lascivious and indecent that the same would be offensive to the court here and improper to be placed upon the records thereof."*

*Thus, incredible as it may seem in these more enlightened times of constitutional guarantees, no evidence of Ms. Craddock's alleged criminal activities was presented in court—merely the accusations. But, from her own declaration in the frontispiece of the pamphlet, which was quoted in order*



## THE EQUINOX

to establish her authorship of it, we know that it was entitled "Right Marital Living" and that it was, according to her, "an expansion of an article of mine upon this same subject, which appeared in *The Chicago Clinic* for May 1899 e.v."

There is no doubt whatsoever that the "obscene, lewd, lascivious and indecent pamphlet" was written along the lines of **Psychic Wedlock** and the last few sections of **Heavenly Bridegrooms**. Perceptive readers are invited to ponder that it first appeared in a medical journal in the city of Chicago, and it is unlikely that obscene or lascivious matter would have been welcomed in such a publication.

Ida's attorney was the most famous liberal attorney of the period, Clarence Darrow. This great American was instrumental in changing American labor laws to such an extent that this country has had nothing to fear from Communism, in spite of unscrupulous demagogic allegations from vermin like the late Senator Joe McCarthy and the late J. Edgar Hoover. He made Darwin a household name in America with the Scopes trial; he defended two homosexual murderers and managed to have them committed rather than executed. It is true that the two homosexuals were from rich and influential families; but after all, so was Ms. Craddock. Unfortunately, her case was one of the few cases he lost: she was a woman who had dared to speak openly and publicly about sex, she had concited men to control their instincts and women to believe that their bodies were their own property. In doing this she had offended the peculiar sense of "decency" of the Roman Catholic Church. She was going to be sentenced to five years in prison. She killed herself in her New York apartment the night before sentence was to be passed.

Frater Meithras informs us that from her *Spiritual Diaries* it can be seen she had meditated her own suicide for many years. (This, by the way, is a common occurrence with fine sensibilities; usually, however, one goes on living because there is a job to be done and nobody else qualified to do it; else, it would be nice to leave a world populated by people like Grady McMurtry, Phyllis McMurtry, Israel Regardie, Donald Weiser, Oskar Schlag, John Symonds, etc. etc.) He adds that many things written in the works we now publish become clearer on perusal of her personal records; but this was to be expected.



## PSYCHIC WEDLOCK

*She called herself Priestess and Pastor of the Church of Yoga; she taught for a while at Girard College in Philadelphia. There is reason to believe that her family was embarrassed by her conduct, and that she was hated by her mother. Indeed, she had dinner with her mother on the night of her suicide. She had left Philadelphia either to be away from her family, or to avoid causing them discomfort, or both; in Chicago she attracted the tender attentions of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, who used its "Society for the Prevention of Vice" to hound her. She was imprisoned for three months. She left Chicago but continued spreading her lascivious and obscene ideas, as evinced in the writings here reproduced, in Denver, in Washington, and in her home town of Philadelphia once more. They came after her. She was confined to mental hospitals twice—not voluntarily, as Schroeder falsely says. But they could find no physician willing to declare her insane. She was jailed five times for a brief period. Finally, in New York the "Society for the Prevention of Vice" found a congenial atmosphere to ruin her completely. Tammany Hall was—and is—Irish, you know. Her right of free speech had been suspended almost everywhere. The pawn used by the Roman Catholic Church in this matter was called Anthony Comstock. He was an important member of the "Society". It should be understood that the Roman Catholic Church, who later hounded Bertrand Russell in exactly the same way, uses this kind of technique quite often. Recent victims of it in the United States include Ms. Madlyn Murray and the late actress Jean Seberg, who also committed suicide.*

*Ms. Craddock's "spirit husband" was called, or said he was called, "Soph", which is why she often referred to herself as "Mrs. Soph"; and she wrote that he looked like Bougereau's Cupid in his "Cupid & Psyche", except for the fact that "Soph" was fair-haired.*

*According to our colleague Mr. Martin P. Starr, who personally examined the book's first draft, Theodore Schroeder did not deliberately leave out anything from the TS. of Heavenly Bridegrooms. Rather, he was just a lazy and sloppy editor, like Israel Regardie, Stephen Skinner, Grant, Symonds, etc. etc.*

*Heavenly Bridegrooms was written around 1894 e.v.; that is to say, about ten years before the obtention of LIBER AL. Ms. Craddock worked on it while in London, and did research at the British Museum. To this ex-*



tent, therefore, Schroeder's statements concerning the reason why she wrote the book and where she spent her last days were outright fabrication.

Ms. Craddock, as can be seen from her picture, was a lovely woman, and was described by a childhood friend, Ms. Catharine S. Wood, in the following words: "Born in affluence, surrounded by comfort and with every advantage of education and friends, possessing the greatest gifts in all directions, including music, beautiful in form, fascinating in manner and devoted in her affections, poetic and enthusiastic, she was finally sacrificed to the monsters of creation, who kill what they cannot understand."

She committed suicide on October 16, 1902 e.v.; nineteen months before the obtention of **The Book of the Law**.



# PSYCHIC WEDLOCK

by

IDA CRADDOCK

## CHAPTER I INTRODUCTORY

Marital union takes place on three planes—body, mentality and spirit. In the perfect union, the amount of energy expended on any one plane is in exact equation with that expended on either of the others. But when the reverse occurs, the union is imperfect; and when the inequality is marked, the union has no claim to be called true wedlock.

Thus, when the energy expended upon bodily union is greatly in excess of that expended upon the mental and spiritual planes, it is called lust, and right-thinking people turn from it with a shudder.

When intellectual and artistic tastes are the chief basis of union between man and woman, we have a partnership in which mentality is in excess. Such unions are usually helpful and bettering, for the two are then intellectual and artistic comrades. But if, as is too often the case, the body be ignored or despised, it is not wedlock, but Platonic friendship which really unites the two.

Union upon the plane of spirit in excess of either body or mentality is perhaps very rare. Like mental union *per se*, it has its peculiar raptures; but no mood of spiritual ecstasy can be permanently helpful if it fail to translate its raptures into an expression of energy upon the mental and bodily planes.



## THE EQUINOX

It is to suggest the duties and the joys of union in an exact equation upon all three planes that this little essay on *Psychic Wedlock* has been written.

There is a great deal of misapprehension today, among intelligent and refined people, regarding the relation which should exist between husband and wife. Sex union upon the bodily plane is too often deprecated as a concession to a degrading appetite; those who thus deprecate it, tacitly following in the footsteps of St. Paul, who advised marriage as an outlet for uncontrollable passion, saying, "It is better to marry than to burn." The early Christist fathers almost universally chorused this idea, insisting that perpetual virginity in man and woman is the state which those should seek who wish to live the ideal life. Marriage was looked upon as impure; and this idea crops up in the Church and among the laity for several centuries, and is bearing fruit today in our social and religious customs. Christism, so far as the writer is aware, is the only religion in the whole world which fails to give some teaching to its young people concerning their sex capacities and duties, so as to prepare them for the sacredness of the marital union. From whom let us ask, do the prospective fathers of the race acquire their knowledge of sex powers? Usually from prostitutes, from gross-minded schoolboys, or from depraved men of the world. From who do the prospective mothers of the race acquire their knowledge? Perhaps, at most, from French novels, or in the unhealthy atmosphere of girls' boarding schools, or from married women scarcely less ignorant than themselves. But usually their knowledge is acquired from the aforesaid prospective fathers, upon the wedding night. Can we wonder that the offspring from such parents tend more and more, as successive generations are born, to differentiate into two widely opposing types—on the one hand, the ascetic and the prude, who loathe the body as impure in all its sex relations, and on the other hand, the carnal-minded man or woman, whose thoughts about marital union relate chiefly to the body?

It is the prudish silence of the Christist churches and of those whom they influence, which we in Christist lands have largely to thank for the marital unhappiness in our midst.

In savage tribes today, however ignorant, and in the old days of Paganism at its best—before Paganism had sunk into refined sen-



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suality—we find a very different state of affairs. We find the dignity and holiness of the sex relation upheld by symbol and rite, by mythic tales and sacred dances. We find the medicine-man instructing young men and maidens in the marital duties which they are about to assume—crudely, indeed, but with a mingled frankness and reverence for sex mysteries which we today should be a purer-minded people for imitating.

The ancient medicine-man has disappeared in civilized lands, having split up into three beings: the priest, the physician and the schoolteacher. But the old wisdom still survives in out-of-the-way places, and can be restored by the learned. And our wise men possess what the ancient Pagans and the modern savages did not and do not—a detailed knowledge of embryology, of many laws of sex physiology, and of certain aspects of psychology. Why should not the modern heirs of the old medicine-man—the priest, the physician and the schoolteacher—resume the position which is naturally theirs, of instructors of the young in that which all need to know who are likely to enter the marital relation?

The times are ripe for such a movement. People on all sides are eagerly seeking knowledge which shall lead them up, and not down, in sex matters. Will the churches, the medical fraternity and our academies of learning continue to neglect their duty?

Let us hope that all three will ere long awake to the vital necessity for some organized and systematic teaching to the people upon sex—teaching which shall treat frankly of those physiological matters which are expunged from our school-books; teaching which shall set forth in its true light the hygienic value of sex union for every normally constituted man and woman; which shall show the moral obliquity of those who, whether legally married or not, create children by accident, and not by intention; which shall insist upon the sacredness of the wife's person; which shall uphold the duty of union in self-control and aspiration to the highest, and which shall not blush to frankly add that such self-control and aspiration will result in increased pleasure to both husband and wife. Last, but not least, let us have teaching which shows how the path to that ideal life which we all of us hope and mean to live lies *through the senses* to that Highest whom we variously term God, the Unknowable, the Ideal, Unconscious Energy, Law, Force, etc.



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Meanwhile, however, since our natural teachers, the physician, the priest and the schoolteacher, remain silent on this vital question, we of the laity must do what we can to enlighten each other. And the present essay on *Psychic Wedlock* is an attempt to do this, in a small way. Such truth as I have discovered, I desire to share with my fellow-beings, hoping that they will add thereto, and pass our joint knowledge along to others.

...

It will be observed that this essay treats of three degrees of initiation into psychic wedlock. These three degrees seem to be bound up with the inner mysteries of pagan religions everywhere; but the second and third degrees in special appear to have been jealously hidden from the people...

*Not jealously; prudently. For if you throw pearls to swine, they are very likely to turn and rend you, as Ms. Craddock eventually learned from bitter experience. The "Black Brothers" fear self-control in human beings more than anything else; for self-control in the people means the end of debauch; and the end of debauch means the end of tyranny.*

...and to have been imparted only to those who had passed certain ordeals, and had thereby proved themselves worthy. These things were also bound up with Borderland occultism under certain aspects. In ancient times, the people had not the public school; they were more ignorant of the natural sciences than is the merest schoolboy of today; so that there was a good reason then for keeping advanced sex mysteries carefully hidden from the masses. Moreover, the science of psychology (which we may here use as a convenient term to include all effects of mind upon mind) was then in its infancy. What Dr. Carl du Prel terms "the displacement of the psycho-physical threshold of sensibility" through dreams, hypnotism, drugs, insanity, anger, strong emotion, etc., was in those days studied and understood only by the learned few, mainly the priests. The latter produced the "temple sleep" (nowadays known as the hypnotic sleep) in which the inner sensibilities of the hypnotized subject, exalted to an unusual degree, brought about remarkable results in prophecy, medical prescriptions, clairvoyance, telepathy, etc. Today, however, the science of hypnotism is exploited in medical and lay journals, so that any non-professional reader may inform himself of its wonders in detail; and the



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Society for Psychical Research has carefully collated hundreds of well-attested cases of thought-transference which indicate that the faculty of telepathy is a common property of humanity.

But even today, the realm of psychology contains vast unexplored tracts.

One of these as yet unexplored tracts is the psychic effect of mind upon mind during the marital union. People who would shrink from drugging themselves with liquor or opium, and who hold that yielding to so-called "spirit mediumship" is dangerous, will, nevertheless, recklessly abandon their self control during the sex ecstasy. It is well established that a child conceived when the father is drunk will be mentally unbalanced, usually to the borders of idiocy...

*This is, of course, totally false. At most, a demon or a low elemental or a gross psychosoma may be born. Genetic inheritance is the sole cause of idiocy—which perhaps explains the stupidity and intolerance of the majority of humankind.*

... If intoxication—i.e., lack of self-control—at the moment of conception be produced by other means than by alcohol, is it likely that the resulting offspring will not be tainted thereby?

*Lack of self-control is more likely to taint offspring than drugs. It is not the alcohol, or the drugs, that taint the offspring; it is the lack of self-control which induced the wretch or wretches to indulge that does it.*

Now, the keepers of the ancient mysteries probably did not know what we in modern days know about physiology, embryology, and similar ologies. But they seem to have learned sufficient to realize the importance of never displacing the psycho-physiological threshold of sensibility during the sex union, except in a state of absolute self-control. And the acquirement of this self-control appears to have constituted the second degree in initiation. But because it puts the begetting or non-begetting of children entirely within the power of the parents, and because it intensifies the delight of wedlock, they probably feared that it would be a dangerous knowledge to place within reach of any but a worthy initiate. Hence it was and still is jealously guarded from the general public. But inasmuch as we of the nineteenth century live in an era of almost universal education...

*Optimistic, wasn't she?*

... it would seem as though the time had come when this second degree,



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and also the third and final degree, may be more widely imparted.

The following are the three degrees treated of in this essay:

*1st.* Sex union forbidden, except for the distinct purpose of creating a child at that particular time.

*2nd.* Sex union enjoined in absolute self-control and aspiration to the highest.

*3rd.* Community with Deity as the third partner in the marital union.

To those who wish to train themselves in these three degrees, I would say: *Self-control* is the keynote. And in order that self-control may be acquired with as few setbacks as possible, I strongly urge that all liquor, tea, coffee, tobacco, opium or other narcotics be dispensed with from the first moment of entrance upon the training until the final acquisition of initiateship in the third degree...

*This is excellent advice; but remember, it is a stage in training, not an end in itself.*

... These things, one and all, displace the psycho-physical threshold of sensibility, each after its own fashion; so, also, does the emotion evoked during the sex ecstasy; and it seems foolish to wantonly increase the ordeal through which one must pass in acquiring the marital self-control of the second degree.

Another point which is of the highest importance in the preliminary training of the would-be initiate is, that he or she shall learn to look upon the human form divine with emotions which never degrade, but which always seek to idealize their object. Whatever the neophyte's opinion as to the wisdom or unwisdom of the nude in art, he must acquire the habit of viewing the human form, wherever and however *he* lights upon it, with chaste emotions, and without agitation. Until he can do this, he is not worthy to enter upon even the first degree.

He must also acquire the ability—if he does not already possess it—of hearing sex physiology discussed without undue agitation, and of discussing it himself upon a high plane. In short, he should strive to become master of his emotions, as a necessary preparation for entrance upon the first degree.

But asceticism should never be an ultimate aim. It is useful only as furnishing a gateway to higher, purer, more refined and more spiritual as well



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as more enduring sense-pleasures.

If we would conquer a fractious horse, do we do so by felling him to the earth? By no means. We control him by the bridle, and by gentleness; or again, we apply whip or spur, being careful to hold a tight rein; and at last we can guide him at our will. To kill him or even to stun him is not to truly master him. And to crush the sex nature out of existence is not to truly master it, either. We can bring our sex powers under our control only by applying similar methods to those which we should adopt with a high-spirited, full-blooded horse. Sex desire is nothing to be ashamed of; it is something to rejoice in, provided it be governed as absolutely as we govern an impetuous horse, allowing it to do nothing but what our higher self wills it to do.

And oh, the joy, the joy of self-control! Only they who have thus conquered can understand!

### CHAPTER II *THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE UNIVERSE*

To appreciate the highest aspect of psychical wedlock, and therefore of the inferior degrees which have the third degree as their goal, it is necessary to frame some philosophical conception of the relations existing between the individual and the universe. This conception should be one upon which Christian and non-Christian, Atheist and Theist, can agree.

To seek to measure the infinite by the finite is, of course, absurd; but to deduce from the finite some of the laws of the infinite—i.e., from the known, a partial knowledge of the laws of the unknown of which that known forms a part—is both logical and satisfying.

*It is actually very dangerous, as Crowley himself was the first to point out.*

The following conception will, I think, be found to have at least the merit of simplicity:



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Every act of the individual is an *ex-pression* (something *pressed out*) from the inner to the outer. The process consists of three stages. Let us say that a man

(1) Conceives the idea of pushing a ball out of his path.

(2) He determines *how* the ball shall be pushed aside, with hand or foot, gently or powerfully, etc.

(3) At the command of his mentality, his body performs the act of moving the ball.

To produce the desired result, then, two factors concur:

*First.* The conception of moving the ball from his path.

*Second.* A definite thinking out of the method, and a transmission of the order to the body.

If the second stage be gone through with clearly within the man's mentality, the result in the third and final stage of the process will be an exact *expression* of his original conception, "I will push that ball out of my path." But if his method of pushing the ball aside be not planned out properly, so that his mind fails to exercise full control of the bodily muscles, he will find the inertia of the ball successfully oppose him, and he may stub his toe, or let the ball drop on his pet corn before he accomplishes his intention.

*This most talented woman (as Crowley would say) was actually trying to define MAGICK as Therion Himself defined it in BOOK FOUR PART III for the next ten centuries, at least.*

Clear-headedness, therefore, is of the greatest possible importance. Our mentality must be kept clear and unclouded, if what we may term "the thinker" within us is to have its orders correctly transmitted to our bodily selves. We may view the mentality which intervenes between the thinker within and the body without as an atmosphere through which rays of light stream from the inward self to the outer body. When the atmosphere is clear and colorless, the rays reach their destination unaltered. When it is colored by prejudice or clouded by ignorance or dislike of anything or anybody, they likewise become colored, or they are distorted, refracted, or almost entirely swallowed up in the mist, so that the few glimmerings which reach our intellect (that side of mentality which blends with the body) can but mislead. Were our inward conceptions conveyed to our in-



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tellects through an atmosphere of absolutely unclouded, unprejudiced and loving mentality, our outward lives would be godlike, for the thinker within each of us is godlike...

*"Every man and every woman is a star". She sensed this, the pure and holy prophetess. But, she was an Initiate. With a painful job to do, and a karma to balance. Which she did.*

... and in truth desires to realize only the highest ideal.

What if we imagine all humanity as laid side by side to match, so as to form one continuous body, one continuous mentality, one continuous inward self? We might represent this blending of humanity as taking place in a circle, thus: ⊗

In this imaginary representation of humanity, each human being is a sector of the circle, and at the apexes of the sectors, where each of us is the godlike thinker, the blending must of necessity be perfect...

*"The Perfect and the Perfect are one Perfect and not two."*

... however imperfect the blending and sharply defined the sectors may be on the mental and bodily planes. At the centre of this imaginary circle, where our godlike selves join those of our fellow-creatures, we are blended into one godlike spirit which is really the directing spirit of humanity—its Great "Thinker", so to say.

*That is, 666.*

If in this circle we include each living creature, whether plant or animal, we blend upon the "Thinker" plane with the egos or inward selves of all animate nature. And, what with the recent theories of "fatigue in metals", "chemical affinities of atoms" and "sex in minerals", it would perhaps not be unwarranted to include inanimate nature in our representation of the circle and sectors. If the members of the mineral kingdom have no life (as we understand life), at all events they are the result of law, and appear to be the expression of that law, so that it would seem as though they also should be included as sectors in our circle.

This circle, it will be seen, images the universe, not as a kingdom, with the Deity as a king who distributes his favors with the partiality and favoritism of an Oriental monarch; but as a republic, in which each sector, however tiny, has a vote in the General Council which directs the entire universe. In Scripture, indeed, we are told that God not only made man in



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His own image, but also that he breathed his breath into man in order to make man a living soul. In Scripture we are also told that we are heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ; and Jesus himself, in the Sermon on the Mount, exhorts us to be *perfect*, even as our Heavenly Father is perfect...

*Yes; except that the "Sermon of the Mount" was in the Talmud centuries before "Jesus" was supposed to have been born.*

So that, from a Christist as well as from a philosophical standpoint, we may consider ourselves as like unto God, and one with Him in spirit. Within ourselves, at the apexes of our sectors, each of us is Creator, for there we are one with Him; there also are we love, wisdom, power, and can create our outward lives as we will—*provided that we keep our mentality clear and unclouded for the transmission of the godlike ideal of the spirit into the bodily life.*

In the circle, not only is each sector the equal of every other sector before the law; but each of the three planes has its part to play in the perfect whole, and is therefore of equal importance with the other two. It is true that, in the carrying out of a conception, the order is:

*First.* The conception of the thinker, on what is the plane of the spirit, which is subjective to mentality, although objective to the inward thinker.

*Second.* The moulding of the thinker's conception into definite shape in the workshop of mentality, during which process the evolving conception is objective to mentality, but as yet only subjective to the outward bodily life.

*Third.* The carrying out of that conception on the material plane of the body, at which time it is no longer merely a subjective thought, but an objective act in the world of matter.

This, as I have said, is the order. But we must not forget that great law: "Reaction is equal to action, and opposite to it in direction." If spirit, through mentality, acts upon body, so, likewise, does body, through mentality, react upon spirit. And, also, the impulse to vibration being set up on the bodily plane, it is transmitted through mentality to spirit, resulting in a reaction from the apex of the sector outward again to the bodily plane.

Let us apply this philosophy to the marital relation. Where the three planes of body, mentality and spirit are in fairly harmonious adjustment, as they are in all normally constituted people who seek to live aright, the



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bodily sex relation with another sector and the spiritual sexual relation with that sector interact upon one another through mentality, for the good of the two creatures and the happiness of the entire universe. For, remembering that each of us is part of the Great Thinker at the apex of our individual sector, it will be seen that vibrations set up in our bodily life, and transmitted through mentality to our apex of spirit, must affect the universe on all sides.

But only the initiate of the first and second degrees in marital union can appreciate and act upon this suggestive and far-reaching conception of the relation of the individual to the universe, and of the universe to the individual.

### CHAPTER III

#### *FIRST DEGREE*

*Sex union forbidden, except for  
the express purpose of creating  
a child.*

In married life of the usual type, children are brought into the world with a strange recklessness. The Bible command, "Be fruitful and multiply", has been twisted into a sanction for immoderate sex union. So far as can be learned, men appear to be here the chief trespassers upon the privileges of the matrimonial state. But if men are the aggressors, their wives are too often accessories before the fact, in that they yield their bodies to marital excess without a murmur, inwardly assuring themselves that by so doing they are obeying God's behest to be dutiful wives.

I recall a charming woman, whose husband is intelligent, refined and thoroughly devoted to his wife. Both are devout Christians...

*She means Christists, as you will see.*

... both abhor drunkenness, and are living lives of purity and aspiration so far as an outsider can see. Yet this happily married wife, when discussing with me certain aspects of the marital relation, remarked, incidentally,



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"For my part, on going to bed at night, I am usually very thankful when my husband doesn't want me, and I can go quietly to sleep."

"When my husband doesn't want me." Why should he ever approach her, unless *she* wants *him*? It is not the man, but the woman, who must be the best judge of when union is desirable; and for her to yield to a husband's solicitations when she does not desire union, is a fraud upon him, since he finds only a corpse or a hypocrite in the place of a sincerely loving and tender marital partner. Moreover, it encourages him to think that, no matter what his wife desires, she is quite willing to serve at any time as a convenience for his lust; so that she confirms him in his selfishness, and degrades herself from the position of priestess in a sacred mystery, to become a mere cuspidor.

*Tremendous! And entirely correct.*

A cultivated Philadelphia lady, who lost her money and took up the profession of nursing for her livelihood, tells the following:

She was attending a young wife in her first confinement. The patient had been greatly lacerated in delivery. On the second day after delivery, while the nurse was attending to the baby, the husband entered, and requested the nurse to leave the room. "For God's sake, nurse, don't leave me!" exclaimed the sick woman. But a look from the husband caused the nurse to obey him, nevertheless. Shortly after, she heard her patient scream, "Oh, he'll murder me!" Whereupon the nurse rushed in, and found the husband in the act of committing a rape upon his wife. The nurse seized his arm, and endeavoured to pull him away; but he did not yield until he was ready, when he allowed himself, sullenly, to be led from the room, covered with blood. The wife meanwhile had fainted. When she recovered, she cried, "Oh God, would that my baby girl and I would die! That man promised on our wedding-day to honor, love and protect me; but every night since then he has used my poor body!"

This is doubtless an extreme case; but the wife who allows her husband to approach her whenever he wishes, regardless of her own desires, is the first term in a downward series of which this unfortunate woman is, alas! not the last, as many a physician can testify.

In Pagan lands and among the Jews, there are five days out of every twenty-eight, when the woman is forbidden to the man; and those who



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violate this tabu period are looked on as lawbreakers. Lore and religion alike memorialize the abhorrence in which the violator of this tabu period is held, *everywhere but in Christist lands*. If the reader objects that no educated or refined man would fail to respect the five-day tabu period, let him inquire about this of some reputable physician with whom he is intimate, when he will learn how sadly numerous in our midst are the husbands who respect no physical condition and no night in the month...

*Ms. Craddock perhaps thought that a woman should be allowed a respite from a man's attentions during her menstruation, and that the tabu had this as its purpose. It did not; and that a woman should have to have an official holiday from intercourse speaks against the sexual technique of the culture where the holiday is necessary; not against males, or against sexual intercourse during menstruation, which not only is pleasurable to many women, but also has important magickal aspects if done under will.*

... Modern researchers have shown the impressionability of the embryo child during gestation. Napoleon the Great owed his remarkable military genius to the fact that, prior to his birth, his mother accompanied her husband through a military campaign...

*This kind of superstitious bullshit was, unfortunately, very common at the time Ms. Craddock wrote. People like "Bishop" Leadbeater, that untuous closet homosexual, and his accomplice Besant thrived on it. Genius is the product, most often, of aleatory genetic permutations.*

If the coming child be so impressionable during the nine months of gestation, it surely behooves every conscientious parent to see to it that no abandonment to passion shall occur during that period to stamp the embryo, even for one little moment, with lack of self-control...

*The embryo is absolutely protected against any influences except genetic ones and the conditions at the time of conception. And even if it were not, "strike hard & low, and to hell with them, master!" Human environment is full of dirt; whatever cannot be pure and thrive in it should not survive Evolution at all.*

... And on the other hand, it would seem as though every act of mutual considerateness and every tender caress between husband and wife at that



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time must bear its part in making their coming child self-controlled, sweet-tempered and affectionate.

But not only should the nine months of gestation be free from the abandonment of sex-passion. So, also, according to some authorities, should the nine months or thereabouts devoted to lactation. The child that is suckling is a drain upon its mother's strength, and it is cruel, at least to the child, even should the mother desire it, to draw further upon her nervous energies at that time, and to probably render the milk feverish, by abandonment to sex passion. Among so inferior a people as the Zulus and Kafirs, the wife's person is held sacred by the husband, not only during gestation, but also during lactation. It is true that these people have more than one wife. That is their way of dealing with this question. But will it be pretended that a civilized, high-minded white man cannot get along during his wife's pregnancy and lactation without indulgence, and that he must choose among polygamy, association with harlots, or violation of the person of a pregnant or nursing wife? If so, he should be prohibited by law from ever creating a child, since he cannot become a father without afterward committing a crime.

*These prejudices about the "superiority" of the "white race" had been inculcated in Ms. Craddock from the cradle in her wealthy family environment. Nobody is perfect!*

Some sex reformers hold that the creation of a child should not occur oftener than once in three years, inasmuch as a little child is entitled to the mother's personal care during its infancy—a care which is interfered with when the mother is passing through the delicate condition of pregnancy.

At all events, it cannot be denied that, were fewer children born in a family, those who are born would be better taken care of than they are at present. A poor man is not able to properly rear and educate a large family. Nor, indeed, can any but the very rich do this. So that, from a financial as well as from a hygienic standpoint, large families are undesirable, as being an undue tax upon their parents...

*Or, in "welfare" states, upon the citizenry as a whole.*

... and also as rendering it unlikely that proper care can be bestowed upon each individual child.

But if large families are undesirable, so, also, are the usual preventive



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checks undesirable, being abnormal, unhealthy and immoral, whether by withdrawal or other methods. They are immoral, because they place no check upon passion, but allow it full range...

*The wily girl was turning her enemies' arguments against them. But it did her little good, because she did not fully understand the nature of Evil. Her enemies knew they were doing wrong; and they did not care about it.*

.... They are unhealthy, because the psychic powers of both parties are depleted, without sufficient interchange of magnetism. And being a violation of the natural and healthy relation, they are abnormal.

The only lawful preventive to conception is self-control. *The seed should never be sown where no harvest is prepared for or desired.*

The wife is the one to decide when the harvest is to be desired. She should be queen of her own person, so absolutely as she was while still a maiden. She should never consent to sex union unless she desires it. Otherwise, she degrades her wifeness into prostitution, for she is then little, if any better than the courtesan who rents her body to a man for so much money a night.

The coming child should be deliberately, reverently and prudently planned for. To choose a time when there seems to be least likelihood of conception, is degrading the generative powers for purposes of sensuality. Moreover, the wife is less desirous of union at such times. Nature's appointed love-season is, almost without exception, during the day or days immediately following the monthly tabu period. Those who allow this natural wedding-time to pass, and who unite two weeks later, at the ebb-tide of the woman's passion, should not be surprised if she manifests only indifference or disgust, instead of tender affection.

Another thing:

It must be remembered that the seed should be sown with the honest intention of producing a harvest. When it has been sown, it behooves husband and wife to wait, it may be for weeks or even months, to learn, beyond the possibility of a mistake, whether the seed has germinated or not. And of course, when pregnancy is assured, no further seed need be sown.

This is the teaching of the First Degree.

Not until the initiate shall have grasped the teaching in its fullness will



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he be worthy to enter upon the training for the Second Degree.

### CHAPTER IV

#### SECOND DEGREE

*Sex union enjoined  
in absolute self-control  
and aspiration to the highest*

In sex union there are two functions concerned—love and parentage. Likewise, there are two sets of organs for the performance of these functions.

The organs of parentage are, in the woman, the ovaries and uterus; in the man, the testicles and vesiculæ seminales.

The organs of love are those which make contact during sex union; and through these, when the union is normal and on a high plane, an interchange of magnetism results which is helpful and strengthening to both parties.

*Please cf. The Field Theory of Sex for more advanced teachings in this regard.*

To secure a thorough equipoise of the whole being, it is important that the love-function have healthy and normal exercise at frequent intervals. But the function of parentage should be very rarely exercised; and intervals of years may elapse, without detriment to the health and general well-being, provided that the love-function be exercised in moderation and upon a high plane meanwhile.

If the reader asks, incredulously, how, on the man's part, the love-function may be healthfully exercised without the wasteful scattering of seed supposed to be a necessary climax to each marital union, I would refer him to a little book called *Zugassent's Discovery*, written by Geo. B.



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Miller, and published by the Boston Arena Publishing Company. Price, 25 cents. I would also refer him to the accounts of the Oneida Community, where for thirty years this possibility was demonstrated. Also to *Karezza*, by Alice C. Stockham, M.D., price \$1.00.

If it be asked how this power of self-control is to be attained, I answer: By degrees, as one would acquire proficiency in any athletic exercise or any art. One should resolutely decide at the outset that no seed shall be scattered, no matter what the impulse may be at the moment, and should sternly abide by his self-registered vow, to the best of his ability. It is quite likely that one or two failures may result at first; but as the power of self-control is developed, it becomes more and more possible for a man to do here just what he wills. And no man who has once acquired this power will ever care to return to the old habit of abandonment to passion; for he will see that he was then a slave, whereas now he is a king. (Again, I would remind the reader that ascetic self-control is Nature's appointed way to increased sense pleasures.)

*Wagging the carrot in front of the donkeys' noses—or the trough in front of the hogs'.*

In India, the philosophy of sex relations reached this high standard centuries ago; and today such power of self-control appears to be a well-nigh universal inheritance among the natives...

*This wistful India, of course, exists only in the mind of pure-minded, starry-eyed children of the Gods like Ms. Craddock, to this day. It is very alike the Jews's "Promised Land" and Faust's "beautiful" environment.*

This is the first half of the teaching of the Second Degree—the ability to suppress at will the scattering of the seed.

Its effects are not only bodily, but psychic as well; and the husband who has acquired this power can frequently turn a passive, indifferent marital partner into a tender wife.

One reason why many women manifest indifference or disgust in the marital union is, that women are usually slower in coming to the climax than are men. Affection, tender considerateness, gentleness and delicacy on the man's part, accompanied by the exercise of prolonged and absolutely self-controlled union, would transform many a merely tolerated husband into a welcome lover.



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But the wife, also, has her part to play, and should look well to the management of her own sex powers. She must learn not to abandon herself to emotion, any more than she would willingly yield to a horse that is trying to run away with her. Let her act with her emotions as she would strive to act with such a horse—control with whip and bridle, and make herself absolute mistress of the creature. But let her also remember that to kill a horse is not to govern it.

When both parties shall have acquired this self-control, they will begin to understand somewhat of the beauty and the joy of *psychic wedlock*.

An objection sometimes raised by men is that, on grounds of health, a bodily secretion needs to be gotten rid of at frequent intervals. That depends. In the case of tears, it is not so. We may go for months and years, without suffering in health from not weeping; and yet, if occasion arise, the secretion is formed instantaneously in response to our need. Why should not other secretions which are evoked by occasional emotion be ranked in the same category as tears?

It will of course be understood that the above does not apply to any secretion in the nature of a mucous fluid which is intended by Nature merely for purposes of lubrication. The Second Degree prohibits only that which is ejaculated—i.e., the masculine creative seed.

A more reasonable objection, however, is that, after a secretion is formed, it cannot be returned to the system without detriment to health. But Dr. Brown-Sequard has asserted that repression at the last moment and restoring the seminal secretion to the system prolongs a man's life and adds to his vigor. Dr. Brown-Sequard, however, seems to have made the mistake of supposing that it mattered not by what means either the secretion or the repression of that secretion was induced. Hence his theory about obtaining the "Elixir of Life" at such a moment from guinea-pigs, bulls and other male animals in which the secretion had been artificially induced—a theory which careful scientific experiment duly exploded. His crucial mistake lay in his not grasping the fact that the excitation should occur in a normal manner, that the repression should be voluntary, and not brought about by any means but self-control, and that the strengthening value of the secretion consists in its being returned to the system to which it belongs.



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Again, I would remind the reader that the power evolved by the practice of the Second Degree is psychic, as well as physical.

Every ejaculation means a waste in psychic energy—a waste which may be counterbalanced in part by the exchange of magnetism in a tender marital union, but which can never wholly be made up.

I have said that the first half of the Second Degree consists in the ability to repress the ecstasy entirely, however prolonged the union. And this power should be acquired by the wife, as well as by the husband. The second half consists in going *through* the final ecstasy in absolute self-control, and with no ejaculation.

This is a step beyond the teaching of even the Oneida Community, and I cannot refer the reader to any books upon the subject. But there are today men who have acquired even this power.

In this stage, also, the woman should go through with a corresponding training in self-control. To use a figure of speech, one may compare the last half of the Second Degree to struggling through a mountain torrent...

*Cf. LXV iv 6.*

... Again and again, as we strive to breast the dangerous stream, we are swept from our footing and nearly submerged; yet each time we manage to keep our head above water, and at last we emerge triumphantly on the other side, clamber up the steep bank, and go on our way, rejoicing in the consciousness of our strength.

The dangers attending the practice of this Second Degree by the unworthy initiate are serious. It may be made the means of sensual excesses which degrade the moral nature and break down the health. I am inclined to agree, it is true, with other writers on this subject, in maintaining that, to the selfish man and the libertine, the game is not worth the candle. Nevertheless, I should not be doing my duty by the general reader...

*We already know how this "general reader" thanked her for her concern. Perhaps some of our readers may feel we are overemphasizing; but when one is accused of "occultism" for its own sake, as the Initiates have been for centuries, one likes to put the record a bit straighter.*

... were I to fail to utter a word of warning, and to insist that only in moderation and aspiration to the highest may the Second Degree be safely practised. Not only this. The Second Degree, without the Third and Final



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Degree, is not only imperfect, but is certain in time to become demoralizing, inasmuch as it deals chiefly with prolonged sense-pleasure upon the planes of body and mentality alone.

Let us, therefore, now turn to the consideration of the Third and Highest Degree, which is the one in which our spiritual natures find activity.

### CHAPTER V

#### THIRD DEGREE

*Communion with Deity as  
the third partner in marital union.*

In the chapter on the Individual and the Universe, a philosophical conception was set forth which represented the Great Thinker at the heart of the universe as consisting of the sum of minds which exist throughout nature. Reaction being equal to action and opposite to it in direction, we showed that although our inward spirit sends impulses outward through mentality into our bodily life, yet it is logical to infer that vibrations set up on the bodily plane will react through mentality upon our spirit; and since that within us which thinks may be considered to be part of the Directing Spirit of the universe, our bodily life, by transmission through our mentality and this Central Thinker, probably acts upon the entire universe.

If this hypothesis be accepted as logical, it would seem to be the duty of each of us to so live that our bodily acts shall result in help and happiness to the rest of the universe. The old-fashioned books tell us that we have within us a safe guide, called Conscience. Modern philosophy, however, has demonstrated that Conscience needs to be enlightened in order to be thoroughly reliable. Of one thing, nevertheless, we may be reasonably certain. If we endeavor, to the best of our ability, to keep our mentality free from prejudice, dislike and ignorance, so that the light from our higher, inward self shall stream through mentality uncolored and unrefracted, we shall be quite safe in following the guidance of that mysterious inner something which we term "Conscience".



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This, the Atheist would call living in harmony with law, inasmuch as it necessitates clear-headedness as its first requisite. The Theist would call it seeking to know the will of God.

Prayer is one of the ways of clearing our mentality, so that the vibratory impulses may be correctly transmitted from That Which Thinks, outward through our mentality into our bodily life. Prayer is also a means of transmitting through our mentality, to the Great Thinker at the heart of the universe, the results of what we do on the bodily plane, for the betterment of the entire universe.

When, under the powerful influence of sex emotion, the psychological threshold of sensibility is displaced, an especially intimate communication is opened up, whether we wish it or not, between our bodily lives and the Great Thinker. If we aspire to act in union with that Great Thinker at such a moment, the vibrations set up within us by the sex emotion must result not only in our own betterment, but in joy and help to all the world.

This is the first half of the Third Degree—the *duty* of aspiration during the sex ecstasy to communion with the Great Thinker.

And the second half of this degree is the *joy* accruing both to the Great Thinker and to ourselves through such communion.

The Hindus have a belief which many people would term a superstition, to the effect that a god can enjoy material pleasures, but only when his worshipper offers him a share.

*If there is no god but man, or rather, the human being, how could this be otherwise?... But those 'Hindus' she is talking about are, again, mythical, or extinct, or Tantrists.*

And so the devout Hindu offers his god a share of his food and drink and even of his debaucheries, believing that he may enjoy himself as he will, if only he gives the god a part. This is, of course, a degradation of what is really a beautiful and inspiring idea—the idea that God can and does enjoy the material world through our enjoyment.

The second half of the Third Degree is entered upon when we realize that perhaps it is possible for us individually, after all, to give to the Great Thinker a pleasure which no one else can, and when out of sheer benevolence and good-will, and with no selfish desire to secure our own pleasure, we offer the Great Thinker a share in our delight, asking him to



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become the third partner in the marital union. Pantheos, Personal God or Impersonal, Unknowable Force as may be that Great Thinker, nevertheless, if this offering be sincerely and reverently made, there will dawn upon the twain who are one flesh a realizing sense of the personal relation between themselves and the heart of the universe, which is obtainable in no other way. For the time being, they will know what it is to "love God" and to be loved by Him...

*Or rather, Him-Her-It; or even better, Her-It-Him, or It-Her-Him!... This commentator, at least, has had enough of gaseous vertebrates with white beards and flashing eyes to last him several centuries.*

... and will be one with all the universe, in a rapture which is indescribable. And because at that moment the way lies clear and unclouded between their bodily lives and the Great Thinker, the initiates of the Second Degree will realize in all its fullness genuine psychic wedlock—i.e., sex union upon all three planes of body, mentality and spirit, in the exact equation which constitutes the ideal union of husband and wife.

...

I have tried to set forth with such clearness as seemed admissible in a work intended for the general public the fundamental principles of genuine psychic wedlock—the only sort of union, it seems to me, which men and women ought to seek in the sex relation. Having succeeded at times in living up to this philosophy myself, I speak of its possibilities as one who knows. And so I am sending out this little essay, hoping that others, both husbands and wives, with wider lives than mine, may be helped thereby to attain the ideal happiness of PSYCHIC WEDLOCK.



# WOMAN AND THE FUTURE

*For the Autumn Equinox (N.L.) of 1926 e.v. Crowley prepared a Magickal Work and made this analysis of its consequences:*

The general aim of the Work is to release the resistless stream  $\equiv$  of the Nature of Woman  $\equiv$  in her human function (*not*  $\equiv$   $\equiv$  ). She will demand freedom to flow whither she will, and the right to seek her Pleasure.

This will lead at first to sterility and neglect of men, with blindness and narrowness, which will cause pain.

The household system will break up, causing domestic inconvenience. The frustration of natural desires will lead to a deadlock. Woman's obstinacy will further estrange the sexes and lead to evil. Sex is now seen to be a Magickal act—a sacrament.

The gradual reconciliation which now begins is hampered by the industrial conditions of this age of machines. After many disasters, a way out is found.

These tendencies have been hateful to the ruling classes, who have tried severe repression. But the unconscious will of the race, moving leisurely from event to event, and its satisfaction with the trend of evolution, proves irresistible. It is a deep and sincere religious movement.

The dangers of restriction, and of idealism, are now at last fully understood. Women resolve to abjure their former errors on sexual questions, and establish a positive system on Thelemic lines which proves satisfactory to all.

*This Work was never completed; it entailed a journey to Egypt, and he was unable to raise the necessary funds to go.*

*Phyllis Schlafly and the Rev. Jerry Falwell never had this kind of problem.*



**FACE IT:**

**WE LOVE TO DO REVIEWS**

**this lot is called**

**THE STICK IN THE HOLE**

**(OR VICE VERSA)**



## REVIEWS

THE MAGICAL DILEMMA OF VICTOR NEUBURG. Jean Overton Fuller. W. H. Allen, London 1965 e.v.

THE MAGICIAN OF THE GOLDEN DAWN. Susan Roberts. Contemporary Books, Inc., Chicago 1978 e.v.

THE EYE IN THE TRIANGLE. Israel Regardie. Llewellyn Publications, St. Paul (MN), 1970 e.v.

THE GREAT BEAST. John Symonds, Mayflower Books Ltd., Frogmore (England) 1973 e.v.

Now what would be your opinion of a biographer who calls her subject not Victor Neuburg, or Mr. Neuburg, or even Neuburg, but 'Vicky', and who slaps two studio portraits of herself into her opus? I believe you might feel, to say the least, a bit suspicious of her objectivity. One likes to be charitable to women, unless they belong in the Marabel Morgan or Phyllis Schlafly class, and that is where Ms. Fuller obviously belongs. If Crowley liked someone, the person was suspect (except, of course, dear 'Vicky', who could do no wrong save to go back to the beastly Beast); if Crowley said someone was a fake and a scoundrel, the person was a saint—even in the case of an obvious con-woman like Cremers, whose stink Ms. Fuller's frantic deodorizing utterly fails to disguise. (Cremers was obviously a lesbian, and a nasty one—was that the source of her saintly charm?) Ms. Fuller (no relation to Major-General J. F. C. Fuller—the poor man never went that far) could be accused of subjectivity and libel, but who would waste the time, once you realize she was a Theosophist? In such a case, the accusation becomes redundant. That once respectable organization, now an international tea-party for old ladies of both sexes and fringe con-men, has never forgiven Crowley for defeating Besant's and Leadbeater's attempts to reach wealth and power at the expense of Krishnamurti. Not being able to concentrate on higher things by loving them, they are reduced



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to concentrating on them by hating them. Ms. Fuller, however, is so clumsy that the indictment of Crowley reflects on her even in the eyes of the average reader. One thing stands out clear from this "biography": Neuburg's life became an earthly hell after he ran away from Crowley back into the arms of his Yiddish supermom. A sorry book, better served by avoidance. Even what is factual in it can be found better expressed elsewhere.

Ms. Roberts subtitled *her* effort "The Story of Aleister Crowley"; she was perhaps advised to use the word *story* rather than the word *history*; but blows caution to the winds right in her introduction, wherein she states: "There is not a word of dialogue in this book that Crowley himself did not write or say."

Now, this is a blatant lie, for she puts in Crowley's mouth words that were documentedly written or spoken by other people, and she puts in Crowley's mind thoughts more nearly her size and depth than the size and depth of that genius. But since her book is dedicated to 'Francis' and the introduction is by Israel Regardie, to whom she went for psychological interpretations of Crowley (!!!), what else could you expect? Another effort best rewarded by applying your hard-earned shekels elsewhere.

On the 28th of February of 1954 e.v. Mr. Germer wrote us a letter from which we quote the following paragraph:

"You tell me that you are studying Israel Regardie's books! So I must tell you a little about him. He is a clever and intelligent Jew. Came to A.C.'s books in 1928, A.C. wrote to me in New York. I saw Regardie in Washington where his father lived. He was eager and hard-working. We agreed to hire him, sent him to Paris as secretary to A.C. He lived there for three years, and later in London. 666 put him through some severe tests, and he fell down. He separated from the Great Work, went back to California and lives there a shameful life. All that he knows was from Crowley. Yet in the books that he has written it is as if it was Regardie who was the big I Am! He speaks condescendingly of his Master, who initiated him only into the lower things. So Regardie is spiritually dead, rotting on the spot where 666 had permitted him to go. If you read *Zanoni*, he represents Glyndon, I think the name is. This and possibly further incarnations are doomed for him."



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We must take exception to two points in the above paragraph. For instance, Mr. Germer states that Regardie was clever and intelligent; we would suggest that either he was merely clever from the start, or his intelligence has deteriorated with age. We understand he has been trained in psychoanalysis since leaving Thelema. The depth of his psychological insight, as evident from his works, indicates that he is wise to keep writing fantasy under the guise of occultism: he is more likely to make a reasonable living this way than through the fifty-minute hour route. Possibly Freud, Adler or Stekel, or even Jung, could have written an interesting (though far from exhaustive) psychoanalytical interpretation of Aleister Crowley; but Regardie? Perhaps he has sensed these limitations, since recently he has taken to robbing the O.T.O. by publishing its literary property, rather than trying to produce some literary property of his own.

The other point to which we take exception is where Mr. Germer says that we were *studying* Regardie's works. We were merely reading his compilation of old Golden Dawn material, perhaps the only thing he ever did that will survive five years after his death. Regardie has never written anything that we have found necessary to study—or, since our perusal of this 'psychological interpretation of Crowley', anything that we have found necessary to read. In Olaf Stapledon's marvelous novel, *Odd John*, the narrator tells the child genius that he is writing his biography. John explodes in laughter. 'Well,' his Fido argues, 'a cat can look at a king.' 'Yes,' replies ten-year-old John, 'but can it really *see* the king?'

We doubt Mr. Regardie realizes the poor level of his intelligence; he certainly over-estimates his cleverness. Another waste of paper and money.

On the 24th April 1953 e.v. Mr. Germer wrote us another letter, one of his first, I believe. Among other things, it read: "Let me start by saying that John Symonds, the author of *The Great Beast*, is a young man, a newspaper reporter, who happened to be introduced to the Master Therion about one year before he died, and who agreed to write a sort of book on a subject of which he had never heard in his life. But he had access to all of Crowley's papers, had the help of two men in London who knew something of the subject. They helped Symonds to sort the papers, and gave him a little understanding in his utter bewilderment and confusion of thought. He expected to write a sensational book, with some suggestions



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by the publisher to make it more so. Still, factually and historically, it is well documented. He did much historical research work. One can say, he studied the man Crowley; but he has no idea of what 'The Beast' is, or means."

With this assessment we must concur. *The Great Beast* is far from being a good Crowley biography; this will have to wait for some trained scholar who may (hope is cheap) have some occult training as well; but at the time of this writing it remains the only useful biography available. We do not think Symonds had any perception even of just the *man* Crowley; but it cannot be denied that in most of the book he tried to stick to his facts. His worst evaluations come when the subject of homosexuality is mentioned; at such times he waxes so virtuously and disapprovingly British, don't-you-know, that one (knowing the British) is led to suspect... don't-you-know? Otherwise, discounting his troglodyte morals and the poverty of his intellect, not an entirely bad job. Of course, much credit is due to Louis Wilkinson and Gerald Yorke, the two men who helped him sort out the material and whose greater character kept him from letting his thieving instincts go too far. It is ironical that this biography is the only honest piece of work he ever did related to Thelema. It may survive his death; his reputation has not survived his life.

MARCELO MOTTA

BEYOND TELEPATHY, by Andrija Puharich (New York: Anchor/Doubleday, 1973 e.v.)

This book was first published in 1962 e.v., before Mr. Castañeda had "ideas". It attempts to describe paranormal states in scientific terms. (The author induced a state of telepathy in himself by drinking the juice of a certain mushroom.) Sounds familiar, indeed. Mr. Puharich says: "I have tried to relate the facts of mind to the facts of biology and physics." (Foreword, p. XIV) Of course, he is doing nothing that old Crowley had not talked about more than sixty years ago. His study is in the lines of "the method of science, the aim of religion." In the introduction, one Ira Einhorn talks of "a synergistic convergence/between/science and religion—reinforcing/rather than demeaning/each other's goals" (p. xi)



## REVIEWS

and then quotes a letter from Mr. Puharich, written in Israel (!!!). Guess they won't give up. Well, it is just too bad. This time, it won't wash.

KHALIH ATHENA

ALEISTER CROWLEY AND THE HIDDEN GOD, by Kenneth Grant  
(New York: Samuel Weiser, 1974 e.v.)

Although it is not customary for an author to review his own book, I am doing so for two reasons: first, I couldn't find anyone else who would review it; and second, I am the only one with sufficient spiritual insight to be able to do so.

This book is a masterpiece. Written in really great grammar with a lot of far out stuff in it, everybody ought to read it.

But let me make one thing perfectly clear: despite vicious rumours to the contrary, I am not retitling my book KENNETH GRANT AND THE EXPOSED DOG!

In it you will find out what planets the Secret Chiefs live on, and what planets they use to bounce their messages, sent by ray guns, off of.

Although this book hasn't sold very well in the six years it's been out, I think it really will now that I've got this review finished.

R. U. SIRIUS

Due to the level of intelligence of some of our readers (as evinced by the kind of letters they write us), perhaps it is advisable to state that the above review was *not* written by Mr. Grant. Also, it was not written by me. Unlike the reviewer, I never waste my time reading books by plagiarists or copyright thieves. If a person is intelligent enough to write something worthwhile, he or she does not need to steal someone else's material; and if a person is not honest enough to refrain from stealing, he or she cannot be trusted to show the necessary intellectual and moral integrity to be worth reading. Although I have stated in print that material put out by thieves like Regardie, Grant, Symonds, Skinner, King, McMurtry, Helen Smith, Macfarlane and several others listed in our editorial is suspect and better left untouched, my pupils sneak behind my back, buy the stuff, and read



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it. Then they want *me* to read it, to see how bad it is. When I refuse, they want to write reviews about it. I have *some* intelligent and hard-working pupils. Let me see... Hmn. It seems I don't. The ones who are intelligent are not hard-working, and the ones who are hard-working... Hmn. I have *no* hard-working pupils. Come to think of it, I am not sure I *have* pupils. I do have a lot of talkers, though. I wish some of them would go to Grant, or McMurtry, or Regardie, or to Sirius. And now that I cried enough on your shoulder, dear reader, I will try to get back on the track.

For a while I corresponded with Mr. Grant. Believe it or not, since he had stated in print that he was the Outer Head of the O.T.O., I thought he had been so named by my Superior. He never told me, of course, that he had been expelled from the O.T.O. by Mr. Germer. I was under the impression that he was a well-meaning and naïve young man until I was told (by James Wasserman, I believe) that Grant is older than myself. It just comes to show. I am sorry to know that his book has not sold well; it is, after all, one of the few things he has tried to do on his own, and its failure means that he will keep trying to rob the O.T.O. of its copyrights. If it had become a bestseller, perhaps he would have stuck to Sirius and left Sol alone.

Ah, Sirius... All this concern about the stars dates from a work of genius, product of the cooperation between two enormously talented men. We refer to *2001: A Space Odyssey*, by Arthur C. Clarke and Stanley Kubrick. The success of this, possibly the most intelligent science-fiction movie ever made, enticed Messrs. Pawels & Co. to write *Were the Gods Astronauts?*; and the success of that book and its companion *The Dawn of the Magicians* (obviously inspired by Crowley) led Mr. Grant and others to seriousness. "Carlos Castañeda" then joined the merry-go-round with his Don Juan series, cribbing from Crowley more and more as time ran on in order to furnish some intellectual sub-structure to his obviously fictitious shaman. (I read the first three of this series just to see how far the cribbing would go; but it went too far for my spare time.) Then came people like Puharich, and if you think the diarrhoea has stopped, think again. I have before me a newspaper ad that reads: "Now—You can Live Like A King and never want again with the Miracle Power of... OMNI-COSMICS" (sic). This is followed by an enormous amount of the most amazing tripe



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and an illustration showing the alleged position of the Cakkrams in the human body. Finally, a boxed statement shows a photograph of the author and reads: "A. F., an instructor of parapsychology at the State University of New York at Albany, and a nationally recognized psychic, medium, parapsychologist and ghost hunter, is a foremost authority and investigator of the higher powers of the mind." Ms. F. exhibits a grin that reminds me of Nixon, Begin, Kahane, all the Romish Popes and Xaviera Hollander. I wish Mr. R. U. Sirius would go to Albany.

MARCELO MOTTA

AN AMERICAN DREAM, by The Doors (Elektra/Asylum Records, 1978 e.v.)

This is not a book, but an LP. Jim Morrison may deserve some credit for this masterpiece, but he drank too much, did too many drugs, and died. The three remaining members of that almost legendary phenomenon known as The Doors have at least *this* writer's respect for

- 1) surviving
- 2) putting out this record, and
- 3) putting up with Jim Morrison.

The mixing and arranging of the music and poetry of this masterpiece is, to say the least, commendable. Techniques such as the superimposing of Morrison's recital of poetry over a song lends an almost haunting effect throughout the album.

The remaining members of the band—John Densmore, Bobby Krieger and Ray Manzarek (but no doubt with the help of many others)—have in this single LP captured all the varied facets of the Morrison mystique: his Kafkaesque descriptions, his contempt for convention, his oozing sensuality, his disjointedness, and especially his obsession with death—

"Do you know how pale & wanton thrilling  
comes death on a strange hour  
unnannounced, unplanned for

like a scaring over-friendly guest you've  
brought to bed



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Death makes angels of us all  
and gives us wings

Where we had shoulders  
smooth as raven's claws

No more money, no more fancy dress  
This other Kingdom seems by far the best  
until its other jaw reveals incest  
& loose obedience to a vegetable law

I will not go  
Prefer a Feast of Friends  
To the Giant Family''

I heartily recommend this album to anyone who has enjoyed, or been intrigued by, the music of this group. Posthumous works are often the best, and such is definitely the case with this one.

J. H. C., III

I think it has been established that 1) Mr. J.H.C. III considers *An American Dream* a masterpiece; and 2) that Mr. C. III is enamoured of death and poverty. As he is young and rich, that is understandable. Were he old, or poor, or both, it might be otherwise. Since the subject is records, I have decided to counterbalance things by including works by people who are not enamoured of poverty or death, but of prosperity and life.

MOONCIRCLES, by Kay Gardner (New York: Wise Women Enterprises, Inc., Urana Records, 1975 e.v.)

This is a totally enchanting record, skilfully orchestrated and skilfully played and sung. Ms. Gardner and her companions have since put out another record, unfortunately unavailable for review at this time, which I have heard and is, believe it or not, even better than this one. I heartily



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recommend both; and any time Ms. Gardner puts out a new record I, for one, am going to go hunting for it. Keep up the good work, Gardner.

HOLLY NEAR—A Live Album (California: Redwood Records, 1974 e.v.)

Although I am not a feminist (being a man), and although I get easily pissed off by women who have no use for men (if they have no use for me, I have no use for them), I have to admire and approve the constructive aspects of feminism, being (in my opinion) a decent man. Ms. Near, I have heard, has been captured by the militant lesbians since she produced this record; and she is no longer working with Jeffrey Langley, which (in my opinion) is a great pity. But this particular record is (always in my opinion) one of the greatest things ever done, either for the valid aspects of feminism or for music itself. Near has a marvelous voice, Langley plays a marvelous piano, both are or were (at least at the time this record was cut) marvelous composers, and the lyrics are marvelously beautiful and intelligent. Listening to a record like this, one wishes to kiss Bella Abzug's tits.<sup>1</sup> Need I say more?

MARCELO MOTTA

TANTRIC SEX. By Robert Moffett. Berkeley Medallion Books, 1974 e.v.

With a name like *Tantric Sex*, you would think this book to be one of the typical trashy capitalizings on the interest in Tantra. It was my intention to add to my collection of such trivia that led me to buy the book.

I hate to admit I was wrong, but I was. This book is, in my opinion, a landmark to the western world. If you want to find out how many petals some visualized lotus has while chanting some hunya-munya, or to add to your collection of umpteen billion sexual positions, forget this book. Rather, *Tantric Sex* concentrates on what Tantra *is*, especially in view of modern society. I have never known any work to actually pinpoint the goal of Tantra—ego dissolution—so concisely. With all the volumes that have been written on Buddhism and Tantra, and with all the emphasis the Bud-

1. With her permission, of course, Ms. Brownmiller; but not necessarily with yours.



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dhists place on the "blowing out" of the ego, it's funny no one has ever emphasized the common denominator. (It is probably due to some decrepit Theravadin monks overly concerned with people not abiding by the 3rd precept. Not that this is meant as an approval of the Mahayana tradition; everyone knows the Mahayana, which includes everything from Tibet to Japan, developed just as a matter of politics: absorb the local religion and call it "Buddhism". This produced such absurdities as the Nicheren sect; and all of such sects labelled themselves snobbishly part of the Mahayana—"Greater Vehicle"—while the Sangha of Sri Lanka, Burma and many parts of Thailand, where the earliest known forms of Buddhism are still practiced, were relegated to the Hinayana—"Lesser Vehicle". That Zen came out of such political maneuverings is not a tribute to Mahayana Buddhism, but to Daoism. But we digress.)

*Tantric Sex* (and why the damn thing isn't on the market as a bestseller with *that* title, I'll never know) is, in my opinion, of special interest to those who aspire to become Thelemites. Mr. Moffett does the most commendable job of tracing the *reasons* behind the transition from matriarchal to patriarchal society that I have ever seen in print. Macho men (or any other men, for that matter, who think that women exist solely for their pleasure) should be required to read this book under penalty of being forced to remain domestic servants of militant feminists for the rest of their lives.

Seriously, we wonder if it has ever occurred to our readers that the reason behind the transition from matriarchy to patriarchy was jealousy due to the fact that women as a rule can outlast men sexually most of the time.

The one objection I have to this book is that Mr. Moffett thinks the only solution is to return to matriarchy, and that this has been happening over the last few years. It is easy to draw such a conclusion from the reaction against patriarchal abuse and oppression of so many hundreds of years, but it evades me as to why the astute Mr. Moffett has not realized that a quintessence of the two—and the Dialectics *do* apply here, dear Marxists) would not only be more desirable, but more realistic as well.

Or perhaps I am totally missing the point, and Mr. Moffett is ahead of the times, and merely foreseeing the Aeon of the Woman with the Sword *and* Scales.

Swami Lingaminyoni

P.S.: We obtained this book in an obscure occult book shop. Upon later



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trying to find another copy, we discovered it is not listed in BOOKS IN PRINT. When we wrote the address given in the book cover, our query was never answered, and upon calling the publisher, they had no record of it. But copies *do* pop up here and there every once in a while for those fortunate enough to be in the right place at the right time.

THE SATANIC BIBLE. Anton Szandor LaVey. Avon Books 1969 e.v.

It has finally become appropriate to remark on Anton LaVey; his followers have been prompting us with many letters to this end, not necessarily with the best intentions... were they not "satanists".

We must dispose, first of all, of Mr. LaVey's "dark spawn of the abyss", by reminding the serious reader of "Pope" Paul IV's (or was it the Sixth? I can never keep count of those miserable con-men) remark—addressed fretfully to progressive Romish theologians—to the effect that the existence of the Devil is essential to the existence of the Christ; or in other words, that the Nicean Creed, and a thousand and five hundred years of genocide, madness and cruelty stand or fall not on "Jesus", but on "Satan".

This, every true Adept knows. It becomes therefore clear that Mr. LaVey's "Church of Satan" cannot be other than helpful to Christism on the long run. It should be clear that its tenets are just as deleterious to the evolution of humankind as Romanism, since the dichotomy between "Good" and "Evil" is thereby fostered. Such dichotomy does not exist for healthy minds; but healthy minds are few and far between. Indeed, for a while one of Mr. LaVey's people worked for us, but drew away in a sulk after reading the review of THE HANDBOOK OF HOMEMADE POWER in *EQUINOX* V 2. The fellow was intelligent enough to perceive the implications, and felt wounded in the fabric of his ethos.

It is also clear to an attentive reader that Mr. LaVey studied his Crowley (indeed, still does), just as Rhine, Kinsey, Jung and a lot of others; and proceeded to adapt his grasp of Thelema to the limits of his appetites. This, we all do—but many of us get annoyed and decide that Crowley contradicted himself, just because his mind reached beyond ours. The so-called "Church of Satan" is apparently very interested in Thelema. We recently had a letter from one of those oh-so-wicked people, scolding us for being unkind to thieves and charlatans in our reviews. We have been in-



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formed that the same dolt, apparently a physician, has made a "careful" study of Liber AL, proving that it refers to Anton LaVey because LaVey's initials are A.L.! That is about the intellectual level that one can expect from demonologists.

But what, really, of Mr. LaVey? He is obviously successful; much more influential, rich and acclaimed than Crowley ever was; much more "in" with the "beautiful people". Success, of course, is a matter of definition. The Roman Church has clearly been successful. Whatever Mr. LaVey's true personal beliefs may be (we suspect he was brought up as a Roman Catholic, as most children of immigrants from the Balkans), in his overt actions he has been very consistent. His advice that one should take the evil magic one does seriously is excellent advice; one should take *any* magic one does seriously, under penalty of becoming divided against oneself on some plane or another. Indeed, I have been heard to comment to my so-called disciples that I wish they had their shit together the way Mr. LaVey obviously has his.

But from there to swallowing Mr. LaVey's theology is an abyss wide enough for many spawns. We have no special comment to make on his ethics: it is the ethics of Christism, butt turned to the raw wind of history for a change. The material success of Mr. LaVey's enterprise is due to the fact that it does not in any way offend the existing social structure. It is not going to oppose the base appetites, the petty ambitions, the narrow-minded egotism and the myopic grasp of future consequences that are as characteristic of so-called capitalism as of so-called democracy, to say nothing of so-called religion. Mr. LaVey's "Church of Satan" may be a pimple on the nose of America; but the rancid sebum was there. All he did was to gather it.

What of his magic? That, also, is evidently successful—there goes this inconvenient word again. Mr. LaVey's rituals *can* make you money, *can* get you laid, *can* ruin your enemies. Why not, since he bases it all on Enochian? His "translations" of the Calls are of course nonsense. But as every Adept knows, real magic works whatever your intentions may be, just as a gun shoots whether it is handled by a criminal or by an F.B.I. agent (not that there is much difference between the two). Mr. LaVey's use of the Princes of the Evil of this World cannot be faulted—as we said before, he is



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consistent. Naturally, they use him right back, but this is another story.

It would be risible, were it not sad, that Mr. LaVey's "Church of Satan" is, on the whole, doing less harm to humankind than Christism did. It is psychologically sounder. If you are gross, do not try to pretend you are subtle. If you hate your enemies, do not try to pretend you love them. If you crave riches, do not be ashamed of it. Your appetites are less harmful than standardized moralisms. You should not try to change yourself unless it be your Will. Until then, you will do less harm to humankind following Anton LaVey than following the "Reverend" Jerry Falwell.

Yet, there *is* a seamy side to so-called "Satanism". We have had letters from people who have committed ritual murder, and as a result are in prison. All these correspondents quote the "Satanic Bible" as one of the sources of their philosophy. It would be unfair to lay total responsibility for their outrages at Mr. LaVey's door; and he might be the first to point out that, if they were caught, they were not really his pupils. Nevertheless, no matter how disorganized you are, your philosophy cannot but influence your deeds. To sacrifice someone else instead of sacrificing oneself is the sorriest aspect of Christism—the whole tawdry setup was based on it. It is extremely significant that Mr. LaVey's book should encourage such conduct in some, at least, of his readers.

MARCELO MOTTA



# STATEMENT OF THELEMA

by

THE MASTER THERION

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

The Universe is the fulfillment of the sum total of all possibilities. Indeed one may almost say that this is so by definition.

A conscious being—i.e.—an individual centre of consciousness, a Monad, can possess in itself all qualities only through experience. Its idea of the existence of not only the Universe but itself is evidently dependent upon and counterminous with those sets of possibilities which it has itself experienced. That part of the Universe which has not yet entered within the sphere of its experience has no existence for it. It is as a new world—a universe awaiting discovery. Each conscious being, therefore, must differ from every other by virtue of its position in the universe, one not of latitude and longitude, or time and space, but rather a position or degree or state of consciousness—of point of view. Its identity, likewise, must of necessity be one of pure negation. The value of any being is determined by the quality and quantity of those parts of the universe which it has discovered, and which therefore compose its sphere of experience. It grows by extending this experience, by enlarging, as it were, this sphere. In the case of two beings possessing little or no experience in common, mutual understanding is clearly impossible. Sympathy is thus seen to be



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more a question of experience being approximately contemporaneous, or at least coincident with respect to a large proportion of the experiences to which special value is attached by both. The real value of any new experience is determined by this aptitude for impressing the sum total of knowledge, or the degree of understanding and illumination it sheds on previous experience.

As a general rule, then, the greater the sum of experiences of any two beings, the greater the likelihood of their general agreement. Thus, at a certain point of development, a being is very likely to consider any disagreement with him as a definite error and it is an extremely important stage in progress to reach an habitual attitude of mind which realizes that any divergent view of a given question is due not to moral obliquity, but to a greater variety of assimilable experiences. Such individuals grow in a very special manner when they learn to welcome divergent points of view and contrary experiences, and seek to assimilate them as understanding that this is the best possible way to acquire at a single stroke an immensity of new experiences instead of having to go through them in detail.

It should be clear from the foregoing that the Law of Thelema "Do what thou wilt" must be a logical rule of conduct to anyone who accepts the above premises, for the ultimate Will of every conscious being must be to so increase his general experience as to understand and know himself, which he can only do by studying and understanding the whole universe. That the task is endless is no detriment to this process, but makes it all the more interesting. It is the way of the Dao. Finality would cloy.

Now then, with regard to the explanation given elsewhere in the Book of the Law— "Love is the law, love under



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will"—while will as above shown is of absolute and logical ethical validity, it can only be executed by the process of assimilation of all foreign elements; that is, by love. To refuse to unite oneself with any phenomenon soever is to deprive oneself of its value—even of life itself, as in the case of the Black Brother, shut up in the Abyss, and doomed to conscious disintegration in the realm of disconnected ideas and experiences, to perish with the dogs of reason. This refusal is only enacted when one is convinced that the new phenomenon is hostile to the set of experiences already acquired and made part of oneself. But it is a serious mark of imperfection, of grave failure to realize the facts in the matter, to take this attitude. Even supposing, for a brief moment, and for argument's sake alone, that the new idea under consideration is so incompatible with the experiences already acquired and assimilated that their destruction is necessitated if it is to be accepted, then one fact stands out vividly, showing clearly that the old set of experiences is so imperfect as to be actually unfitted to continue its erstwhile existence; its destruction would be an advantage to that being, enabling a reconstruction along totally different lines—a reconstruction which would lend itself more readily to the acquisition of new experiences and apparently contradictory ideas.

Needless to say, of course, it is necessary in actual practice to use one's judgement in choosing the phenomenon which one next proposes to assimilate. One should not necessarily shoot oneself or another out of mere curiosity. The right of choice is with the individual. At the same time it should be remembered that "the word of sin is restriction". No one individual has any right to determine or restrict the choice of another except in such cases as the experience of one includes for all practical purposes the experiences of the other, as in the case of parents and



young children. There are also various other cases where the free choice of the individual must be restricted in so far as that unhampered choice might interfere with the equal right of others. But this is in no way a question of abstract right and wrong, but a matter of practical politics.

The phrase "pitiless love", thrown scornfully at times in the faces of Thelemites, although not itself occurring in the Book of the Law, has nevertheless a certain justification. Pity implies two very grave errors—errors which are utterly incompatible with the view of the universe above briefly indicated.

The first error therein is an implicit assumption that something is wrong with the Universe, and that moreover one is so insidiously obsessed with the Trance of Sorrow as to have completely failed in the task of solving her riddle of Sorrow, and gone through life with the moan of a hurt animal "All is Sorrow". The second error is greater, since it involves the complex of the Ego. To pity another person implies that you are superior to him, and you fail to recognize his absolute right to exist as he is. You assert yourself superior to him, a concept utterly opposed to the ethics of Thelema. "Every man and every woman is a star" and each being is a Sovereign Soul. A moment's thought, therefore, will suffice to show how completely absurd such an attitude is, in reference to the underlying metaphysical facts.

Also "...there are love and love. There is the dove, and there is the serpent". Sympathy, obviously, is the more correct frame of mind, for it is a pitiless love involving in reality an identification of oneself with the other; it is therefore an act of true love. "There is no bond that can unite the divided but love."

If we translate the Greek word into Latin and say "compassion" instead of sympathy, the process of degeneration of



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language gives it a false connotation. It must be remembered that the Greek word "pathein" does not necessarily mean to suffer in the same etymological sense of *sub rosa fero* which implies inferiority, and therefore, pity. Of compassion, is it not written that "Compassion is the vice of kings?"

Love is the law, love under will.



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